

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

AND EXTRACTED FROM HIS JOURNALS.

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EDITED BY HIS SON,

WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

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Cameron & Ferguson Edition.

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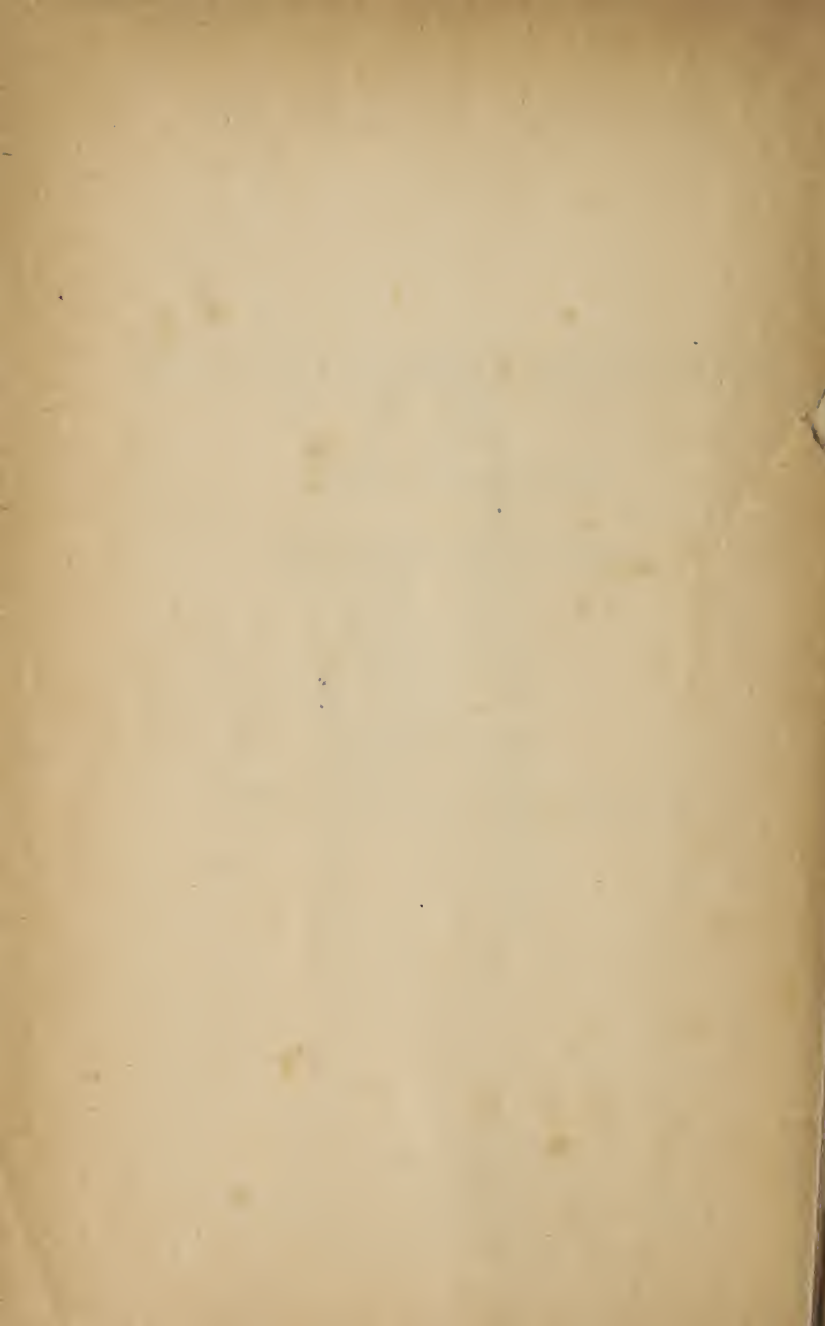
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## PREFACE.

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THE Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, while they possess the usual autobiographical interest, advance claims to attention at this moment of a still more important description. Simply regarded as the self-portraiture of an ardent, enthusiastic, and mentally distinguished individual, they would furnish an eligible subject of contemplation to the amateur student of diversified character, for whom this series is chiefly intended, if existing circumstances did not warrant a close consideration of them on the part of the statesman and politician. The individual self-exhibited was no common person or conspirator; his mind was heightened and firm, his capacity respectable, and his energies extraordinary. Yet this man, and many more of kindred qualities, were led into attempts to separate their country from its connexion with Great Britain; and to live and die devoted martyrs to the purpose and principle which excited them to action. At a time when the country, the fate of which they aspired to modify, is labouring under excessive agitation, from a portion of the same negative and positive endurance which stimulated exertions so equivocal, it surely cannot be wholly useless to investigate the facts and inferences which have led persons, whose patriotism and disinterestedness, however mistaken, it is difficult to doubt, into efforts so strenuous, persevering, and dangerous. It is useless for a certain tribe of politicians, in the spirit of a weak theory and worse practice, to exclaim "traitor" and "rebel," and dismiss the subject: all history forms a practical satire upon the silly doctrine of passive obedience, by which they affect to be guided; and in estimating the motives to political resistance, every unsophisticated human heart forms a plea of mitigation for even the erring victims of an attempt to escape unjustifiable thralldom or put down national oppression. Such being the case, we know not of any thing which, at a crisis like the present, merits consideration more than a characteristic narrative of conduct and adventure, of a nature to show what designs vicious and partial government may secretly engender amidst a disordered and irritated population—

what passions it may arouse, what energies awaken, what talents misdirect. Of all the baleful results of harsh and unequal rule, none possibly exists more truly revolting than that which turns the loftiest and best human aspirations into an uncongenial current, and transforms into "archangels ruined," men intended by nature to act elevated and honourable parts. It is not indeed the judicial condemnation, or legally pronounced sentence alone, which can effect debasement: but so many are the snares and temptations that beset conspiracy, even in its most defensible form, that the highest spirits are in danger of involvement, and generally have reason to rue, like Hamlet, that disjointed times should render the call of conscience imperative.

In what is above written, no opinion is to be inferred on the part of the Editor as regards the plans or projects of the Autobiographer, but simply in favour of the character of the views and motives by which he was personally actuated. From heated partizans on either side, nothing like an impartial estimate can be expected; but the calm dissector of the human heart cannot read what follows without perceiving that Wolfe Tone followed up the sincere dictates of his heart and understanding. A more spontaneous single-minded man, in fact, never entered into a plot; and it is impossible to read of his forlorn perseverance in soliciting the aid of France, the privations to which he was in the interim subjected, and the anxiety he endured on the score of a tenderly beloved wife and family, without being struck with the tenacity and firmness of purpose which ultimately, although inadequately and to his own destruction, succeeded. From his journals, never intended for the public eye, sufficient extracts have been made in the following pages, to display the difficulty, and alternate stages of hope and depression, which he almost daily was doomed to encounter. Again it may be repeated, that every scheme of policy involves an awful moral responsibility upon its administrators, which, however delusively, can form apologies to such men for an undeviating resolution to change the government of their country.

It may be farther proper to observe, that the journals of the unfortunate subject of this little book, occupy no small portion of two thick octavo volumes of the American edition. Written chiefly for the amusement of a wife, to whom the journalist seems to have never ceased to be a lover, they abound with matter which could scarcely be very interesting to any one else. To a steadiness of object which is scarcely a characteristic of his countrymen, Wolfe Tone united the mercurial vivacity and *gaieté de cœur* which most decidedly belong to them. These occasionally evaporate in mere fire-side joke and colloquial flippancy, which never being intended for the public eye, nothing but filial partiality could deem fit for

it. The frequent bursts of conjugal love and parental tenderness demand greater consideration, and have therefore sometimes found favour. The great object in the selection from the Journals, however, has been to retain all which tended to give a clear idea of the views, impulses, and actions of the writer in relation to a French invasion of Ireland, and the dissolution of its connection with Great Britain—the main-spring of all his actions. The editorial labours and narratives of his son have in some instances, although sparingly, been curtailed in a similar manner; simple omissions in all cases being the only liberty taken.

In concluding this necessary explanation, the Editor has only to express a hope that his labours will introduce some very curious and characteristic details to a more general perusal than the diffuse and desultory American volumes from which they are selected, can possibly claim in the United Kingdom. He has already observed, that the lessons conveyed are peculiarly opportune; and if the present little volume will only slightly assist to inculcate caution in one order of warm partizans, and conciliation in another, it will effect what far more pretending tomes often aspire to in vain.

# PREFACE

BY MR WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

(THE EDITOR OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE MEMOIRS).

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IN publishing the life, works, and memoirs of my father, I owe some account of the motives which engaged me to delay their appearance to the present day, and to produce them at this moment. These memoirs were never destined for the public; they were written for one or two friends, now no more, and for his family, of which my mother and myself are now the sole survivors. His pen, which always flowed with light and easy grace, was, of course, allowed to run in these careless memorandums with the utmost effusion and *abandon* of soul; they exhibit his very passing feeling on every occasion, and are sometimes as severe on the failings and weaknesses of his own party, and of those to whom he was most warmly and sincerely attached, and for whom he sacrificed the brilliant prospects of his youth, and, at length, his life, as on their adversaries. Of course, whilst the interests in which he was engaged were yet alive, numbers, and some of them unsuspected at the time, might have been dangerously compromised, or seriously hurt, by this publication. In his latter days, when he anticipated, with the deepest despondency, the probable failure of his hopes, he used sometimes to exclaim, "Thank God! no man has ever been compromised by me." Young as I was at the time, I was brought up by my surviving parent in all the principles and in all the feelings of my father.

But, now, one quarter of a century is more than elapsed, and repeated revolutions have altered the political face of the world. The founder of the United Irish Society, the first of his countrymen who called on the people to unite, without discrimination of faith, for the independence of their country, has sealed with his blood, the principles which he professed. His contemporaries, the men with whom he thought and acted, are mostly sunk in the grave; those who survive, are either retired from public life, or engaged in different pursuits; the very government against which he struggled, exists no more; and the country whose liberty he sought to establish, has lost even that shadow of a national administration, and has sunk into a province of England. I



cannot think that the publication of these memoirs, at the present day, can injure the prospects, or endanger the peace, of any living being. His few surviving friends, and even his opponents, can only look on those relics with feelings of fond recollection, for one of the most amiable, affectionate, and gentle-hearted of men—a man of the purest and sincerest principles and patriotism (whatever may be deemed, according to the reader's opinion, of the soundness of his views), and of the most splendid talents. It is, besides, a tribute which I owe to his memory, and a sacred duty, believing, as I do, that, in the eyes of impartial and uninterested posterity, they will be honourable to his character; that they throw a most interesting light on the political situation and history of Ireland; and that even yet, and in its present state, the views which they contain may be of some use to that country for which he died; and for which, though an exile from my infancy, I must ever feel the interest due to my native land.

Another motive which has determined me to bring out this work at present, is the late publication of some fragments of it (an autobiography of my father) in the London New Monthly Magazine; a publication entirely unexpected by me, as I have never had any acquaintance or correspondence with the editors of that paper. As I possess, and now republish, the original manuscript from whence they are taken, I must do these gentlemen the justice to give my testimony in favour of their accuracy; and, with the exception of a few trifling mistakes, very pardonable at such a distance of time, and which shall be rectified in the present work, to thank them for the liberality of their comments and observations. The character of these notes, and the very appearance of this biographical sketch at this time, and in England, convinces me that my father's name is not yet quite forgotten, and is still respected, even in the country of his adversaries. The amiability of his personal character secured him, indeed, even during his life-time, and amidst all the rancour of political animosity, the rare advantage of preserving the friendship of many valuable and illustrious individuals who were opposed to him in principles. He scarcely had a personal enemy, unless perhaps we except the Chancellor Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare), and the Hon. George Ponsonby, who agreed in this point alone. His spirit could never stoop to the petulant insolence of the one, nor to the haughty dulness of the other. But I have never seen his name mentioned in any history of the times without respect and regret. I cannot, therefore, believe that even the most zealous partizans of the British government would have the weakness, at this time and distance, to feel any objection to the publication of these writings.

Although the character of Tone, and his political principles,

will be best developed in his own works, yet his son may be allowed to give way to some of his feelings on this subject. His image is yet blended with the recollections of my infancy. To the soundest judgment and most acute penetration in serious business, he joined a most simple and unaffected modesty, and the most perfect disinterestedness; no human breast could be more free from the meaner passions, envy, jealousy, avarice, cupidity; and often oblivious of himself, he delighted in the fame and glory of others. Injuries he easily forgot; kindness never. Though his constitution was nervous and sensitive to a very high degree, he was naturally of a most cheerful temper, and confiding, unsuspecting, and affectionate heart. Indeed, few men have enjoyed so completely the happiness of loving and of being beloved. His wife and family he perfectly adored; and the circle of his intimate friends, of those who were really and devotedly attached to him, comprised men of the most opposite parties and descriptions. His character was tinged with a vein of chivalry and romance; and lively, polite, and accomplished, his youth was not entirely free from some imprudence and wildness. He was fond of pleasure as well as of glory; but the latter feeling was always, in him, subservient to principle; and his pleasures were pure and elegant, those of a simple taste and brilliant fancy and imagination; music, literature, field sports and elegant society and conversation, especially that of amiable and accomplished women, with whom he was a universal favourite. His musical and literary taste was of the most cultivated delicacy; and the charms of his conversation, where a natural and national vein of wit and feeling flowed without effort or affectation, were indescribable. But, though formed to be the delight of society, the joys of home and domestic life were his real element. He was the fondest of husbands, of fathers, of sons, of brothers, and of friends. In the privacy of his modest fireside, the liveliest flow of spirits and of feeling was never interrupted by one moment of dulness or of harshness, and it was the happiest of retreats.

His success in the world was astonishing, and owing almost as much to the amiability of his character and social qualities, as to his extraordinary talents. Risen from an obscure birth, and struggling with poverty and difficulties, his classical triumphs and acquirements at the university were of the highest order. On entering afterwards into life, he supported his father and numerous family, by his sole efforts; and rose not only to independence and fame, but was received as a favourite in the first aristocratic circles, even before he engaged in politics. Amongst the illustrious families and characters with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and who certainly yet remember his name with affection, were the Duke of Leinster, Lord Moira, and his noble and princely mother;

The Honourable George Knox, and Marcus Beresford, Plunkett, Grattan, Curran, Hamilton Rowan, P. Burrowes, Sir Laurence Parsons, Emmett, C. Bushe, Whitley Stokes, &c., and all the heads of the Irish bar and society. I have already observed, that, however opposed to many of them in politics, and when he was become a marking leader, and most obnoxious to the government, he preserved their affection. And when, after Jackson's trial, he lay under a kind of proscription, they gave him noble and generous proofs of it.

His success in politics was no less wonderful. When he wrote his first pamphlet in favour of the Catholics (the Northern Whig), he was not acquainted with a single individual of that religion, so complete at that period was the distinction marked in society between the several sects. In a few months he was the prime mover of their councils, and accomplished the union between them and the Dissenters of the North.

His political principles will of course be blamed or approved, according to those of the reader. During his life-time some regarded him as a fanatical democrat and furious demagogue, whilst others in his own party accused him of haughtiness in his manner, and aristocratical prejudices. The fact is, that though he preferred in theory a republican form of government, his main object was to procure the independence of his country under a liberal administration, whatever might be its form and name. His tastes and habits were rather aristocratical for the society with which he was sometimes obliged to mingle. I believe that, in reading these memoirs, many people will be surprised at (and some perhaps will blame) the moderation of his views. The persecutions of the government drove him much further than he purposed at first. But, from their fair and impartial perusal, none can possibly rise, without being convinced of his purity and patriotism, whatever they may deem of his wisdom and foresight. No man who ever engaged so deeply and so earnestly in so great a cause, was so little influenced by any motives of personal ambition, or so disinterestedly devoted to what he thought the interest of his country.

In opening these pages it should also be remembered that the situation and political organization of Ireland at that period, were totally different, both from what they had been before and from what they had fallen to since. She possessed, at that precise moment, a separate government, and a national legislature, nominally independent; my father never considered himself as an Englishman, nor as a subject of Great Britain, but as a native and subject of the kingdom of Ireland, most zealously and passionately devoted to the rights, the liberties, and glory of his country.

At the epoch of the American war (1782), the unguarded state

of that island, the efforts of the patriots in its legislature, and the simultaneous and formidable rising of the volunteers, whilst England was exhausted by that fruitless contest, had wrung from the British government the reluctant acknowledgment of its independence. This period was brief and glorious. With the first dawn of liberty she took a new spring and began to flourish by her natural resources; the spirit of her people reviving with her commerce, industry, and manufactures. But this dawn was soon overcast by the corruption of her government, and the bigoted intolerance of the ruling Protestant ascendancy; the former carried to the most open profligacy, and the latter to the most besotted blindness. My object is not to write a history, nor to anticipate what my father has urged with such force and eloquence in the following works and memoirs; but had the Irish legislature, who recovered their independent rights, had the liberality to emancipate their Catholic brethren, and allowed them to participate in the benefits of free and equal citizenship, and had the volunteers admitted them into their ranks, England would never have recovered the power which she had lost. It would be a curious, but at this day a very vain speculation, to calculate what these two independent but allied kingdoms might have risen to, cultivating their separate means under one sovereign and with one interest.

This wakening of the spirit of liberty, roused, however, from their long slumber of slavery the oppressed and degraded Catholics, who, by a strange anomaly, forming the original population of the country and the mass of the people, were, at that period, and are still in some respects, aliens in their native land. Their first steps were weak and timid, but their progress was inconceivably rapid; those of the present day, in reading these memoirs, and other works of the same time, will scarcely believe that their fathers could ever have been degraded to such a state; and with what trembling, doubts, and hesitation, they first opened their eyes to the dawn of freedom, and directed their first tottering steps in its career. My father was the first Protestant who engaged in their cause to its whole length; and experienced the greatest difficulty, in the beginning, to rouse them, if not to a sense of their wrongs, at least to the spirit of expressing them.\*

But these efforts, by which the whole island began shortly to heave her foundations, alarmed the jealousy of that party who monopolized all the power and property of the country. To secure the support of England, they sacrificed its prosperity, honour, and independence, and the British ministry, with patient

\* It is a remarkable fact that most of the leaders of the United Irishmen who perished in the civil war were Protestants: Tone, Emmett, Russell, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, &c. Of the twenty prisoners in Fort George, four only were Catholics.

discretion, awaited the result; they gave all their means and aid to strengthen the Irish administration, and allowed it to render itself as odious as possible, and to destroy, by its cruelty and insolence, in the hearts of the people all affection for their national government. No other arms than those of corruption were used by England against the independence of Ireland; for its own administration took on itself all the odium of its tyranny, and all the task of reducing the people to slavery. The distant king and parliament of England were, on the contrary, often solicited as mediators by the oppressed and miserable Irish. It was this government and this party, against which the animosity and attacks of my father were directed; it was the Irish government which he sought to overturn by uniting the divided factions of the people. His resentment against England was a secondary and incidental passion; it arose from her support of those abuses. He long endeavoured by legal and constitutional means, and even by soliciting the British monarch and government, to effect that reform; nor was it till all his hopes proved fruitless from that quarter, that he determined on attempting, by any means, the separation of the two countries.

As for the Irish administration, England reaped the fruits of her policy. It became so corrupt and so infamous that it could no longer stand, and finally its members bartered the existence of their country as a nation, for a paltry personal compensation to themselves. It was the cheapest bargain England ever drove. Was it the wisest? Instead of using her influence to re-organize that wretched government, to give it strength and popularity, by emancipating the people and attaching them to their institutions, she chose to absorb Ireland in her own sphere, and efface it from the list of nations. But that execrable administration, in disappearing from existence, left, as a pernicious legacy behind it, all its abuses, confirmed, rooted in the soil, and now supported by the direct and open authority of the British monarch, laws, parliament, and constitution. The union and incorporation of the two countries were but nominal; and the mass of the Irish population participated neither in the benefits nor privileges of the British institutions.

This was a wretched and narrow policy. Instead of encouraging, by every means in its power, the industry and the mental and physical resources of Ireland, and thus adding to the general mass of wealth and information of the whole empire, a petty jealousy of her competition with the trade and manufactures of England has always engaged the government of the latter country to keep down and crush, in every possible way, the natural spring and spirit of the Irish.

Whether England has gained much by the union, time will show.

The ministry has gained a clear reinforcement of one hundred votes in Parliament, for no Irishman will ever consider himself as an Englishman; and whilst his own country is miserable and enslaved, what earthly motive but his own interest can influence him in questions which regard merely the liberties or interests of England? The people show no symptoms of attachment or loyalty to their new masters; and for what should they be loyal? For six hundred years of slavery, misrule, and persecution! Ireland must be guarded at the same expense, and with the same care, as formerly, and is rather a heavy clog on the powers and means of Great Britain than a support and an addition to them. Nor is it absolutely impossible that, if some ambitious and unprincipled monarch hereafter mount the throne, he may find in the Irish Catholics, of whom the mass will be brutalized by misgovernment, and rendered ignorant and ferocious, very proper instruments for his designs. They have no reason to admire, nor to be attached to the British constitution, and would follow the call of Satan himself, were he to cheer them on to revenge—and who could blame them?

But I must not lose myself in dissertations which do not concern my subject. For in my father's time no one dreamt of that union; and his most violent adversaries, the most furious upholders of the Protestant ascendancy, would have been most indignant at such a suggestion. Had it been prematurely proposed, they would, perhaps, have joined with their adversaries rather than have listened to it. The only conclusion which I wish to draw from these premises is, that England, by dissolving that Irish government, has fully confirmed the charges adduced against it, and my father's opinion of it; and till the abuses which it supported, and which have survived its fall, are corrected; till that monopoly is removed by which all the rights and powers of citizenship and sovereignty are usurped by a favoured minority; whilst the remainder of the population groans in slavery, Ireland, either under a separate and national administration, or as a province of Great Britain, will ever remain in an unnatural state of anarchy and misery, unable to cultivate her resources, either for her own benefit, or for that of her masters.

I shall close this preface with a single remark. The only liberties which I have taken with the following memoirs, in preparing them for the press, were to suppress a few passages relative to family affairs, which concern nobody; and the account of some early amours, which my father, though a little wild in his youth, was too much of a gentleman to have allowed to appear, and which would ill become his son to revive at this day.

L I F E  
OF  
THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,  
PREVIOUS TO HIS MISSION TO FRANCE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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" Nil desperandum."

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PARIS, *August 7, 1796.*

As I shall embark in a business within a few days, the event of which is uncertain, I take the opportunity of a vacant hour to throw on paper a few memorandums, relative to myself and my family, which may amuse my boys, for whom I write them, in case they should hereafter fall into their hands.

I was born in the city of Dublin, on the 20th of June, 1763. My grandfather was a respectable farmer near Naas, in the county of Kildare. Being killed by a fall off a stack of his own corn, in the year 1766, his property, being freehold leases, descended to my father, his eldest son, who was, at that time, in successful business as a coachmaker. He set, in consequence, the lands which came thus into his possession, to his youngest brother, which, eventually, was the cause of much litigation between them, and ended in a decree of the court of chancery that utterly ruined my father; but of that hereafter. My mother, whose name was Lamport, was the daughter of a captain of a vessel in the West India trade, who, by many anecdotes which she has told me of him, was a great original; she had a brother who was an excellent seaman, and served as first lieutenant on board of the Buckingham, commanded by Admiral Tyrrel, a distinguished officer in the British service.

I was their eldest son; but, before I come to my history, I must say a few words of my brothers. William, who was born

in August, 1764, was intended for business, and was, in consequence, bound apprentice, at the age of fourteen, to an eminent bookseller. With him he read over all the voyages he could find, with which, and some military history, he heated an imagination naturally warm and enthusiastic so much, that, at the age of sixteen, he ran off to London, and entered as a volunteer in the East India Company's service; but his first essay was very unlucky; for, instead of finding his way out to India, he was stopped at the island of St Helena, on which barren rock he remained in garrison for six years, when, his time being expired, he returned to Europe. It is highly to his honour, that though he entered into such execrable society as the troops in the company's service must be supposed to be, and at such an early age, he passed through them without being affected by the contagion of their manners or their principles. He even found means, in that degraded situation and remote spot, to cultivate his mind to a certain degree, so that I was much surprised, at our meeting in London, after a separation of, I believe, eight years, to find him with the manners of a gentleman, and a considerable acquaintance with the best parts of English literature: he had a natural turn for poetry, which he had much improved, and I have among my papers a volume of his poems, all of them pretty, and some of them elegant. He was a handsome, well-made lad, with a very good address, and extremely well received among the women, whom he loved to excess. He was as brave as Cæsar, and loved the army. It was impossible for two men to entertain a more sincere, and, I may say, enthusiastic affection for each other, than he and I; and, at this hour, there is scarcely anything on earth I regret so much as our separation. Having remained in Europe for three or four years, my father being, as I have above alluded to, utterly ruined by a law-suit with his brother, William took the resolution to try his fortune once more in India, from which, my own affairs being nearly desperate, I did not attempt to dissuade him. In consequence, he re-entered the company's service in the beginning of the year 1792, and arrived at Madras towards the end of the same year. With an advantageous figure, a good address, and the talents I have described, he recommended himself so far to the colonel of the battalion in which he served, that he gave him his discharge, with letters to his friends at Calcutta, and a small military command, which defrayed the expense of his voyage, and procured him a gratification from the company of £50 sterling for his good behaviour on his arrival. The service he performed was quelling, at some hazard, a dangerous mutiny which arose among the black troops who were under his command,



and who had formed a scheme to run away with the ship. He had the good fortune to recommend himself so far to the persons at Calcutta to whom he had brought letters, that they introduced him, with strong recommendations, to a Mr Marigny, a French officer, second in command in the army of the Nizam, who was then at Calcutta purchasing military stores for that prince. Marigny, in consequence, gave him a commission in the Nizam's service, and promised him the command of a battalion of artillery (the service to which he was attached), as soon as they should arrive at the army. The stores, etc., being purchased, William marched with the first division, of which he had the command, and arrived safely at the Nizam's camp. After some time Marigny followed him; but, by an unforeseen accident, all my brother's expectations were blown up. A quarrel took place between Marigny and the Frenchman first in command, in which my brother, with an honourable indiscretion, engaged on the side of his friend. The consequence was that Marigny was put in irons, as would have been William also, if he had not applied for protection as a British subject to the English resident at the Nizam's court. This circumstance, together with the breaking out of the war between England and France, utterly put an end to all prospects of his advancement, as all the European officers in the Nizam's service were French, and he determined, in consequence, to return to Calcutta. On his journey, having travelled four hundred miles, and having yet two hundred to travel, he alighted off his horse, and went to shoot in a jungle, or thick wood, by the road side; on his return he found his servant and horses in the hands of five ruffians who were plundering his baggage; he immediately ran up and fired on them, by which he shot one of them in the belly; another returned the fire with one of his own pistols, which they had seized, and shot him through the foot; they then made off with their booty, and, in this condition, my brother had to travel two hundred miles in that burning climate, at the commencement, too, of the rainy season, badly wounded, and without resources; his courage, however, and a good constitution, supported him, and he arrived at length at Calcutta, where he got speedily cured. His friends there had not forgotten him; and, after some time, an opportunity offering of Major Palmer going up to Poonah, as resident at the court of the Paishwa of the Mahrattahs, they procured him strong recommendations to that court, and he set off with Major Palmer in high health and spirits, with expectations of the command at least of a battalion of artillery. Such is the substance of the last letter which I received from him. Since that time, I am utterly ignorant of his fate. I hope and trust the best

of him; he has a good constitution, unshaken courage, a fluent address; and his variety of adventures must, by this time, have sufficiently matured his mind, and given him experience. I look, therefore, with confidence to our meeting again, and the hour of that meeting will be one of the happiest of my life.

My second brother, Matthew, was of a temper very different from that of William; with less of fire, he was much more solid; he spoke little, but thought a great deal; in the family we called him the Spectator, from his short face and his silence; but, though he had not William's volubility, and could not, like him, make a great display, with frequently little substance, and though his manner was reserved and phlegmatic, so as to be frequently absent in company, he had a rambling, enthusiastic spirit, stronger than any of us. He loved travelling and adventures for their own sakes. In consequence, before he was twenty-five, he had visited England twice or three times, and had spent twelve months in America, and as much in the West Indies. On his return from this last place, he mentioned to me his determination to pass over to France, and enter a volunteer in the service of the republic, in which I encouraged and assisted him. This was in the month of August, 1794. In consequence, he crossed over to Hamburgh, whence he passed to Dunkirk, and presenting himself as an Irishman desirous of the honour of serving in the French armies, was immediately thrown into prison on suspicion. There he remained until May, 1795, when he was discharged by order of the committee of public safety, and, going on to Havre de Grace, he took his passage to America, where he arrived in safety, for the second time, about Christmas, at which time I was actually at New York, waiting for my passage to France, so that we were together in America, without knowing of each other, a circumstance which I regret most exceedingly; as, in the present situation of my affairs, it is at least possible that we may never meet again; but I am not of a very desponding temper. The variety of adventures we have both gone through, and the escapes we have had in circumstances of great peril, have made me a kind of fatalist, and therefore I look with confidence to the day, and, I hope not a very remote one, when the whole of my family shall be reunited and happy, by which time I think the spirit of adventure will, or at least ought to be, pretty well laid in all of us. My brother Matthew, like William, is something of a poet, and has written some trifles, in the burlesque style, that are not ill done. He is a brave lad, and I love him most sincerely. His age, at the time I write this, is about twenty-six or twenty-seven years. Matthew is a sincere and ardent republican, and capable, as I think, of sacrificing every thing to

his principles. I know not what effect his lying so long in a French prison may have had upon him; but, if I do not deceive myself, it has made no change in his sentiments. He is more temperate in all respects than William or myself, for we have both a strong attachment to pleasures and amusements, and a dash of coxcomby, from which he is totally free; and, perhaps, a little, at least, of the latter foible would be of no prejudice to him, nor render him less agreeable.

My third brother, Arthur, is much younger than any of us, being born about the year 1782; of course he is now fourteen years of age. If I can judge, when he grows up, he will resemble William exactly in mind and person. He is a fine, smart boy, as idle as possible (which we have all been, without exception), with very quick parts, and as stout as a lion. My father was bent on making him an attorney, for which no boy on earth was ever so unfitted. He wished himself, having the true vagrant turn of the family, to go to sea; his father was obstinate, so was he, and the boy was in a fair way to be lost when I prevailed, with some difficulty, on his father to consent to his going at least one voyage. In consequence, he sailed with a captain Meyler to Portugal, being then about twelve years of age. On his return he liked the sea so well that he was bound regularly apprentice to captain Meyler, under whom he made a voyage to London, and a second voyage to Portugal. On his return from this last trip, in June, 1795, he found me at Belfast on my departure for America, and he determined to accompany me. I was extremely happy to have him with us, and, in consequence, he crossed the Atlantic with me, and remained until I decided on coming to France; when I resolved to despatch him to Ireland, to give notice to my friends there of what I was about. I put him, in consequence, on board the *Susannah*, Captain Baird, at Philadelphia, on the 10th December, 1795, since which time, from circumstances, it has been impossible for me to have heard of him, but I rely, with confidence, that he has arrived safe, and discharged his commission with ability and discretion.

My sister, whose name is Mary, is a fine young woman; she has all the peculiarity of our disposition, with all the delicacy of her own sex. If she were a man, she would be exactly like one of us; and, as it is, being brought up amongst boys, for we never had but one more sister, who died a child: she has contracted a masculine habit of thinking, without, however, in any degree, derogating from that feminine softness of manner which is suited to her sex and age. When I was driven into exile in America, as I shall relate hereafter, she determined to share my fortunes; and,

in consequence, she also, like the rest of us, has made her voyage across the Atlantic.

My father and mother were pretty much like other people; but, from this short sketch, with what I have to add concerning myself, I think it will appear that their children were not at all like other people, but have had, every one of them, a wild spirit of adventure; which, though sometimes found in an individual, rarely pervades a whole family, including even the females. For my brother William has visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, before he was thirty years of age. Matthew has been in America twice, in the West Indies once, not to mention several trips to England, and his voyage and imprisonment in France, and all this before he was twenty-seven. Arthur, at the age of fourteen, has been once in England, twice in Portugal, and has twice crossed the Atlantic, going to and returning from America. My sister Mary crossed the same ocean, and I hope will soon do the same on her return. I do not here speak of my wife and our little boys and girl, the eldest of whom was about eight, and the youngest two years old when we sailed for America. And, by all I can see, it is by no means certain that our voyages are yet entirely finished.

I come now to myself. I was, as I have said, the eldest child of my parents, and a very great favourite. I was sent, at the age of eight or nine, to an excellent English school, kept by Sisson Darling, a man to whose kindness and affection I was much indebted, and who took more than common pains with me. I respect him yet. I was very idle, and it was only the fear of shame which could induce me to exertion. Nevertheless, at the approach of our public examinations, which were held quarterly, and at which all our parents and friends attended, I used to labour for some time, and generally with success; as I have obtained six or seven premiums in different branches at one examination, for mathematics, arithmetic, reading, spelling, recitation, use of the globes, &c. In two branches I always failed, writing and the catechism, to which last I could never bring myself to apply. Having continued with Mr Darling for about three years, and pretty nearly exhausted the circle of English education, he recommended strongly to my father to put me to a Latin school, and to prepare me for the University; assuring him that I was a fine boy, of uncommon talents, particularly for the mathematics; that it was a thousand pities to throw me away on a business, when, by giving me a liberal education, there was a moral certainty I should become a fellow of Trinity College, which was a noble independence, besides the glory of the situation. In these arguments he was supported by the parson of the parish,

Doctor Jameson, a worthy man, who used to examine me from time to time in the elements of Euclid. My father, who, to do him justice, loved me passionately, and spared no expense on me that his circumstances would afford, was easily persuaded by these authorities. It was determined that I should be a fellow of Dublin College. I was taken from Mr Darling, from whom I parted with regret, and placed, about the age of twelve, under the care of the Rev. William Craig, a man very different, in all respects, from my late preceptor. As the school was in the same street where we lived (Stafford Street), and as I was under my father's eye, I began Latin with ardour, and continued for a year or two with great diligence, when I began Greek, which I found still more to my taste; but, about this time, whether unluckily for me or not, the future colour of my life must determine, my father, meeting with an accident of a fall down stairs, by which he was dreadfully wounded in the head, so that he narrowly escaped with life, found, on his recovery, his affairs so deranged in all respects, that he determined on quitting business and retiring to the country; a resolution which he executed accordingly; settling with all his creditors, and placing me with a friend near the school, whom he paid for my diet and lodging, besides allowing me a trifling sum for my pocket. In this manner I became, I may say, my own master before I was sixteen; and as at this time I am not remarkable for my discretion, it may well be judged I was less so then. The superintendence of my father being removed, I began to calculate that, according to the slow rate chalked out for me by Craig, I could very well do the business of the week in three days, or even two, if necessary, and that consequently the other three were lawful prize. I therefore resolved to appropriate three days in the week, at least, to my amusements, and the others to school; always keeping in the latter three the day of repetition, which included the business of the whole week, by which arrangement I kept my rank with the other boys of my class. I found no difficulty in convincing half-a-dozen of my school-fellows of the justice of this distribution of our time, and by this means we established a regular system of what is called *mitching*; and we contrived, being some of the smartest boys at school, to get an ascendancy over the spirit of the master, so that when we entered the school in a body, after one of our days of relaxation, he did not choose to burn his fingers with any one of us; nor did he once write to my father to inform him of my proceedings, for which he most certainly was highly culpable. I must do myself and my school-fellows the justice to say, that though we were abominably idle, we were not vicious; our amusements consisted in walking

to the country, in swimming parties in the sea, and particularly in attending all parades, field days, and reviews of the garrison of Dublin in the Phoenix Park. I mention this particularly, because, independent of confirming me in a rooted habit of idleness, which I lament most exceedingly, I trace to the splendid appearance of the troops, and the pomp and parade of military show, the untameable desire which I ever since have had to become a soldier; a desire which has never once quitted me, and which after sixteen years of various adventures, I am at last at liberty to indulge. Being at this time approaching to seventeen years of age, it will not be thought incredible that *woman* began to appear lovely in my eyes, and I very wisely thought that a red coat and cockade, with a pair of gold epaulets, would aid me considerably in my approaches to the objects of my adoration.

This, combined with the reasons above mentioned, decided me. I began to look on classical learning as nonsense, on a fellowship in Dublin College as a pitiful establishment; and, in short, I thought an ensign in a marching regiment was the happiest creature living. The hour when I was to enter the University, which now approached, I looked forward to with horror and disgust. I absented myself more and more from school, to which I preferred attending the recruits on a drill at the barracks. So that at length my schoolmaster, who apprehended I should be found insufficient at the examination for entering the college, and that he, of consequence, would come in for his share of the disgrace, thought proper to do what he should have done at least three years before, and wrote my father a full account of my proceedings. This immediately produced a violent dispute between us. I declared my passion for the army, and my utter dislike to a learned profession; but my father was as obstinate as I; and as he utterly refused to give me any assistance to forward my scheme, I had no resource but to submit, or to follow my brother William's example, which I was too proud to do. In consequence, I sat down again, with a very bad grace, to pull up my lost time; and, at length, after labouring for some time, sorely against the grain, I entered a pensioner of Trinity College, in February, 1781; being then not quite eighteen years of age. My tutor was the Rev. Matthew Young, the most popular in the University, and one of the first mathematicians in Europe. At first I began to study logic courageously; but unluckily, at my very first examination, I happened to fall into the hands of an egregious dunce, one Ledwich, who, instead of giving me the premium, which, as best answerer, I undoubtedly merited, awarded it to another, and to me very indifferent judgments. I did not stand in need of this

piece of injustice to alienate me once more from my studies. I returned with eagerness to my military plan; I besought my father to equip me as a volunteer, and to suffer me to join the British army in America, where the war still raged. He refused me as before; and in revenge I would not go near the college, nor open a book that was not a military one. In this manner we continued for above a twelvemonth, on very bad terms, as may well be supposed, without either party relaxing an inch from their determination. At length, seeing the war in America drawing to a close, and being beset by some of my friends who surrounded me, particularly Dr Jameson, whom I have already mentioned, and a Mr G. J. Brown, who had been sub-master at Mr Darling's academy, and was now become a lawyer, I submitted a second time, and returned to my studies, after an interval of above a year. To punish me for my obstinacy, I was obliged to submit to drop a class, as it is called in the University, that is, to recommence with the students who had entered a year after me. I continued my studies at college as I had done at school; that is, I idled until the last moment of delay. I then laboured hard for about a fortnight before the public examinations, and I always secured good judgments, besides obtaining three premiums in the three last years of my course. During my progress through the University I was not without adventures. Towards the latter end of 1782, I went out as second to a young fellow of my acquaintance, of the name of Foster, who fought with another lad, also of my acquaintance, named Anderson, and had the misfortune to shoot him through the head. The second to Anderson was William Armstrong, my most particular friend, who is now a very respectable clergyman, and settled at Dungannon. As Anderson's friends were outrageous against Foster and me, we were obliged at first to withdraw ourselves; but after some time their passion abated, and I returned to college, whence this adventure was near driving me a second time and for ever. Foster stood his trial and was acquitted; against me there was no prosecution. In this unfortunate business the eldest of us was not more than twenty years of age.

At length, about the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and lived, at that time, in Grafton Street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman, of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the University, and every day, after commons, I used to walk under her windows with one or the other of my fellow-students; I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she, also, was struck with me, though

certainly my appearance, neither then nor now, was much in my favour; so it was, however, that, before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was, at this time, not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself; and as it was necessary, for my admission into the family, that I should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced to him; and as he played well on the violin, and I was myself a musical man, we grew intimate, the more so, as it may well be supposed, I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of the family, with whom I soon grew a favourite. My affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew more passionately fond of each other; and, in a short time, I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it; she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it, and one beautiful morning in the month of July, we ran off together and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days, and when the first *eclat* of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather.

I was now, for a very short time, as happy as possible, in the possession of a beautiful creature that I adored, and who every hour grew more and more upon my heart. The scheme of a fellowship, which I never relished, was now abandoned, and it was determined that, when I had taken my degree of bachelor of arts, I should go to the Temple, study the law, and be called to the bar. I continued, in consequence, my studies in the University, and obtained my last premium two or three months after I was married. In February, 1786, I commenced bachelor of arts, and shortly after resigned my scholarship, and quitted the University. I may observe here, that I made some figure as a scholar, and should have been much more successful if I had not been so inveterately idle, partly owing to my passion for a military life, and partly to the distractions to which my natural dispositions and temperament but too much exposed me. As it was, however, I obtained a scholarship, three premiums, and three medals from the Historical Society, a most admirable institution, of which I had the honour to be auditor; and also to close the session with a speech from the chair, the highest compliment which that society is used to bestow. I look back on my college days with regret, and I preserve, and ever shall, a most sincere affection for the University of Dublin.

But to return. The tranquil and happy life I spent, for a short period after my marriage, was too good to last. We were obliged



to break off all connection with my wife's family, who began to treat us with all possible slight and disrespect. We removed, in consequence, to my father's, who then resided near Clain, in the county of Kildare, and whose circumstances could, at that time, but ill bear such an addition to his family. It is doing him, however, but justice to mention that he received and treated us with the greatest affection and kindness, and, as far as he was able, endeavoured to make us forget the grievous mortifications we had undergone. After an interval of a few months, my wife was brought to bed of a girl, a circumstance which, if possible, increased my love for her a thousand fold; but our tranquillity was again broken in upon by a most terrible event. On the 16th October, 1786, the house was broken open by a gang of robbers, to the number of six, armed with pistols, and having their faces blackened. Having tied the whole family, they proceeded to plunder and demolish every article they could find, even to the unprofitable villany of breaking the china, looking glasses, etc. At length, after two hours, a maid servant, whom they had tied negligently, having made her escape, they took the alarm; and fled with precipitation, leaving the house such a scene of horror and confusion as can hardly be imagined. With regard to myself, it is impossible to conceive what I suffered. As it was early in the night, I happened to be in the court-yard, where I was seized and tied by the gang, who then proceeded to break into the house, leaving a ruffian sentinel over me, with a case of pistols cocked in his hand. In this situation I lay for two hours, and could hear distinctly the devastation which was going on within. I expected death every instant; and I can safely and with great truth declare, that my apprehensions for my wife had so totally absorbed the whole of my mind, that my own existence was then the least of my concern. When the villains, including my sentry, ran off, I scrambled on my feet with some difficulty, and made my way to a window, where I called, but received no answer. My heart died within me. I proceeded to another and another, but still no answer. It was horrible. I set myself to gnaw the cords with which I was tied, in a transport of agony and rage, for I verily believed that my whole family lay murdered within, when I was relieved from my unspeakable terror and anguish by my wife's voice, which I heard calling on my name at the end of the house. It seems that, as soon as the robbers fled, those within had untied each other with some difficulty, and made their escape through a back window: they had got a considerable distance from the house, before, in their fright, they recollected me, of whose fate they were utterly ignorant, as I was of theirs. Under these circumstances, my wife

had the courage to return alone, and, in the dark, to find me out; not knowing but she might again fall into the hands of the villains, from whom she had scarcely escaped, or that I might be lying a lifeless carcase at the threshold. I can imagine no greater effort of courage; but of what is not a woman capable for him she truly loves? She cut the cords which bound me; and at length we joined the rest of the family at a little hamlet within half a mile of the house, where they had fled for shelter. Of all the adventures wherein I have been hitherto engaged, this, undoubtedly, was the most horrible. It makes me shudder even now to think of it. It was some consolation that none of us sustained any personal injury, except my father, whom one of the villains scarred on the side of the head with a knife: they respected the women, whose danger made my only fear; and one of them had even the humanity to carry our little daughter from her cradle where she lay screaming, and to place her beside my wife on the bed, whereon she was tied with my mother and sister. This terrible scene, besides infinitely distressing us by the heavy loss we sustained, and which my father's circumstances could very ill bear, destroyed, in a great degree our domestic enjoyments. I slept continually with a case of pistols at my pillow, and a mouse could not stir, that I was not on my feet and through the house from top to bottom. If any one knocked at the door after nightfall, we flew to our arms, and in this manner we kept a most painful garrison through the winter. I should observe here, that two of the ruffians being taken in an unsuccessful attempt, within a few days after our robbery, were hanged, and that my father's watch was found on one of them.

At length, when our affairs were again reduced into some little order, my father supplied me with a small sum of money, which was, however, as much as he could spare, and I set off for London, leaving my wife and daughter with my father, who treated them, during my absence, with great affection. After a dangerous passage to Liverpool, wherein we ran some risk of being lost, I arrived in London, in January, 1787, and immediately entered my name as a student-at-law on the books of the Middle Temple; but this I may say was all the progress I ever made in that profession. I had no great affection for study in general, but that of the law I particularly disliked; and to this hour I think it an illiberal profession, both in principles and practice. I was, likewise, amenable to nobody for my conduct; and, in consequence, after the first month I never opened a law book, nor was I ever three times in Westminster Hall in my life. In addition to the reasons I have mentioned, the extreme uncertainty of my circumstances,

which kept me in much uneasiness of mind, disabled me totally for that cool and systematic habit of study which is indispensable for attaining a knowledge of a science so abstruse and difficult as that of the English code. However, one way or another, I contrived to make it out. I had chambers in the Temple (No. 4 Hare Court, on the first floor), and whatever difficulties I had otherwise to struggle with, I contrived always to preserve the appearance of a gentleman, and to maintain my rank with my fellow-students, if I can call myself a student. One resource I derived from the exercise of my talents, such as they were. I wrote several articles for the *European Magazine*, mostly critical reviews of new publications. My reviews were but poor performances enough; however, they were in general as good as those of my brother critics; and in two years I received, I suppose, about £50 sterling for my writings, which was my main object; for, as to literary fame, I had no great ambition to attain it. I likewise, in conjunction with two of my friends, named Jebb and Radcliff, wrote a burlesque novel, which we called "Belmont Castle," and was intended to ridicule the execrable trash of the circulating libraries. It was tolerably well done, particularly Radcliff's part, which was by far the best; yet so it was that we could not find a bookseller who would risk the printing it, though we offered the copyright gratis to several. It was afterwards printed in Dublin, and had some success, though I believe, after all, it was most relished by the authors, and their immediate connections.

At the Temple I became intimate with several young men of situation and respectability, particularly with the Hon. George Knox, son of Lord Northland, with whom I formed a friendship of which I am as proud as of any circumstance in my life. He is a man of inappreciable merit, and loved to a degree of enthusiasm by all who have the happiness to know him. I scarcely know any person whose esteem and approbation I covet so much; and I had, long after the commencement of our acquaintance, when I was in circumstances of peculiar and trying difficulty, and deserted by many of my former friends, the unspeakable consolation and support of finding George Knox still the same, and of preserving his esteem unabated. His steady friendship on that occasion I shall mention in its place; it has made an indelible impression of gratitude and affection on my heart. I likewise renewed an old college acquaintance with John Hall, who, by different accessions to his fortune, was now at the head of about £14,000 sterling a-year. He had changed his name twice, for two estates; first to that of Stevenson, and then to Wharton, which is his present

name. He was then a member of the British Parliament, and to his friendship I was indebted for the sum of £150 sterling, at a time when I was under great pecuniary difficulties. Another old college friend I recall with sentiments of sincere affection, Benjamin Phipps, of Cork. He kept a kind of bachelor's house, with good wine, and an excellent collection of books (*not law books*), all which were as much at my command as at his. With some oddities, which to me only rendered him more amusing, he had a great fund of information, particularly of political detail; and in his company I spent some of the pleasantest hours which I passed in London.

At length, after I had been at the Temple something better than a year, my brother William, who was returned a few months before from his first expedition to St Helena, joined me, and we lived together in the greatest amity and affection for about nine months, being the remainder of my stay in London. At this distance of time, now eight years, I feel my heart swell at the recollection of the happy hours we spent together. We were often without a guinea, but that never affected our spirits for a moment; and if ever I felt myself oppressed by some untoward circumstance, I had a never-failing resource and consolation in his friendship, his courage, and the invincible gaiety of his disposition, which nothing could ruffle. With the companionable qualities he possessed, it is no wonder that he recommended himself to Ben. Phipps, so that he was soon, I believe, a greater favourite with him than even I was. They were inseparable. It fills my mind now with a kind of tender melancholy, which is not unpleasing, to recall the many delightful days we three have spent together, and the walks we have taken, sometimes to a review; sometimes to see a ship of war launched; sometimes to visit the Indiamen at Deptford, a favourite expedition with Phipps. William, besides his natural gaiety, had an inexhaustible fund of pure Irish humour; I was pretty well myself, and Phipps, like the landlord of the Hercules Pillars, was *an excellent third man*. In short, we made it out together admirably. As I foresaw by this time that I should never be Lord Chancellor, and as my mind was naturally active, a scheme occurred to me, to the maturing of which I devoted some time and study. This was a proposal to the minister to establish a colony in one of Cook's newly discovered islands in the South Sea on a military plan, for all my ideas ran in that track, in order to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her grievously in that quarter in time of war. In arranging this system, which I think even now was a good one for England, I read every book I could find relating to South

America, as Ulloa, Anson, Dampierre, Woodes, Rogers, Narborough, and especially the buccaniers, who were my heroes, and whom I proposed to myself as the archetypes of the future colonists. Many and many a delightful evening did my brother, Phipps, and I spend in reading, writing, and talking of my project, in which, if it had been adopted, it was our firm resolution to have embarked. At length, when we had reduced it into a regular shape, I drew up a memorial on the subject, which I addressed to Mr Pitt, and delivered with my own hands to the porter in Downing Street. We waited, I will not say patiently, for about ten days, when I addressed a letter to the minister, mentioning my memorial, and praying an answer, but this application was as unsuccessful as the former. Mr Pitt took not the smallest notice of either memorial or letter; and all the benefit we reaped from our scheme was the amusement it afforded us during three months, wherein it was the subject of our constant speculation. I regret these delightful reveries which then occupied my mind. It was my first essay in what I may call politics, and my disappointment made such an impression on me as is not yet quite obliterated. In my anger I made something like a vow, that, if ever I had an opportunity, I would make Mr Pitt sorry, and perhaps fortune may yet enable me to fulfil that resolution. It was about this time I had a very fortunate escape: my affairs were exceedingly embarrassed, and just at a moment when my mind was harassed and sore with my own vexations, I received a letter from my father, filled with complaints, and a description of the ruin of his circumstances, which I afterwards found was much exaggerated. In a transport of rage I determined to enlist as a soldier in the India Company's service; to quit Europe for ever, and to leave my wife and child to the mercy of her family, who might, I hoped, be kinder to her when I was removed. My brother combated this desperate resolution by every argument in his power; but at length, when he saw me determined, he declared I should not go alone, and that he would share my fate to the last extremity. In this gloomy state of mind, deserted as we thought by gods and men, we set out together for the India House, in Leadenhall Street, to offer ourselves as volunteers; but on our arrival there, we were informed that the season was passed, that no more ships would be sent out that year; but that, if we returned about the month of March following, we might be received. The clerk to whom we addressed ourselves seemed not a little surprised at two young fellows of our appearance presenting ourselves on such a business, for we were extremely well dressed; and William, who was spokesman for us both, had an excellent address. Thus were we stopped, and I

believe we were the single instance, since the beginning of the world, of two men, absolutely bent on ruining themselves, who could not find the means. We returned to my chambers, and, desperate as were our fortunes, we could not help laughing at the circumstance that India, the great gulf of all undone beings, should be shut against us alone. Had it been the month of March instead of September, we should infallibly have gone off; and, in that case, I should most probably, at this hour, be carrying a brown musket on the coast of Coromandel. Providence, however, decreed it otherwise, and reserved me, as I hope, for better things.

I had been now two years at the Temple, and had kept eight terms, that is to say, I had dined three days in each term in the common hall. As to law, I knew exactly as much about it as I did of necromancy. It became, however, necessary to think of my return, and, in consequence, I made application, through a friend, to my wife's grandfather, to learn his intentions as to her fortune. He exerted himself so effectually in our behalf that the old gentleman consented to give £500 immediately, and expressed a wish for my immediate return. In consequence, I packed up directly, and set off, with my brother, for Ireland. We landed at Dublin the 23d December, and on Christmas day, 1788, arrived at my father's house at Blackhall, where I had the satisfaction to find all my family in health, except my wife, who was grown delicate, principally from the anxiety of her mind on the uncertainty of her situation. Our little girl was now between two and three years old, and was charming. After remaining a few days at Blackhall, we came up to Dublin, and were received, as at first, in Grafton Street, by my wife's family. Mr Fanning paid me punctually the sum he had promised; and my wife and I both flattered ourselves that all past animosities were forgotten; and that the reconciliation was as sincere on their parts as it most assuredly was on ours. I now took lodgings in Clarendon Street, purchased about £100 worth of law books, and determined, in earnest, to begin and study the profession to which I was doomed. In pursuance of this resolution, I commenced bachelor of laws in February, 1789, and was called to the bar in due form in Trinity term following; shortly after which I went my first (the Leinster) circuit, having been previously elected a member of the Bar Club. On this circuit, notwithstanding my ignorance, I pretty nearly cleared my expenses; and I cannot doubt, if I had continued to apply sedulously to the law, but I might have risen to some eminence: but, whether it was my incorrigible habits of idleness, the sincere dislike I had to the profession, which the little insight I was beginning to get into it did not tend to remove, or whether it

was a controlling destiny, I know not; but so it was, that I soon got sick and weary of the law. I continued, however, for form's sake, to go to the courts, and wear a foolish wig and gown, for a considerable time; and I went the circuit, I believe, in all, three times; but as I was, modestly speaking, one of the most ignorant barristers in the four courts, and as I took little, or rather no pains to conceal my contempt and dislike of the profession, and especially as I had neither the means nor the inclination to treat messieurs the attorneys, and to make them drink (a sacrifice of their respectability which even the most liberal-minded of the profession are obliged to make), I made, as may well be supposed, no great exhibition at the Irish bar.

I had not been long a counsellor, when the *coup de grace* was given to my father's affairs by a decree in chancery, which totally ruined him; this was in a lawsuit between him and his brother, who was lieutenant of grenadiers in the 22d regiment. During the whole of this business I obstinately refused to take any part, not thinking it decent to interfere where the parties were both so nearly allied to me. When, however, my father was totally ruined, I thought it my duty, as it was most certainly my inclination, to assist him, even to distressing myself, a sacrifice which the great pains and expense he had bestowed on my education well merited. I, in consequence, strained every nerve to preserve a remnant of his property; but his affairs were too desperate, and I was myself too poor to relieve him effectually; so that after one or two ineffectual efforts, by which I lost considerably with reference to my means, without essentially serving him, we were obliged to submit; and the last of his property, consisting of two houses, one in Stafford Street, and one on Summer Hill, were sold much under their value, to men who took advantage of our necessities, as is always the case. Soon after he had the good fortune to obtain a place under the Paving Board, which he yet retains, and which secures him a decent, though moderate independence.

As the law grew every day more and more disgustful, to which my want of success contributed; though in that respect I never had the injustice to accuse the world of insensibility to my merit, as I well knew the fault was my own; but being, as I said, more and more weary of a profession for which my temper and habits so utterly disqualified me, I turned my attention to politics, and, as one or two of my friends had written pamphlets with success, I determined to try my hand on a pamphlet. Just at this period the Whig Club was instituted in Ireland, and the press groaned with publications against them on the part of government. Two or three defences had likewise appeared, but none of them extra-

ordinary. Under these circumstances, though I was very far from entirely approving the system of the Whig Club, and much less their principles and motives, yet, seeing them at the time the best constituted political body which the country afforded, and agreeing with most of their positions, though my own private opinions went infinitely farther, I thought I could venture on their defence without violating my own consistency. I therefore sat down, and in a few days finished my first pamphlet, which I entitled "A Review of the last Session of Parliament!" To speak candidly of this performance, it was barely above mediocrity, if it rose so high; nevertheless, as it was written evidently on honest principles, and did not censure or flatter one party or the other, without assigning sufficient reason, it had a certain degree of success. The Northern Whig Club reprinted and distributed a large impression at their own expense, with an introduction highly complimentary to the author, whom, at that time, they did not even know; and a very short time after, when it was known that the production was mine, they did me the honour to elect me a member of their body, which they notified to me by a very handsome letter, signed by their Secretary, Henry Joy, Jun. of Belfast, and to which I returned a suitable answer. But this was not all. The leaders of the Whig Club, conceiving my talents, such as they were, might be of service to their cause, and not expecting much intractability from a young lawyer, who had his fortune to make, sent a brother barrister to compliment me on my performance, and to thank me for the zeal and ability I had shown. I was, in consequence, introduced to George Ponsonby, a distinguished member of the body, and who might be considered as the leader of the Irish opposition; with him, however, I never had any communication further than ordinary civilities. Shortly after, the barrister above-mentioned spoke to me again; he told me the Ponsonbys were a most powerful family in Ireland; that they were much pleased with my exertion, and wished, in consequence, to attach me to them; that I should be employed as counsel on a petition then pending before the House of Commons, which would put a hundred guineas in my pocket, and that I should have professional business put in my way, from time to time, that should produce me at least as much per annum; he added, that they were then, it was true, out of place, but that they would not be always so; and that on their return to office, their friends, when out of power, would naturally be first considered; he likewise observed, that they had influence, direct or indirect, over no less than two and twenty seats in Parliament; and he insinuated pretty plainly, that when we were better acquainted it



was highly probable I might come in on one of the first vacancies. All this was highly flattering to me, the more so as my wife's fortune was now nearly exhausted, partly by our inevitable expenses, and partly by my unsuccessful efforts to extricate my father. I did, it was true, not much relish the attaching myself to any great man or set of men; but I considered, as I have said before, that the principles they advanced were such as I could conscientiously support, *so far as they went*, though mine went much beyond them. I therefore thought there was no dishonour in the proposed connexion; and I was certainly a little dazzled with the prospect of a seat in Parliament, at which my ambition began to expand. I signified, in consequence, my readiness to attach myself to the Whigs, and I was instantly retained in the petition for the borough of Dungarvan, on the part of James Carrigee Ponsonby, Esq.

I now looked upon myself as a sort of political character, and began to suppose that the House of Commons, and not the bar, was to be the scene of my future exertions; but in this I reckoned like a sanguine young man. Month after month elapsed without any communication on the part of George Ponsonby, whom I looked upon as most immediately my object. He always spoke to me, when we met by chance, with great civility, but I observed that he never mentioned one word of politics. I therefore at last concluded that he had changed his mind, or that, on a nearer view, he had found my want of capacity; in short, I gave up all thoughts of the connexion, and determined to trouble myself no more about Ponsonby or the Whigs, and I calculated that as I had written a pamphlet which they thought had served them, and as they had in consequence employed me professionally in a business which produced me eighty guineas, accounts were balanced on both sides, and all farther connexion was at an end. But my mind had now got a turn for politics. I thought I had at last found my element, and I plunged into it with eagerness. A closer examination into the situation of my native country had very considerably extended my views; and as I was sincerely and honestly attached to her interests, I soon found reason not to regret that the Whigs had not thought me an object worthy of their cultivation. I made speedily what was to me a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our government; and consequently that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable whilst the connexion with England existed. In forming this theory, which has ever since unvaryingly directed my political conduct,

to which I have sacrificed everything, and am ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, I was exceedingly assisted by an old friend of mine, Sir Lawrence Parsons, whom I look upon as one of the very, *very few* honest men in the Irish House of Commons. It was he who first turned my attention on this great question, but I very soon ran far ahead of my master. It is, in fact, to him I am indebted for the first comprehensive view of the actual situation of Ireland; what his conduct might be in a crisis I know not, but I can answer for the truth and justice of his theory. I now began to look on the little politics of the Whig Club with great contempt; their peddling about petty grievances, instead of going to the root of the evil; and I rejoiced that, if I was poor, as I actually was, I had preserved my independence, and could speak my sentiments without being responsible to any body but the law.

An occasion soon offered to give vent to my newly received opinions. On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, I wrote a pamphlet to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war; but might, and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. In examining this question, I advanced the question of separation, with scarcely any reserve, much less disguise; but the public mind was by no means so far advanced as I was, and my pamphlet made not the smallest impression. The day after it appeared, as I stood *perdue* in the bookseller's shop, listening after my own reputation, Sir Henry Cavendish, a notorious slave of the House of Commons, entered, and throwing my unfortunate pamphlet on the counter in a rage, exclaimed: "Mr Byrne, if the author of that work is serious, he ought to be hanged." Sir Henry was succeeded by a bishop, an *English* doctor of divinity, with five or six thousand a-year, *laboriously* earned in the church. His lordship's anger was not much less than that of the other personage. "Sir," said he, "if the principles contained in that abominable work were to spread, do you know that you would have to pay for your coals at the rate of five pounds per ton?" Notwithstanding these criticisms, which I have faithfully quoted against myself, I continue to think my pamphlet a good one; but apparently the publisher, Mr Byrne, was of a different opinion, for I have every reason to believe that he suppressed the whole impression, "for which his own gods damn him."

Shortly after the premature end of my second pamphlet, which I have recorded, and which did not, however, change my opinion on its merit, for "*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*," we came to an open rupture with my wife's family. It is not my intention to enter on this subject. One circumstance is sufficient to

prove that the breach was not of our seeking, viz., that we had every thing to lose and nothing to gain by a quarrel. . . .

About this time it was that I formed an acquaintance with my invaluable friend Russell, a circumstance which I look upon as one of the most fortunate of my life. He is a man whom I love as a brother. I will not here attempt a panegyric of his merits; it is sufficient to say, that, to an excellent understanding, he joins the purest principles and the best of hearts. I wish I had ability to delineate his character with justice to his talents and his virtues. He well knows how much I esteem and love him, and I think there is no sacrifice that friendship could exact, that we would not with cheerfulness make for each other, to the utmost hazard of life or fortune. There cannot be imagined a more perfect harmony, I may say identity of sentiment, than exists between us; our regard for each other has never suffered a moment's relaxation from the hour of our first acquaintance, and I am sure it will continue to the end of our lives. I think the better of myself for being the object of the esteem of such a man as Russell. I love him and I honour him. I frame no system of happiness for my future life, in which the enjoyment of his society does not constitute a most distinguishing feature; and, if I am ever inclined to murmur at the difficulties wherewith I have so long struggled, I think on the inestimable treasure I possess in the affection of my wife and the friendship of Russell; and I acknowledge that all my labours and sufferings are overpaid. I may truly say that even at this hour, when I am separated from both of them, and uncertain whether I may ever be so happy as to see them again, there is no action of my life which has not a remote reference to their opinions, which I equally prize. When I think I have acted well, and that I am likely to succeed in the important business wherein I am engaged, I say often to myself, "My dearest love and my friend Russell will be glad of this."

But to return to my history. My acquaintance with Russell commenced by an argument in the gallery of the House of Commons. He was at that time enamoured of the Whigs, but I knew these gentlemen a little better than he, and indeed he did not long remain under the delusion. We were struck with each other, notwithstanding the difference of our opinions, and we agreed to dine together the next day, in order to discuss the question. We liked each other better the second day than the first, and every day has increased and confirmed our mutual esteem.

My wife's health continuing still delicate, she was ordered by her physician to bathe in the salt water. I hired, in consequence,

a little box of a house on the sea-side, at Irishtown, where we spent the summer of 1790. Russell and I were inseparable; and as our discussions were mostly political, and our sentiments agreed exactly, we extended our views, and fortified each other in the opinions, to the propagation and establishment of which we have ever since been devoted. I recall with transport the happy days we spent together during that period; the delicious dinners, in the preparation of which my wife, Russell, and myself, were all engaged. The afternoon walks, the discussions we had as we lay stretched on the grass. It was delightful! Sometimes Russell's venerable father, a veteran of near seventy, with the courage of a hero, the serenity of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint, used to visit our little mansion, and that day was a fête. My wife doated on the old man, and he loved her like one of his children. I will not attempt, because I am unable, to express the veneration and regard I had for him; and I am sure, that next to his own sons, and scarcely below them, he loved and esteemed me. Russell's brother, John, too, used to visit us; a man of a most warm and affectionate heart, and incontestibly of the most companionable talents I ever met. His humour, which was pure and natural, flowed in an inexhaustible stream. He had not the strength of character of my friend Tom, but for the charms of conversation he excelled him and all the world. Sometimes too, my brother William used to join us for a week, from the county Kildare, where he resided with my brother Matthew, who had lately commenced a cotton manufactory at Prosperous in that county. I have already mentioned the convivial talents he possessed. In short, when the two Russells, my brother, and I, were assembled, it is impossible to conceive of a happier society. I know not whether our wit was perfectly classical or not, nor does it signify. If it was not sterling, at least it passed current amongst ourselves. If I may judge, we were none of us destitute of the humour indigenous in the soil of Ireland; for three of us I can answer, they possessed it in an eminent degree; add to this, I was the only one of the four who was not a poet, or at least a maker of verses: so that every day produced a ballad, or some poetical squib, which amused us after dinner; and as our conversation turned upon no ribaldry or indecency, my wife and sister never left the table. These were delicious days. The rich and great, who sit down every day to the monotony of a splendid entertainment, can form no idea of the happiness of our frugal meal, nor of the infinite pleasure we found in taking each his part in the preparation and attendance. My wife was the centre and the soul of all. I scarcely know which of us loved her best; her

courteous manners, her goodness of heart, her incomparable humour, her never-failing cheerfulness, her affection for me and for our children, rendered her the object of our common admiration and delight. She loved Russell as well as I did. In short, a more interesting society of individuals, connected by purer motives, and animated by a more ardent attachment and friendship for each other, cannot be imagined.

During the course of this summer, there were strong appearances of a rupture between England and Spain, relative to Nootka Sound. I had mentioned to Russell my project for a military colony in the South Seas; and, as we had nothing better to do, we sat down to look over my papers and memorandums regarding that business. After some time, rather to amuse ourselves, than with an expectation of its coming to anything, we enlarged and corrected my original plan; and having dressed up a handsome memorial on the subject, I sent it enclosed in a letter to the Duke of Richmond, then master of the ordnance. I thought I should hear no more about it, but was not a little surprised when, a few days after, I received an answer from his Grace, in which, after speaking with great civility of the merits of my plan, he informed me such business was out of his department; but that if I desired it, he would deliver my memorial, and recommend it to the notice of Lord Grenville, secretary of state for foreign affairs, whose business it properly was. I immediately wrote him an answer of acknowledgment, entreating him to support my plan; and by the same post, I wrote also to Lord Grenville. In a few days I received answers from them both, informing me that the memorial had been received by Lord Grenville, and should be taken into speedy consideration, when, if any measures were to be adopted in consequence, I might depend on receiving farther information. These letters we looked upon as leaving it barely possible that something might be done in the business, though very unlikely; and so indeed it proved, for shortly after, a kind of peace, called a convention, was agreed upon between Spain and England, on which I wrote once more to Lord Grenville, enclosing a second memorial, in order to learn his determination, when I received a very civil answer, praising my plan, etc., and informing me that existing circumstances had rendered it unnecessary, at that time, to put it in execution, but that ministers would keep it in recollection. Thus ended, for the second time, my attempt to colonize in the South Seas; a measure which I still think might be attended with the most beneficial consequences to England. I keep all the papers relating to this business, including the originals of the minister's letters, and I have likewise copied

the whole of them in a quarto book, to which I refer for farther information. It was singular enough, this correspondence, continued by two of the king of England's cabinet ministers at St James's, on the one part, and Russell and myself, from my little box at Irishtown, on the other. If the measure I proposed had been adopted, we were both determined on going out with the expedition; in which case, instead of planning revolutions in our own country, we might be now, perhaps, carrying on a privateering war (for which I think we have both talents) on the coast of Spanish America. This adventure is an additional proof of the romantic spirit I have mentioned in the beginning of my memoirs, as a trait in our family; and, indeed, my friend Russell was, in that respect, completely one of ourselves. The minister's refusal did not sweeten us much towards him. I renewed the vow I had once before made, to make him, if I could, repent of it, in which Russell most heartily concurred. Perhaps the minister may yet have reason to wish he had let us go off quietly to the South Seas. I should be glad to have an opportunity to remind him of his old correspondent, and if I ever find one, I will not overlook it. I dare say he has utterly forgot the circumstance, but I have not. "Every thing, however, is for the best," as Pangloss says, "in this best of all possible worlds." If I had gone to the Sandwich Islands in 1790, I should not be to-day *chef de brigade* in the service of the French republic, not to mention what I may be in my own country if our expedition thither succeeds.

But to return. Shortly after this disappointment, Russell, who had for two or three years revelled in the ease and dignity of an ensign's half pay, amounting to £28 sterling a-year, which he had earned before he was twenty-one, by broiling in the East Indies for five years, was unexpectedly promoted by favour of the commander-in-chief to an ensigncy on full pay, in the 64th regiment of foot, then quartered in the town of Belfast. He put himself, in consequence, in battle array, and prepared to join. I remember the last day he dined with us in Irishtown, where he came, to use his own quotation, "all clinquant, all in gold!" We set him to cook part of the dinner in a very fine suit of laced regimentals. I love to recall those scenes. We parted with the sincerest regret on both sides; he set off for Belfast, and shortly after we returned to town for the winter; my wife's health being perfectly re-established, as she manifested by being, in due time, brought to bed of our eldest boy, whom we called William, after my brother.

This winter I endeavoured to institute a kind of political club, from which I expected great things. It consisted of seven or eight members, eminent for their talents and patriotism, and who

had already more or less distinguished themselves by their literary productions. They were John Stack, fellow of Trinity College; Dr Wm. Drennan, author of the celebrated letters signed Orellana; Joseph Pollock, author of the still more justly celebrated letters of Owen Roe O'Neil; Peter Burrowes, a barrister, a man of a most powerful and comprehensive mind; William Johnson, a lawyer, also of respectable talents; Whitley Stokes, a fellow of Trinity College, a man, the extent and variety of whose knowledge is only to be exceeded by the number and intensity of his virtues; Russell, a corresponding member, and myself. As our political opinions, at that time, agreed in most essential points, however they may have since differed, and as this little club most certainly comprised a great proportion of information, talents, and integrity, it might naturally be expected that some distinguished publications should be the result; yet, I know not how it was, we did not draw well together; our meetings degenerated into downright ordinary suppers; we became a mere oyster club; and, at length, a misunderstanding, or rather a rooted dislike to each other, which manifested itself between Drennan and Pollock (who were completely Cæsar and Pompey with regard to literary empire), joined to the retreat of John Stack, to his living in the North, and the little good we saw resulting from our association, induced us to drop off one by one; and thus, after three or four months of sickly existence, our club departed this life, leaving behind it a puny offspring of about a dozen essays on different subjects, all, as may be supposed, tolerable, but not one of any distinguished excellence. I am satisfied, any one of the members, by devoting a week of his time to a well-chosen subject, would have produced a work of ten times more value than the whole club were able to show from their joint labours during its existence. This experiment satisfied me that men of genius, to be of use, must not be collected in numbers. They do not work well in the aggregate, and, indeed, even in ordinary conversations, I have observed that two many wits spoil the discourse. The dullest entertainment at which I ever remember to have assisted was one formed expressly to bring together near twenty persons, every one more or less distinguished for splendid talents, or great convivial qualities. We sat and prosed together in great solemnity, endeavouring, by a rapid circulation of the bottle, to animate the discourse, but it would not do; every man was clad in a suit of intellectual armour, in which he found himself secure, it is true, but ill at his ease; and we all rejoiced at the moment when we were permitted to run home and get into our robes de chambre and slippers. Any two of the men present would have been the delight and entertainment of a well-chosen

society, but all together was, as Wolsey says, "too much honour." \*

In recording the names of the members of the club, I find I have strangely omitted the name of a man whom, as well for his talents as his principles, I esteem as much as any, far more than most of them, I mean Thomas Addis Emmet, a barrister. He is a man completely after my own heart—of a great and comprehensive mind—of the warmest and sincerest affection for his friends—and of a firm and steady adherence to his principles, to which he has sacrificed much, as I know, and would, I am sure, if necessary, sacrifice his life. His opinions and mine square exactly. In classing the men I most esteem, I would place him beside Russell, at the head of the list; because with regard to them both, the most ardent feelings of my heart coincide exactly with the most severe decision of my judgment. There are men whom I regard as much as it is possible. I am sure, for example, if there be on earth such a thing as sincere friendship, I feel it for Whitley Stokes, for George Knox, and for Peter Burrowes. They are men whose talents I admire, whose virtues I reverence, and whose persons I love; but the regard which I feel for them, sincere and affectionate as it is, is certainly not of the same species with that which I entertain for Russell and Emmet. Between us there has been, from the very commencement of our acquaintance, a coincidence of sentiment, a harmony of feelings on points which we all conscientiously consider of the last importance, which binds us in the closest ties to each other. We have unvaryingly been devoted to the same object, by the same means—we have had a fellowship in our labours—a society in our dangers—our hopes, our fears, our wishes, our friends, and our enemies, have been the same. When all this is considered, and the talents and principles of the men taken into the account, it will not be wondered at, if I esteem Russell and Emmet as the first of my friends. If ever an oppor-

\* *Note by the Editor of the First Edition.*—About this time, whilst his ideas on the evils resulting from the connexion with Britain were fermenting in his mind, my father wrote a letter to his friend Russell, where he expanded upon them, and concluded, "Such and such men (mentioning his friends and associates in the club) think with me." This very innocent paper produced about two years afterwards, in 1793, a most ridiculous alarm and disturbance. It would not have been noticed, at the time it was written, more than those pamphlets which were published; but then, when the political fever raged at the highest, and when it was already forgotten by himself and his friends, it fell by some chance or indiscretion into the hands of the government. The gentlemen mentioned, many of whom had since espoused the part of the administration, were all summoned before the Secret Committee. For that most illegal tribunal, the Star Chamber of Ireland, assumed the power of examining any suspected individuals on the opinions, as well as the actions, of themselves and others; putting them on their oath to answer all their questions, and imprisoning them arbitrarily. On this occasion these gentlemen were charged with being privy not only to a theoretical disquisition, but to a deep conspiracy against the government, as far back as the year 1791. It is, however, remarkable, that my father was not called before them. Perhaps he was deemed incorrigible.



tunity offers, as circumstances at present seem likely to bring forward, I think their country will ratify my choice. With regard to Burrowes and Knox, whom I do most sincerely and affectionately love, their political opinions differ fundamentally from mine; and perhaps it is for the credit of us all three, that, with such an irreconcilable difference of sentiment, we have all along preserved a mutual regard and esteem for each other; at least, I am sure I feel it particularly honourable to myself, for there are, perhaps, no two men in the world about whose good opinion I am more solicitous. Nor shall I soon forget the steady and unvarying friendship I experienced from them both, when my situation was to all human appearance utterly desperate; and when others, with at least as little reason to desert me, shunned me, as if I had the red spots of the plague out on me—but of that hereafter. With regard to Whitley Stokes, his political opinions approach nearer to mine than those of either Knox or Burrowes. I mention this, for in these days of unbounded discussion, politics unfortunately enter into every thing, even into our private friendships. We, however, differ on many material points; and we differ on principles which do honour to Stokes's heart. With an acute feeling of the degradation of his country, and a just and generous indignation against her oppressors, the tenderness and humanity of his disposition is such, that he recoils from any measures to be attempted for her emancipation which may terminate in blood: in this respect I have not the virtue to imitate him. I must observe that, with this perhaps extravagant anxiety for the lives of others, I am sure in any cause which satisfied his conscience, no man would be more prodigal of his own life than Whitley Stokes, for he is an enthusiast in his nature, but "what he would highly that would he holily;" and I am afraid that in the present state of affairs, that is a thing impossible. I love Stokes most sincerely. With a most excellent and highly cultivated mind, he possesses the distinguishing characteristic of the best and most feeling heart; and I am sure it will not hurt the self-love of any of the friends whose names I have recorded, when I say that in the full force of the phrase, I look upon Whitley Stokes as the *very best man* I have ever known. Now that I am upon this subject, I must observe that in the choice of my friends I have been all my life extremely fortunate; I hope I am duly sensible of the infinite value of their esteem, and I take the greatest pride in being able to say that I have preserved that esteem, even from those from whom I most materially differed on points of the last importance, and on occasions of peculiar difficulty; and this too without any sacrifice of consistency or principle on either side; a circumstance which, however, redounds

still more to their credit than to mine. But to return to my history from this long digression, on which, however, I dwell with affection, exiled as I am from the inestimable friends I have mentioned, it is a consolation to my soul to dwell upon their merits, and the sincere and animated affection I feel for them. God knows whether we shall ever meet; or if we do, how many of us may survive the contest in which we are, by all appearance, about to embark. If it be my lot, for one, to fall, I leave behind me this small testimony of my regard for them, written under circumstances which I think may warrant its sincerity.

The French Revolution had now been above a twelvemonth in its progress. At its commencement, as the first emotions are generally honest, every one was in its favour; but after some time, the probable consequences to monarchy and aristocracy began to be foreseen, and the partizans of both to retrench considerably in their admiration: at length, Mr Burke's famous invective appeared; and this in due season produced Paine's reply, which he called "Rights of Man." This controversy, and the gigantic event which gave rise to it, changed in an instant the politics of Ireland. Two years before the nation was in a lethargy. The puny efforts of the Whig Club, miserable and defective as their system was, were the only appearance of anything like exertion; and he was looked on as extravagant who thought of a Parliamentary reform, against which, by-the-by, all parties equally set their face. I have already mentioned, that in those days of apathy and depression, I made an unsuccessful blow at the supremacy of England, by my pamphlet on the expected rupture with Spain; and I have also fairly mentioned that I found nobody who ventured to second my attempt, or paid the least attention to the doctrine I endeavoured to disseminate. But the rapid succession of events, and, above all, the explosion which had taken place in France, and blown into the elements a despotism rooted for fourteen centuries, had thoroughly aroused all Europe; and the eyes of every man, in every quarter, were turned anxiously on the French National Assembly. In England, Burke had the triumph completely to decide the public; fascinated by an eloquent publication, which flattered so many of their prejudices, and animated by their unconquerable hatred of France, which no change of circumstances could alter, the whole English nation, it may be said, retracted from their first decision in favour of the glorious and successful efforts of the French people; they sickened at the prospect of the approaching liberty and happiness of that mighty nation: they calculated, as merchants, the probable effects which the energy of regenerated France might have on their commerce; they rejoiced

when they saw the combination of despots formed to restore the ancient system, and perhaps to dismember the monarchy; and they waited with impatience for an occasion, which happily for mankind they soon found, when they might, with some appearance of decency, engage in person in the infamous contest.

But matters were very different in Ireland—an oppressed, insulted, and plundered nation. As we well knew experimentally what it was to be enslaved, we sympathised most sincerely with the French people, and watched their progress to freedom with the utmost anxiety; we had not, like England, a prejudice rooted in our very nature against France. As the Revolution advanced, and as events expanded themselves, the public spirit of Ireland rose with a rapid acceleration. The fears and animosities of the aristocracy rose in the same, or a still higher proportion. In a little time the French Revolution became the test of every man's political creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties, the aristocrats and the democrats (epithets borrowed from France), who have ever since been measuring each other's strength, and carrying on a kind of smothered war, which the course of events, it is highly probable, may soon call into energy and action.

It is needless, I believe, to say that I was a democrat from the very commencement; and as all the retainers of government, including the sages and judges of the law, were of course on the other side, this gave the *coup de grace* to any expectations, if any such I had, of my succeeding at the bar, for I soon became pretty notorious; but in fact I had for some time renounced all hope, and I may say all desire, of succeeding in a profession which I always disliked, and which the political prostitution of its members (though otherwise men of high honour and of great personal worth) had taught me sincerely to despise. I therefore seldom went near the Four Courts; nor did I adopt any one of the means, and least of all the study of the law, which are successfully employed by those young men whose object it is to rise in their profession.

As I came about this period rather more forward than I had hitherto done, it is necessary, for understanding my history, to take a rather rapid survey of the state of parties in Ireland, that is to say, of the members of the established religion, the Dissenters and the Catholics.

The first party, whom for distinction's sake I call the Protestants, though not above a tenth of the population, were in possession of the whole of the government, and of five-sixths of the landed property of the nation; they were, and had been for above a century, in the quiet enjoyment of the church, the law,

the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations—in a word, of the whole patronage of Ireland. With properties whose title was founded in massacre and plunder, and being, as it were, but a colony of foreign usurpers in the land, they saw no security for their persons and estates but in a close connexion with England, who profited of their fears; and, as the price of her protection, exacted the implicit surrender of the commerce and liberties of Ireland. Different events, particularly the Revolution in America, had enabled and emboldened the other two parties of whom I am about to speak, to hurry the Protestants into measures highly disagreeable to England and beneficial to their country; but in which, from accidental circumstances, they durst not refuse to concur. The spirit of the corps, however, remained unchanged, as they have manifested on every occasion since which chance has offered. This party, therefore, so powerful by their property and influence, were implicitly devoted to England, which they esteemed necessary for the security of their existence; they adopted, in consequence, the sentiments and the language of the British cabinet; they dreaded and abhorred the principles of the French Revolution, and were, in one word, an aristocracy in the fullest and most odious extent of the term.

The Dissenters, who formed the second party, were at least twice as numerous as the first. Like them, they were a colony of foreigners in their origin; but being mostly engaged in trade and manufactures, with few overgrown landed proprietors among them, they did not, like them, feel that a slavish dependence on England was essential to their very existence. Strong in their numbers and their courage, they felt that they were able to defend themselves, and they soon ceased to consider themselves as any other than Irishmen. It was the Dissenters who composed the flower of the famous volunteer army of 1782, which extorted from the English minister the restoration of what is affected to be called the constitution of Ireland; it was they who first promoted and continued the demand of a Parliamentary reform, in which, however, they were baffled by a superior address and chicanery of the aristocracy; and it was they finally who were the first to stand forward in the most decided and unqualified manner in support of the principles of the French Revolution.

The Catholics, who composed the third party, were above two-thirds of the nation, and formed, perhaps, a still greater proportion. They embraced the entire peasantry of three provinces, they constituted a considerable portion of the mercantile interest; but from the tyranny of the penal laws enacted at different periods against them, they possessed but a very small proportion of the landed

property, perhaps not a fiftieth part of the whole. It is not my intention here to give a detail of that execrable and infamous code, framed with the heart and the malice of demons, to plunder, and degrade, and brutalize the Catholics. Suffice it to say, that there was no injustice, no disgrace, no disqualification, moral, political, or religious, civil or military, that was not heaped upon them; it is with difficulty that I restrain myself from entering into the abominable detail; but it is the less necessary, as it is to be found in so many publications of the day. This horrible system, pursued for above a century with unrelenting acrimony and perseverance, had wrought its full effect, and had, in fact, reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland to a situation, morally and physically speaking, below that of the beasts of the field. The spirit of their few remaining gentry was broken, and their minds degraded; and it was only in a class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession, who had smuggled an education in despite of the penal code, that any thing like political sensation existed. Such was pretty nearly the situation of the three great parties at the commencement of the French Revolution, and certainly a much more gloomy prospect could not well present itself to the eyes of any friend to liberty and his country. But as the luminary of truth and freedom in France advanced rapidly to its meridian splendour, the public mind in Ireland was proportionably illuminated; and to the honour of the Dissenters of Belfast be it said, they were the first to reduce to practice their newly received principles, and to show, by being just, that they were deserving to be free.

The dominion of England in Ireland had been begun and continued in the disunion of the great sects which divided the latter country.\* In effectuating this disunion, the Protestant party were the willing instruments, as they saw clearly that if ever the Dissenters and Catholics were to discover their true interests, and, forgetting their former ruinous dissensions, were to unite cordially, and make common cause, the downfall of English supremacy, and, of course, of their own unjust monopoly, would be the necessary and immediate consequence. They therefore laboured continually, and for a long time successfully, to keep the other two sects asunder; and the English government had even the address to persuade the Catholics that the non-execution of the penal laws, which were, in fact, too atrocious to be enforced in their full rigour, was owing to their clemency; that the Protestants and Dissenters, but especially the latter, were the enemies, and them-

\* At least since the reign of Elizabeth and James I.

selves, in effect, the protectors of the Catholic people. Under this arrangement the machine of government moved forward on carpet ground; but the time was at length come when this system of iniquity was to tumble in the dust, and the day of truth and reason to commence.

So far back as the year 1783, the volunteers of Belfast had instructed their deputies to the convention held in Dublin, for the purpose of framing a plan of Parliamentary reform, to support the equal admission of the Catholics to the rights of freemen. In this instance of liberality they were then almost alone; for it is their fate in political wisdom ever to be in advance of their countrymen; it was sufficient, however, to alarm the government, who immediately procured from Lord Kenmare, at that time esteemed the leader of the Catholics, a solemn disavowal, in the name of the body, of any wish to be restored to their long-lost rights. Prostrate as the Catholics were at that period, this last insult was too much; they instantly assembled their general committee, and disavowed Lord Kenmare and his disavowal; observing at the same time that they were not framed so differently from all other men as to be in love with their own degradation. The majority of the volunteer convention, however, resolved to consider the infamous declaration of Lord Kenmare as the voice of the Catholics of Ireland, and, in consequence, the emancipation of that body made no part of their plan of reform. The consequence natural to such folly and injustice immediately ensued: the government seeing the convention, by their own act, separate themselves from the great mass of the people, who could alone give them effective force, held them at defiance; and that formidable assembly, which, under better principles, might have held the fate of Ireland in their hands, was broken up with disgrace and ignominy, a memorable warning that those who know not to render their just rights to others, will be found incapable of firmly adhering to their own.

The general committee of the Catholics, of which I have spoken above, and which, since the year 1792, has made a distinguished feature in the politics of Ireland, was a body composed of their bishops, their country gentlemen, and of a certain number of merchants and traders, all resident in Dublin, but named by the Catholics in the different towns corporate to represent them. The original object of this institution was to obtain the repeal of a partial and oppressive tax called quarterage, which was levied on the Catholics only; and the government, which found the committee at first a convenient instrument on some occasions, connived at their existence. So degraded was the Catholic mind at the period of the formation of their committee, about 1770, and long

after, that they were happy to be allowed to go up to the Castle with an abominable, slavish address to each successive viceroy, of which, moreover, until the accession of the Duke of Portland in 1782, so little notice was taken that his Grace was the first who condescended to give them an answer; and, indeed, for above twenty years, the sole business of the general committee was to prepare and deliver in those records of their depression. The effort which an honest indignation had called forth at the time of the volunteer convention in 1783, seemed to have exhausted their strength, and they sunk back into their primitive nullity. Under this appearance of apathy, however, a new spirit was gradually arising in the body, owing principally to the exertions and the example of one man, John Keogh, to whose services his country, and more especially the Catholics, are singularly indebted. In fact, the downfall of feudal tyranny was acted in little on the theatre of the general committee. The influence of their clergy and of their barons was gradually undermined; and the third estate, the commercial interest, rising in wealth and power, was preparing, by degrees, to throw off the yoke, in the imposing, or at least, the continuing of which the leaders of the body, I mean the prelates and aristocracy, to their disgrace be it spoken, were ready to concur. Already had those leaders, acting in obedience to the orders of the government, which held them in fetters, suffered one or two signal defeats in the committee, owing principally to the talents and address of John Keogh; the parties began to be defined, and a sturdy democracy of new men, with bolder views and stronger talents, soon superseded the timid counsels and slavish measures of the ancient aristocracy. Everything seemed tending to a better order of things among the Catholics, and an occasion soon offered to call the energy of their new leaders into action.

The Dissenters of the north, and more especially of the town of Belfast, are, from the genius of their religion, and from the superior diffusions of political information among them, sincere and enlightened republicans. They had ever been foremost in the pursuit of Parliamentary reform, and I have already mentioned the early wisdom and virtue of the town of Belfast in proposing the emancipation of the Catholics, so far back as the year 1783. The French Revolution had awakened all parties in the nation from the stupor in which they lay plunged; from the time of the dispersion of the ever memorable volunteer convention, and the citizens of Belfast were the first to raise their heads from the abyss, and to look the situation of their country steadily in the face. They saw at a glance their true object, and the only means to obtain it; conscious that the force of the existing government

was such as to require the united efforts of the whole Irish people to subvert it, and long convinced in their own minds that to be free it was necessary to be just, they cast their eyes once more on the long neglected Catholics, and profiting of past errors, for which, however, they had not to accuse themselves, they determined to begin on a new system, and to raise the structure of the liberty and independence of their country on the broad basis of equal rights to the whole people.

The Catholics, on their part, were rapidly advancing in political spirit and information. Every month, every day, as the revolution in France went prosperously forward, added to their courage and their force; and the hour seemed at last arrived, when, after a dreary oppression of above one hundred years, they were once more to appear on the political theatre of their country. They saw the brilliant prospect of success, which events in France opened to their view; and they determined to avail themselves with promptitude of that opportunity, which never returns to those who omit it. For this, the active members of the general committee resolved to set on foot an immediate application to Parliament, praying for a repeal of the penal laws. The first difficulty they had to surmount arose in their own body; their peers, their gentry (as they affected to call themselves), and their prelates, either seduced or intimidated by government, gave the measure all possible opposition; and, at length, after a long contest, in which both parties strained every nerve, and produced the whole of their strength, the question was decided on a division in the committee, by a majority of at least six to one, in favour of the intended application. The triumph of the young democracy was complete; but though the aristocracy were defeated, they were not yet entirely broken down. By the instigation of government they had the meanness to secede from the general committee, to disavow their acts, and even to publish in the papers that they did not wish to embarrass the government by advancing their claims of emancipation. It is difficult to conceive such a degree of political degradation; but what will not the tyranny of an execrable system produce in time? Sixty-eight gentlemen, individually of high spirit, were found, who publicly, and in a body, deserted their party and their own just claims, and even sanctioned this pitiful desertion by the authority of their signatures. Such an effect had the operation of the penal laws on the minds of the Catholics of Ireland, as proud a race as any in all Europe.

But I am in some degree anticipating matters, and indeed, instead of a few memorandums relating to myself, I find myself embarking in a kind of *history of my own times*; let me return



and condense as much as I can. The first attempts of the Catholic committee failed totally; endeavouring to accommodate all parties, they formed a petition so humble that it ventured to ask for nothing; and even this petition they could not find a single member of the legislature to present; of so little consequence, in the year 1790, was the great mass of the Irish people! Not disheartened, however, by this defeat, they went on, and in the interval between that and the approaching season, they were preparing measures for a second application. In order to add a greater weight and consequence to their intended petition, they brought over to Ireland Richard Burke, only son of the celebrated Edmund, and appointed him their agent to conduct their application to parliament. This young man came over with considerable advantages, and especially with the *eclat* of his father's name, who, the Catholics concluded, and very reasonably, would, for his sake, if not for theirs, assist his son with his advice and directions. But their expectations in the event proved abortive. Richard Burke, with a considerable portion of talents from nature, and cultivated, as may be well supposed, with the utmost care by his father, who idolized him, was utterly deficient in judgment, in temper, and especially in the art of managing parties. In three or four months' time, during which he remained in Ireland, he contrived to embroil himself, and in a certain degree, the committee, with all parties in parliament, the opposition as well as the government; and finally, desiring to drive his employers into measures of which they disapproved; and thinking himself strong enough to go on without the assistance of men who introduced and, as long as their duty would permit, supported him, in which he miserably deceived himself, he ended his short and turbulent career by breaking with the general committee. That body, however, treated him respectfully to the last, and, on his departure, they sent a deputation to thank him for his exertions, and presented him with the sum of two thousand guineas.

It was pretty much about this time that my connexion with the Catholic body commenced, in the manner which I am about to relate. I cannot pretend to strict accuracy as to dates, for I write entirely from memory, all my papers being in America.

Russell had, on his arrival to join his regiment at Belfast, found the people so much to his taste, and in return had rendered himself so agreeable to them, that he was speedily admitted into their confidence, and became a member of several of their clubs. This was an unusual occurrence, as British officers, it may well be supposed, were no great favourites with the republicans of Belfast. The Catholic question was at this period beginning to attract the

public notice; and the Belfast volunteers on some public occasion, I know not precisely what, wished to come forward with a declaration in its favour. For this purpose Russell, who by this time was entirely in their confidence, wrote to me to draw up and transmit to him such a declaration as I thought proper; which I accordingly did. A meeting of the corps was held in consequence; but an opposition unexpectedly arising to that part of the declaration which alluded directly to the Catholic claims, that passage was, for the sake of unanimity, withdrawn for the present, and the declarations then passed unanimously. Russell wrote me an account of all this, and it immediately set me on thinking more seriously than I had yet done upon the state of Ireland. I soon formed my theory, and on that theory I have unvaryingly acted ever since.

To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connexion with England, the never-failing source of our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means. To effectuate these great objects, I reviewed the three great sects. The Protestants I despaired of from the outset, for obvious reasons. Already in possession, by an unjust monopoly, of the whole power and patronage of the country, it was not to be supposed they would ever concur in measures, the certain tendency of which must be to lessen their influence as a party, how much soever the nation might gain. To the Catholics I thought it unnecessary to address myself, because, that as no change could make their political situation worse, I reckoned upon their support to a certainty; besides, they had already begun to manifest a strong sense of their wrongs and oppressions; and finally, I well knew that, however it might be disguised or suppressed, their existed in the breast of every Irish Catholic an inextirpable abhorrence of the English name and power. There remained only the Dissenters, whom I knew to be patriotic and enlightened; however, the recent events at Belfast had showed me that all prejudice was not yet entirely removed from their minds. I sat down accordingly, and wrote a pamphlet addressed to the Dissenters, and which I entitled “An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland,” the object of which was to convince them that they and the Catholics had but one common interest, and one common enemy; that the depression and slavery of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them; and that consequently to assert

the independence of their country, and their own individual liberties, it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and to form for the future but one people. These principles I supported by the best arguments which suggested themselves to me; and particularly by demonstrating that the cause of the failure of all former efforts, and more especially of the volunteer convention in 1783, was the unjust neglect of the claims of their Catholic brethren. This pamphlet, which appeared in September, 1791, under the signature of a Northern Whig, had a considerable degree of success. The Catholics (*with not one of whom I was at the time acquainted*) were pleased with the efforts of a volunteer in their cause, and distributed it in all quarters. The people of Belfast, of whom I had spoken with the respect and admiration I sincerely felt for them, and to whom I was also perfectly unknown, printed a very large edition, which they dispersed through the whole North of Ireland; and I have the great satisfaction to believe that many of the Dissenters were converted by my arguments. It is like vanity to speak of my own performances so much; and the fact is, I believe that I am somewhat vain on that topic; but as it was the immediate cause of my being made known to the Catholic body, I may be, perhaps, excused for dwelling upon a circumstance, which I must ever look on, for that reason, as one of the most fortunate of my life. As my pamphlet spread more and more, my acquaintance amongst the Catholics extended accordingly. My first friend in the body was John Keogh, and through him I became acquainted with all the leaders—as Richard M'Cormick, John Sweetman, Edward Byrne, Thomas Braughall, in short, the whole sub-committee, and most of the active members of the general committee. It was a kind of fashion this winter (1791) among the Catholics to give splendid dinners to their political friends, in and out of Parliament; and I was always a guest of course. I was invited to a grand dinner given to Richard Burke, on his leaving Dublin, together with William Todd Jones, who had distinguished himself by a most excellent pamphlet in favour of the Catholic cause, as well as to several entertainments given by clubs and associations; in short, I began to grow into something like reputation, and my company was, in a manner, a requisite at all the entertainments of that winter.

But this was not all. The volunteers of Belfast, of the first, or green company, were pleased, in consequence of my pamphlet, to elect me an honorary member of their corps; a favour which they were very delicate in bestowing; as I believe I was the only person, except the great Henry Flood, who was ever honoured

with that mark of their approbation. I was also invited to spend a few days in Belfast, in order to assist in framing the first club of United Irishmen, and to cultivate a personal acquaintance with those men whom, though I highly esteemed, I knew as yet but by reputation. In consequence, about the beginning of October, I went down with my friend Russell, who had by this time quitted the army, and was in Dublin on his private affairs. The incidents of that journey, which was by far the most agreeable and interesting one I had ever made, I recorded in a kind of diary, a practice which I then commenced, and have ever since, from time to time, continued, as circumstances of sufficient importance occurred. To that diary I refer. It is sufficient here to say, that my reception was of the most flattering kind, and that I found the men of the most distinguished public virtue in the nation, the most estimable in all the domestic relations of life: I had the good fortune to render myself agreeable to them; and a friendship was then formed between us which I think it will not be easy to shake. It is a kind of injustice to name individuals, yet I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of observing how peculiarly fortunate I esteem myself in having formed connexions with Samuel Neilson, Robert Simms, William Simms, William Sinclair, Thomas M'Cabe: I may as well stop here: for in enumerating my most particular friends, I find I am, in fact, making out a list of the men of Belfast most distinguished for their virtue, talent, and patriotism. To proceed. We formed our club, of which I wrote the declaration, and certainly the formation of that club commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland. At length, after a stay of about three weeks, which I look back upon as perhaps the pleasantest in my life, Russell and I returned to Dublin, with instructions to cultivate the leaders in the popular interest, being Protestants; and, if possible, to form in the capital a club of United Irishmen. Neither Russell nor myself was known to one of those leaders; however, we soon contrived to get acquainted with James Napper Tandy, who was the principal of them, and through him, with several others, so that, in a little time, we succeeded; and a club was accordingly formed, of which the Honourable Simon Butler was the first chairman, and Tandy the first secretary. The club adopted the declaration of their brethren of Belfast, with whom they immediately opened a correspondence. It is but justice to an honest man who has been persecuted for his firm adherence to his principles, to observe here that Tandy, in coming forward on this occasion, well knew that he was putting to the most extreme hazard his popularity among the corporations of the city of Belfast, with whom he had enjoyed the most unbounded influence

for near twenty years; and in fact, in the event, his popularity was sacrificed. That did not prevent, however, his taking his part decidedly: he had the firmness to forego the gratification of his private feelings for the good of his country. The truth is, Tandy was a very sincere republican, and it did not require much argument to show him the impossibility of attaining a republic by any means short of the united powers of the whole people; he, therefore, renounced the lesser object for the greater, and gave up the certain influence which he possessed (and had well earned) in the city, for the contingency of that influence which he might have (and well deserves to have) in the nation. For my own part, I think it right to mention that, at this time, the establishment of a republic was not the immediate object of my speculations. My object was to secure the independence of my country under any form of government, to which I was led by a hatred of England, so deeply rooted in my nature, that it was rather an instinct than a principle. I left to others, better qualified for the inquiry, the investigation and merits of the different forms of government, and I contented myself with labouring on my own system, which was luckily in perfect coincidence as to its operation with that of those men who viewed the question on a broader and juster scale than I did at the time I mention. But to return. The club was scarcely formed before I lost all pretensions to any thing like influence in their measures; a circumstance which at first mortified me not a little; and perhaps had I retained more weight in their councils, I might have prevented, as on some occasions I laboured unsuccessfully to prevent, their running into indiscretions, which gave their enemies but too great advantages over them. It is easy to be wise after the event. So it was, however, that I soon sunk into obscurity in the club, which, however, I had the satisfaction to see daily increasing in numbers and consequence. The Catholics particularly, flocked in in crowds, as well as some of the Protestant members of corporations most distinguished for their liberality and public spirit on former occasions; and indeed, I must do the society the justice to say, that I believe there never existed a political body which included amongst its members a greater portion of sincere, uncorrupted patriotism, as well as a very respectable proportion of talents. Their publications, mostly written by Dr Drennan, and many of them admirably well done, began to draw the public attention, especially as they were evidently the production of a society utterly disclaiming all party views or motives, and acting on a broad, original scale, not sparing those who called themselves patriots more than those who were the habitual slaves of the

government; a system in which I heartily concurred, having long entertained a more serious contempt for what is called *opposition* than for the common prostitutes of the treasury bench, who want at least the vice of hypocrisy. At length the Solicitor-General, in speaking of the society, having made use of expressions in the House of Commons extremely offensive, an explanation was demanded of him by Simon Butler, chairman, and Tandy, secretary. Butler was satisfied—Tandy was not; and after several messages, which it is not my affair to detail, the Solicitor-General at length complained to the House of a breach of privilege, and Tandy was ordered, in the first instance, into custody. He was in consequence arrested by a messenger, from whom he found means to make his escape; and immediately a proclamation was issued, offering a reward for taking him. The society now was in a difficult situation, and I thought myself called upon to make an effort, at all hazards to myself, to prevent its falling by any improper timidity in the public opinion. We were, in fact, committed with the House of Commons on the question of privilege, and having fairly engaged in the contest, it was impossible to recede without a total forfeiture of character. Under these circumstances, I cast my eyes on Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a distinguished member of the society, whose many virtues, public and private, had set his name above the reach of even the malevolence of party; whose situation in life was of the most respectable rank, if ranks be indeed respectable; and above all, whose personal courage was not to be shaken, a circumstance, in the actual situation of affairs, of the last importance. To Rowan, therefore, I applied; I showed him that the current of public opinion was rather setting against us in this business, and that it was necessary that some of us should step forward and expose ourselves, at all risks, to show the House of Commons, and the nation at large, that we were not to be intimidated or put down so easily. I offered, if he would take the chair, that I would, with the society's permission, act as secretary, and that we would give our signatures to such publications as circumstances might render necessary. Rowan instantly agreed; and accordingly, on the next night of meeting, he was chosen chairman, and I pro-secretary, in the absence of Tandy; and the society having agreed to the resolutions proposed, which were worded in a manner very offensive to the dignity of the House of Commons, and, in fact, amounting to a challenge of their authority, we inserted them in all the newspapers, and printed five thousand copies, with our names affixed.

The least that Rowan and I expected in consequence of this step, which, under the circumstances, was, I must say, rather a

bold one, was to be committed to Newgate for a breach of privilege, and perhaps exposed to personal discussions with some of the members of the House of Commons; for he proposed, and I agreed, that if any disrespectful language was applied to either of us in any debate which might arise on the business, we would attack the person, whoever he might be, immediately, and oblige him either to recant his words or give battle. All our determination, however, came to nothing. The House of Commons, either content with their victory over Tandy, who was obliged to conceal himself for some time, or not thinking Rowan and myself objects sufficiently important to attract their notice; or perhaps, which I rather believed, not wishing just then to embroil themselves with a man of Rowan's firmness and courage, not to speak of his great and justly merited popularity, took no notice whatsoever of our resolutions; and in this manner he and I had the good fortune, and, I may say, the merit, to rescue the society from a situation of considerable difficulty without any actual suffering, though certainly with some personal hazard on our part. We had likewise the satisfaction to see the society, instead of losing ground, rise rapidly in the public opinion by their firmness on the occasion. Shortly after, on the last day of the sessions, Tandy appeared in public, and was taken into custody, the whole society attending him in a body to the House of Commons. He was ordered by the speaker to be committed to Newgate, whither he was conveyed, the society attending him as before, and the parliament being prorogued in half an hour after, he was liberated immediately, and escorted in triumph to his own house. On this occasion Rowan and I attended of course, and were in the gallery of the House of Commons. As we were not sure but we might be attacked ourselves, we took pains to place ourselves in a conspicuous situation, and to wear our Whig Club uniforms, which were rather gaudy, in order to signify to all whom it might concern, that there we were. A good many of the members, we observed, remarked us, but no farther notice was taken; our names were never mentioned; the whole business passed over quietly, and I resigned my pro-secretaryship, being the only office I ever held in the society, into the hands of Tandy, who resumed his functions. This was in spring, 1792: I should observe, that the day after the publication above mentioned, when I attended near the House of Commons, in expectation of being called before them to answer for what I had done, and had requested my friend, Sir Lawrence Parsons, to give me notice, in order that I might present myself, the house took fire by accident, and was burned to the ground.

The Society of United Irishmen beginning to attract the public

notice considerably, in consequence of the events which I have mentioned, and it being pretty generally known that I was principally instrumental in its formation, I was one day surprised by a visit from the barrister, who had about two years before spoken to me on the part of the Whig leaders, a business of which I had long since discharged my memory. He told me he was sorry to see the new line I was adopting in politics, the more so as I might rely upon it, that the principles I now held would never be generally adopted, and consequently I was devoting myself without advancing any beneficial purpose; he also testified to me surprise at my conduct, and insinuated pretty directly, though with great civility, that I had not kept faith with the Whigs, with whom he professed to understand I had connected myself, and whom, in consequence, I ought to have consulted before I took so decided a line of conduct as I had lately done. I did not like the latter part of his discourse at all; however, I answered him with great civility on my part, that, as to the principles he mentioned, I had not adopted them without examination; that, as to the pamphlet I had written in the Catholic cause, I had not advanced a syllable which I did not conscientiously believe, and consequently I was neither inclined to repent nor retract; as to my supposed connexion with the Whigs, I reminded him that I had not sought them; on the contrary, they had sought me; if they had, on reflection, not thought me worth cultivating, that was no fault of mine. I observed, also, that Mr George Ponsonby, whom I looked upon as principal in the business, had never spoken to me above a dozen times in my life, and then merely on ordinary topics; that I was too proud to be treated in that manner; and, if I was supposed capable to render service to the party, it would only be by confiding in, and communicating with me, that I could be really serviceable, and on that footing only would I consent to be treated; that probably Mr Ponsonby would think that rather a lofty declaration, but it was my determination, the more as I knew he was rather a proud man. Finally, I observed, he had my permission to report all this, and that I looked on myself as under no tie of obligation whatsoever, that I had written a pamphlet, unsolicited, in favour of the party; that my principles were known, and I was not at all disposed to retract them; what I had done I had done, and I was determined to abide by it. My friend then said he was sorry to see me so obstinate in what he must consider an indiscreet line of conduct, and protesting that his principal object was to serve me, in which I believed him, he took his leave, and this put an end completely to the idea of a connexion with the Whigs. I spoke rather haughtily in this affair, because I was somewhat pro-



voked at the insinuation of duplicity; and besides, I wished to have a blow at Mr George Ponsonby, who seemed desirous to retain me as a kind of pamphleteer in his service, at the same time that he industriously avoided anything like communication with me, a situation to which I was neither so weak nor so mean as to suffer myself to be reduced; and as I well knew he was one of the proudest men in Ireland, I took care to speak on a footing of the most independent equality. After this discussion, I for the second time dismissed all idea of Ponsonby and the Whigs; but I had good reason, a long time after, to believe that he had not so readily forgotten the business as I did, and indeed he was very near having his full revenge of me, as I shall mention in its place.

I have already observed that the first attempts of the Catholic committee, after the secession of their aristocracy, were totally unsuccessful. In 1790, they could not even find a member of Parliament who would condescend to present their petition. In 1791, Richard Burke, their then agent, had prepared, on their behalf, a very well written philippic, but which certainly was no petition; which, after considerable difficulties, resulting in a great degree from his want of temper and discretion, after being offered to, and accepted by, different members, was at length finally refused; a circumstance which, by disgusting him extremely with all parties, I believe determined him to quit Ireland. After his departure, another petition was prepared and presented by \*\*\*, but no unfortunate paper was ever so maltreated. The committee in general, and its more active and ostensible members in particular, were vilified and abused in the grossest manner; they were called a rabble of obscure porter-drinking mechanics, without property, pretensions, or influence, who met in holes and corners, and fancied themselves the representatives of the Catholic body, who disavowed and despised them; the independence and respectability of the sixty-eight renegadoes, who had set their hands so infamously to their act of apostacy, were extolled to the skies, while the lowest and most clumsy personalities were heaped upon the leaders of the committee, particularly Edward Byrne and John Keogh, who had the honour to be selected from their brethren, and exposed as butts for the small wit of the prostitutes of the government. Finally, the petition of the Catholics, three millions of people, was, by special motion of David Latouche, taken off the table of the House of Commons, where it had been suffered to lie for three days, and rejected. Never was an address to a legislative body more unprofitably used. The people of Belfast, rapidly advancing in the career of wisdom and liberality, had presented a petition in behalf of the Catholics much more pointed than that which they presented for

themselves; for their petition was extremely guarded, asking only the right of elective franchise, and equal admission to grand juries; whereas that of Belfast prayed for their entire admission to all the rights of citizens. This petition was, also, on the motion of the same member, taken off the table and rejected; and the two papers sent forth together to wander as they might.

There seems, from this time out, a special providence to have watched over the affairs of Ireland, and to have turned to her profit and advantage the deepest laid and most artful schemes of her enemies. Every measure adopted, and skilfully adopted, to thwart the expectations of the Catholics, and to crush the rising spirit of union between them and the Dissenters, has, without exception, only tended to confirm and fortify both; and the fact I am about to mention, for one, is a striking proof of the truth of this assertion. The principal charge in the general outcry raised in the House of Commons against the general committee was, that they were a self-appointed body, not nominated by the Catholics of the nation, and consequently not authorised to speak on their behalf. This argument, which, in fact, was the truth, was triumphantly dwelt upon by the enemies of the Catholics; but, in the end, it would perhaps have been more fortunate for their wishes, if they had not laid such a stress upon this circumstance, and drawn the line of separation so strongly between the general committee and the body at large. For the Catholics throughout Ireland, who had hitherto been indolent spectators of the business, seeing their brethren of Dublin, and especially the general committee, insulted and abused for their exertions in pursuit of that liberty which, if attained, must be a common blessing to all, came forward as one man from every quarter of the nation, with addresses and resolutions; adopting the measures of the general committee as their own, declaring that body the only organ competent to speak for the Catholics of Ireland; and condemning, in terms of the most marked disapprobation and contempt, the conduct of the sixty-eight apostates, who were so triumphantly held up by the hirelings of government as the respectable part of the Catholic community. The question was now fairly decided. The aristocracy shrunk back in disgrace and obscurity, leaving the field open to the democracy; and that body neither wanted talents nor spirit to profit of the advantages of their present situation.

The Catholics of Dublin were, at this period, to the Catholics of Ireland, what Paris, at the commencement of the French Revolution, was to the departmenta. Their sentiment was that of the nation, and whatever political measure they adopted was sure

to be obeyed. Still, however, there was wanting a personal communication between the general committee and their constituents in the country; and as the Catholic question had now grown to considerable magnitude, so much indeed as to absorb all other political discussion, it became the first care of the leaders of the committee to frame a plan of organization for that purpose. It is to the sagacity of Myles Keon, of Keonbrook, county Leitrim, that his country is indebted for the system on which the general committee was to be framed anew, in a manner that should render it impossible to bring it again in doubt whether that body were or not the organ of the Catholic will. His plan was to associate to the committee, as then constituted, two members from each county and great city, actual residents of the place which they represented; who were, however, only to be summoned upon extraordinary occasions, leaving the common routine of business to the original members, who, as I have already related, were all residents of Dublin. The committee, as thus constituted, would consist of half town and half country members; and the elections for the latter he proposed should be held by means of primary and electoral assemblies, held, the first in each parish, the second in each county and great town. He likewise proposed that the town members should be held to correspond regularly with their country associates, these with their immediate electors, and these again with the primary assemblies. A more simple, and at the same time more comprehensive organization, could not be devised. By this means the general committee became the centre of a circle embracing the whole nation, and pushing its rays instantaneously to the remotest parts of the circumference. The plan was laid in writing, before the general committee, by Myles Keon; and after mature discussion, the first part, relating to the association and election of the country members, was adopted with some slight variation; the latter part, relating to the constant communication with the mass of the people, was thought, under the circumstances, to be too hardy, and was accordingly dropped *sub silentio*.

About this time it was that the leaders of the committee cast their eyes upon me to fill the station left vacant by Richard Burke. It was accordingly proposed by my friend John Keogh to appoint me their agent, with the title of assistant-secretary, and a salary of £200 sterling a-year, during my continuance in the service of the committee. This proposal was adopted unanimously. John Keogh and John Sweetman were ordered to wait on me with the proposal in writing, to which I acceded immediately by a respectful answer; and I was that very day introduced in form to the sub-committee, and entered upon the functions of my new office.

I was now placed in a very honourable, but a very arduous situation. The committee having taken so decided a step as to propose a general election of members to represent the Catholic body throughout Ireland, was well aware that they would be exposed to attacks of all possible kinds; and they were not disappointed. They were prepared, however, to repel them, and the literary part of the warfare fell, of course, to my share. In reviewing the conduct of my predecessor, Richard Burke, I saw that the rock on which he split was an overweening opinion of his own talents and judgment, and a desire, which he had not art enough to conceal, of guiding, at his pleasure, the measures of the committee. I therefore determined to model my conduct with the greatest caution in that respect; I seldom or never offered my opinion, unless it was called for, in the sub-committee; but contented myself with giving my sentiments, without reserve, in private to the two men I most esteemed, and who had, in their respective capacities, the greatest influence on that body—I mean John Keogh and Richard M'Cormick, secretary to the general committee. My discretion in this respect was not unobserved; and I very soon acquired, and I may say, without vanity, I deserved, the entire confidence and good opinion of the Catholics. The fact is, I was devoted most sincerely to their cause; and being now retained in their service, I would have sacrificed everything to ensure their success, and they knew it. I am satisfied they looked upon me as a faithful and zealous advocate, neither to be intimidated nor corrupted, and in that respect they rendered me but justice. My circumstances were, at the time of my appointment, extremely embarrassed, and of course the salary annexed to my office was a considerable object with me. But though I had now an increasing family totally unprovided for, I can safely say, that I would not have deserted my duty to the Catholics for the whole patronage of the government if it were consolidated into one office, and offered me as the reward. In these sentiments I was encouraged and confirmed by the incomparable spirit of my wife; to whose patient suffering under adversity—for we had often been reduced, and were now well accustomed to difficulties—I know not how to render justice. Women in general, I am sorry to say it, are mercenary, and especially if they have children, they are ready to make all sacrifices to their establishment. But my dearest love had bolder and juster views. On every occasion of my life I consulted her; we had no secrets, one from the other, and I unvaryingly found her think and act with energy and courage, combined with the greatest prudence and discretion. If ever I succeed in life, or arrive at anything like station or eminence—

I shall consider it as due to her counsels and her example. But to return. Another rule which I adopted for my conduct was, in all the papers I had occasion to write, to remember I was not speaking for myself, but for the Catholic body; and, consequently, to be never wedded to my own compositions, but to receive the objections of every one with respect; and to change without reluctance whatever the committee thought fit to alter, even in cases where perhaps my own judgment was otherwise. And trifling as this circumstance may seem, I am sure it recommended me considerably to the committee, who had been, on former occasions, more than once embarrassed by the self-love of Richard Burke; and, indeed, even of some of their own body, men of considerable talents, who had written some excellent papers on their behalf, but who did not stand criticism as I did, without wincing. The fact is, I was so entirely devoted to their cause, that the idea of literary reputation as to myself never occurred to me; not that I am at all insensible on that score, but the feeling was totally absorbed in superior considerations; and I think I may safely appeal to the sub-committee, whether ever, on any occasion, they found me for a moment set up my vanity or self-love against their interests, or even their pleasure. I am sure that by my discretion on the points I have mentioned, which, indeed, was no more than my duty, I secured the esteem of the committee, and, consequently, an influence in their counsels, which I should justly have forfeited had I seemed too eager to assume it; and it is to the credit of both parties that, from the first moment of our connexion to the last, neither my zeal and anxiety to serve them, nor the kindness and favour with which they received my efforts, were ever, for a single moment, suspended.

Almost the first business I had to transact was to conduct a correspondence with Richard Burke, who was very desirous to return to Ireland once more, and to resume his former station, which the committee were determined he should not do. It was a matter of some difficulty to refuse without offending him; and I must say he pressed us rather forcibly; however, we parried him with as much address as we could, and after two or three long letters, to which the answers were very concise and civil, he found the business was desperate, and gave it up accordingly.

This (1792) was a memorable year in Ireland. The publication of the plan for the new organizing of the general committee gave an instant alarm to all the supporters of the British government; and every effort was made to prevent the election of the country members; for it was sufficiently evident that, if the representatives of three millions of oppressed people were once suffered to meet

it would not afterwards be safe, or indeed possible, to refuse their just demands. Accordingly, at the ensuing assizes, the grand juries, universally throughout Ireland, published the most furious, I may say frantic, resolutions against the plan and its authors, whom they charged with little short of high treason. Government, likewise, was too successful in gaining over the Catholic clergy, particularly the bishops, who gave the measure at first very serious opposition. The committee, however, was not daunted; and, satisfied of the justice of their cause, and of their own courage, they laboured, and with success, to inspire the same spirit in the breasts of their brethren throughout the nation. For this purpose, their first step was an admirable one. By their order I drew up a state of the case, with a plan for the organization of the committee annexed, which was laid before Simon Butler and Beresford Burton, two lawyers of great eminence, and what was of consequence here, king's counsel, to know whether the committee had in any respect contravened the law of the land; or whether, by carrying the proposed plan into execution, the parties concerned would subject themselves to pain or penalty. The answers of both the lawyers were completely in our favour, and we instantly printed them in the papers, and dispersed them in handbills, letters, and all possible shapes. This blow was decisive as to the legality of the measure. For the bishops, whose opposition gave us great trouble, four or five different missions were undertaken by different members of the sub-committee, into the provinces, at their own expense, in order to hold conferences with them; in which, with much difficulty, they succeeded so far as to secure the co-operation of some, and the neutrality of the rest of the prelates. On these missions the most active members were John Keogh and Thomas Braughall, neither of whom spared purse nor person where the interests of the Catholic body were concerned. I accompanied Mr Braughall in his visit to Connaught, where he went to meet the gentry of that province at the great fair of Ballinasloe. As it was late in the evening when we left town, the postillion who drove us having given warning, I am satisfied, to some footpads, the carriage was stopped by four or five fellows at the gate of the Phoenix Park. We had two cases of pistols in the carriage, and we agreed not to be robbed. Braughall, who was at this time about sixty-five years of age, and lame from a fall off his horse some years before, was as cool and intrepid as man could be. He took the command, and by his orders I let down all the glasses, and called out to the fellows to come on, if they were so inclined, for that we were ready; Braughall desiring me at the same time "not to fire, till I could touch the scoundrels." This rather

embarrassed them, and they did not venture to approach the carriage, but held a council of war at the horses' heads. I then presented one of my pistols at the postillion, swearing horribly that I would put him instantly to death if he did not drive over them, and I made him feel the muzzle of the pistol against the back of his head; the fellows on this took to their heels and ran off, and we proceeded on our journey without further interruption. When we arrived at the inn, Braughall, whose goodness of heart is equal to his courage, and no man is braver, began by abusing the postillion for his treachery, and ended by giving him half a crown. I wanted to break the rascal's bones, but he would not suffer me; and this was the end of our adventure.

All parties were now fully employed preparing for the ensuing session of parliament. The government, through the organ of the corporations and grand juries, opened a heavy fire upon us of manifestoes and resolutions. At first we were like young soldiers, a little stunned with the noise; but after a few rounds we began to look about us, and seeing nobody drop with all this furious cannonade, we took courage and determined to return the fire. In consequence, wherever there was a meeting of the Protestant ascendancy, which was the title assumed by that party (and a very impudent one it was), we took care it should be followed by a meeting of the Catholics, who spoke as loud, and louder than their adversaries; and as we had the right clearly on our side, we found no great difficulty in silencing the enemy on this quarter. The Catholics likewise took care, at the same time that they branded their enemies, to mark their gratitude to their friends, who were daily increasing, and especially to the people of Belfast; between whom and the Catholics the union was now completely established. Among the various attacks made on us this summer, the most remarkable for their virulence were those of the grand jury of Louth, headed by the Speaker of the House of Commons; of Limerick, at which the Lord Chancellor assisted; and of the corporation of the city of Dublin; which last published a most furious manifesto, threatening us, in so many words, with a resistance by force. In consequence, a meeting was held of the Catholics of Dublin at large, which was attended by several thousands, where the manifesto of the corporation was read and most ably commented upon by John Keogh, Dr Ryan, Dr M'Neven, and several others; and a counter-manifesto being proposed, which was written by my friend Emmet, and incomparably well done, it was carried unanimously, and published in all the papers, together with the speeches above-mentioned; and both the speeches and the manifesto had such an infinite superiority over those of the corporation, which

were also published and diligently circulated by the government, that it put an end, effectually, to this warfare of resolutions.

The people of Belfast were not idle on their part; they spared neither pains nor expense to propagate the new doctrine of the union of Irishmen through the whole north of Ireland; and they had the satisfaction to see their proselytes rapidly extending in all directions. In order more effectually to spread their principles, twelve of the most active and intelligent among them subscribed £250 each, in order to set on foot a paper, whose object should be to give a fair statement of all that passed in France, whither every one turned their eyes; to inculcate the necessity of union amongst Irishmen of all religious persuasions; to support the emancipation of the Catholics; and, finally, as the necessary, though not avowed, consequence of all this, to erect Ireland into a republic, independent of England. This paper, which they called very appositely the Northern Star, was conducted by my friend Samuel Neilson, who was unanimously chosen editor; and it could not be delivered into abler hands. It is, in truth, a most incomparable paper, and it rose instantly on its appearance with a most rapid and extensive sale. The Catholics everywhere throughout Ireland (I mean the leading Catholics), were, of course, subscribers; and the Northern Star was one great means of effectually accomplishing the union of the two great sects, by the simple process of making their mutual sentiments better known to each other.

It was determined by the people of Belfast to commemorate this year the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile with great ceremony. For this purpose they planned a review of the volunteers of the town and neighbourhood, to be followed by a grand procession, with emblematical devices, etc. They also determined to avail themselves of this opportunity to bring forward the Catholic question in force; and in consequence, they resolved to publish two addresses, one to the people of France, and one to the people of Ireland. They gave instructions to Dr Drennan to prepare the former, and the latter fell to my lot. Drennan executed his task admirably; and I made my address, for my part, as good as I knew how. We were invited to assist at the ceremony, and a great number of the leading members of the Catholic committee determined to avail themselves of this opportunity to show their zeal for the success of the cause of liberty in France, as well as their respect and gratitude to their friends in Belfast. In consequence, a grand assembly took place on the 14th July. After the review, the volunteers and inhabitants, to the number of about six thousand, assembled in the Linen-Hall, and voted the address to the French people unanimously. The address



to the people of Ireland followed, and, as it was directly and unequivocally in favour of the Catholic claims, we expected some opposition; but we were soon relieved from our anxiety, for the address passed, I may say, unanimously; a few ventured to oppose it indirectly, but their arguments were exposed and upset by the friends to Catholic emancipation, amongst the foremost of whom we had the satisfaction to see several dissenting clergymen of great popularity in that country, as Sinclair Kilburne, William Dixon, and T. Birch. It was William Sinclair who moved the two addresses. It is the less necessary for me to detail what passed at this period, as everything material is recorded in my diary. Suffice it to say, that the hospitality shown by the people of Belfast to the Catholics, on this occasion, and the personal acquaintance which the parties formed, rivetted the bonds of their recent union, and produced in the sequel the most beneficial and powerful effects.

CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE  
OF  
THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,

WRITTEN BY HIS SON.

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IN the preceding abstract, written at Paris, from memory, and amidst the most anxious cares, my father brought down the narrative of his life to the middle of July, 1792. From thence, to his arrival in France, elapsed a space of upwards of three years. I feel it my duty to account and apologize for the scantiness of my materials relative to this period, perhaps the most interesting of his career. It was during that time that, young and unknown, acting against all the power and influence of a party, secure in the long enjoyment of unopposed usurpation and insolent authority, he roused the energies of his oppressed countrymen, and rallied the mass of the people, so long divided by conflicting interests and religious animosities, to assert their national independence.

From the moment he engaged in this cause, he made it a rule to consign in a diary, destined for the sole perusal of his most intimate friends and family, the passing events of the times, his comments upon them, and his own thoughts and actions. Of this spirited and lively journal, we yet possess, and herewith publish, the part which begins at his arrival in France, and extends to the date of the last expedition, where he perished. But on his departure from America, he left in my mother's hands that which contained the diary of his efforts in Ireland, whilst forming the Society of the United Irishmen, and acting as agent and secretary to the Catholic sub-committee. The experience of our former journey had proved what little respect was then paid by the British cruizers to the neutral American flag, and how unsafe it would have been to have carried such papers along with him. When, at the close of the year 1796, my mother sailed from America to join him, the same reasons still existed. As he had left with Dr Reynolds, of Philadelphia, an old friend and associate

in his political career, an unlimited power of attorney to protect his family and manage their affairs in his absence, she trusted to his charge all our little property in America, amounting to some hundreds of pounds sterling, a select library of six hundred volumes, and, above all, my father's papers, essays, and manuscripts, including those journals, and enclosed in a strong corded and sealed trunk, of which she kept the key. I am pained to add that this sacred trust, this pledge of confidence and of friendship, he violated by an unpardonable negligence. Neither during my father's life nor after his death, could our repeated demands, nor our letters and messages by the most respectable and confidential friends who went to America, procure any answer. At length, in the year 1807, when the state of my health compelled us to undertake a sea voyage, and we came to Philadelphia, we called the unfortunate to an account, but he could give none; and, reduced by repeated and severe illness, was then tottering on the verge of life. What could we do? Serious as the sacrifice was, in our circumstances, we offered him a full release for the remainder of the property, if he could only put us in the way of recovering the papers. But it was all in vain, for he had them not; he begged me to search his house, and I found the trunk broken open and empty. With a great deal of difficulty I recovered some fragments dispersed in different hands, and now published. But his journals of the most important and interesting years, of 1793, 1794, and 1795, were irrecoverably gone. The manuscripts of the numerous pamphlets and essays, which my father composed at that time—a great number of which were anonymous, and often ascribed to other hands—as well as the materials of a philosophical and political history of Ireland, which he was then compiling, and had already begun to write, were also lost. Dr Reynolds died within a few weeks, and we were obliged to give up all hopes of discovering them.

By this loss, inappreciable to our feelings, we are deprived of the means of tracing accurately my father's career during those three eventful years; in which he was constantly employed in supporting the spirit of union and independence in his country, and performing, as agent to the Catholic committees, those services which, by their parting vote of thanks, they declared "no gratitude could overrate, and no remuneration overpay." As it is not my purpose to write a history of Ireland, nor a political dissertation on the state of that country under its former, never to be forgotten, nor forgiven, government, I will merely indicate, from my mother's recollections, and from the scanty materials which we have recovered, a few of those prominent events in which he was then

engaged, and which may elucidate some passages in his subsequent memoirs.

Of the journals, which formed the most interesting part of this collection, we have recovered those of October, 1791, with some trifling fragments of an earlier date, those of July, August, September, October, and November, 1792, and part of January and February, 1793. My father states, in his own memoir, that he began to keep them regularly in 1791, when he engaged seriously in the politics of the day. From thence, they extended in a regular series to the middle of 1795, when he sailed for America; but all the remainder, though he frequently refers to them in his other writings, are irrecoverably lost. This loss may be partly supplied by a mutilated abstract of the operations of the general committee and delegation which carried the petition of the Catholics to England; and of their subsequent negotiations with the Irish government, from the beginning of December, 1792, to the end of April, 1793. This elegant and lucid report, which we will insert in this portion of his life, as it properly forms a continuation of it, will show how qualified he was to write that history of Ireland, which he had begun, and of which it was probably destined to form a part.

Along with these papers we have recovered his notes of the sittings of the Catholic general committee, but in a very mutilated state, and written on flying scraps of paper during the debates, along with a few relating to other periods of his life. These were the materials from whence his journals were afterwards written, when sitting, surrounded by his wife and children, as I yet remember him, in the evening leisure of his home. Even in this state they are highly interesting. We have also recovered several hundred letters from his personal friends, and from the United Irishmen of Belfast and Dublin, filled with the daily details of their hopes, fears, and transactions. Of these we have selected a few to illustrate some portions of his life, but the greater number can be but of little interest to the public at this day, though they breathe all the fervour and spirit of the times. Some of his earlier manuscripts, and several of his printed essays, pamphlets, and smaller pieces, complete this collection, but the greater part of the latter are lost. Such are the materials out of which we must endeavour to trace this portion of my father's life.

We have already seen, in the preceding narrative, that in 1791 he wrote that pamphlet in favour of the Catholic cause, signed "a Northern Whig," whose success was so prodigious, and on which he was appointed secretary and agent to the sub-committee, in the place of Richard Burke. The following year, 1792, was the most

busy period in his political career. In the course of a few months, constantly engaged in the same great pursuit, he performed three journeys to Belfast, to effect the union between the Catholics and Dissenters, in which he succeeded, at length, completely; besides several other journeys in Connaught and elsewhere, to rally the Catholics themselves in the common cause, and calm the agitated passions of the Dissenters. The details of these journeys, written in a most playful and lively style, are contained in the journals which we have saved, as well as his negotiations with the Whig leaders, Grattan, Lord Moira, and the Marquis of Abercorn, on behalf of the Catholics. During the same period he founded the first clubs of the United Irishmen, whose organization and object were then very different from those which the tyranny of the government afterwards drove them to, when they had spread all over the country. The primitive object of this society was merely to form a union of all religious denominations, whose members, abjuring every former feud, should join their efforts to reform the abuses of the government and constitution of the country, and restore the rights of free and equal citizenship to Irishmen of every sect and religion. Their oath of secrecy and regular organization were introduced at a later period, and by other leaders, when my father had ceased to have any influence over them, and scarcely held any correspondence with their councils.

Towards the close of that year, 1792, his arduous efforts to unite the mass of the nation in the sacred cause of union and independence, presented more favourable symptoms of success than at any former period. The Catholics and Dissenters were united, and a new and complete system of representation was organized amongst the former, which enabled them to concentrate in one voice the grievances and opinions of three million of men. This great result was obtained by the unremitting efforts of the sub-committee of Dublin, as well as of my father. They had been charged, especially after the defection of Lord Kenmare and sixty-eight of the leading and aristocratical Catholics, who had seceded in the preceding year from the great body of their brethren, with assuming falsely the character of representatives of the Catholic interest. In consequence, after rousing, by every possible means, the spirit of their party through the whole kingdom, and awakening them to a sense of their wrongs and grievances, they summoned from every county and city in Ireland, a number of fairly and freely elected representatives, to join in their deliberations.

In the beginning of December, 1792, that general committee of the Catholics of Ireland, which first represented the whole strength of their body, opened their meetings; and the single circumstance

of their sitting, with all the forms of a legislative assembly, in the capital, produced a kind of awe and stupefaction in the government. Never did such a convention begin its proceedings under auspices more favourable. Their friends were roused; their enemies stunned; and the British government, extremely embarrassed at home, showed no desire to interfere. From a letter of Richard Burke, mentioned in my father's journals of 23d and 24th July, 1792, and quoted in the Appendix, with his answer, they concluded that England was determined on remaining neutral in the controversy. To yield without a struggle, and recommend themselves as well as they could to the ruling party, as that gentleman advised, was a counsel too cowardly to be followed. They felt secure in their own strength, which their adversaries—and even their friends (see Burke's letter) had much undervalued—in the spirit and union of the people, and in the support of the Dissenters; and determined on bringing matters to a close by addressing the monarch directly against their own government. Had they persevered in the same spirit with which they began, they would undoubtedly have succeeded.

The immediate purpose of this meeting was to draw a statement of their grievances, a vindication of the Catholics, and a petition to the king; and to address them directly to his majesty, without sending them through the channel of the Irish administration. These papers, the first which fairly represented the whole extent of their grievances, and claimed the total repeal of those penal laws by which nine-tenths of the population were deprived of the rights of citizenship, and almost of humanity, in their own country, were all drawn by my father, the only Protestant in the assembly; and he accompanied the delegation which presented them to the sovereign.\*

On this occasion I must observe that, notwithstanding the affected alarm of the Irish government at a mere playful and theoretical letter of his, which, as I have formerly stated, fell afterwards into their hands; at this time he only sought to obtain, without the struggles of a revolution, the gradual emancipation of his country by legal and constitutional means; by uniting the Dissenters and Catholics, who formed the mass of the people, to overwhelm the ruling and oppressive minority of the Protestant ascendancy, and deprive it of its usurped privileges. And well would it have been for England, if her administration had had the sense and determination to support the cause of justice instead of

\* Mr Tone, Jun., gives these documents, which having no further direct connection with the personal history of his father than what is afforded by the facts above-mentioned, are omitted.—*Ed. of Autobiography.*

that of oppression. The millions which have been expended, and the oceans of blood which have been shed in Ireland, would have been spared; she would have secured the gratitude and attachment of its warm-hearted population, and acquired a faithful and useful ally to fight by her side in her subsequent contests, instead of a chained enemy, requiring the constant employment of half her forces to keep him pinned to the earth.

During the whole course of the year 1792, the progress of the Catholic interest had been rapid and decisive; at its close, the government of Ireland seemed paralysed, and the general committee, supported by the whole power of the Dissenters, and by all the liberal Protestants in the country, and the Whig party in parliament, conquered the monarch's approbation of their claims and the assent of the British ministry. The weakness of some of their own leaders, and the skill, promptitude, and decision of their adversaries, soon altered this favourable prospect.

In a better cause, the able and energetical measures of the Irish government and Protestant ascendancy party, would deserve the highest admiration. Threatened in the vital principle of their unjust monopoly of power, unsupported by the British ministry, they were stunned for a moment at the unexpected vigour of a party which they had too long despised. But, recovering shortly from the panic, they felt the pulse of those leaders, who seemed astonished at their own success. It is remarkable, and belongs, perhaps, to an innate principle in human nature, that the Catholic leaders displayed much more spirit in pleading their cause amongst strangers, and before the monarch himself, than when they had to settle the terms of that relief, already granted, with those subordinate ministers of his, before whose insolence and oppression they had bent so long in submission. They then seemed to recognize that frown to which they had been accustomed; and the Irish administration perceiving its advantages, instantly assumed a higher tone. Offering the repeal of such of the penal statutes as were too odious and had fallen in disuse, and granting the elective franchise, which, in the organization of society and property in Ireland, could confer no effectual power on the Catholics, they retained the monopoly of all the real elements of that power, and artfully delaying the passage of the bill thus mutilated, made them understand that it should depend on their passive and quiet demeanour. In the meantime, having secured, for the moment, the silence of the expecting Catholics, they bent all their efforts against the reformers and the republicans of the north, who had so powerfully assisted them. They profited of the alarm excited by the horrors of the French Revolution; they roused the fears of

all men of property and timidity; they secured, by sacrificing the interests of their country, the co-operation of the mercantile and manufacturing classes in England, and overawed and intimidated even the British ministry. The very cloak of patriotism served their designs; they exclaimed against the interference of that ministry as an encroachment on the national independence of the imperial crown of Ireland, and were readily supported by those who possessed the monopoly of that independence. At home they possessed all the powers of the government, the army, the treasury, the judiciary, magistracy, clergy, landed property, and corporations; they rallied all their efforts; and, on pretence of some trifling troubles in the north between the Defenders and Peep-of-day Boys, called out all the forces of the nation, augmented the army, raised the militia and yeomanry, and disarmed the people. The gentry, magistracy, and clergy of the Established Church everywhere seconded these efforts. Unscrupulous as to their means, bloody, unsparing, and uncompromising with their enemies, they established, at the same time, and under the same pretext, with the consent of the Whig as well as the Tory interest, that secret committee, whose operations soon equalled, in cruelty and illegal violence, those of the Star Chamber in England, the Inquisition in Spain, the bloody tribunals of the Duke of Alva, and the *Comité de Salut public* in France. In short, under pretence of resisting a revolutionary spirit in Ireland, they assumed themselves a revolutionary vigour beyond the law. When secure of all those means, they passed, at length, that mutilated bill, cramped by so many restrictions, and granted with such manifold reluctance, that it was received by the mass of the Catholic body with as little gratitude as it deserved.

Those measures of the Irish administration, though able and vigorous, and calculated to rescue them from their impending danger, were, however, founded on narrow and short-sighted views. They succeeded; but it was evident that they would finally render that government so odious and unpopular that it would be unable to stand. The British ministry acted on principles of more long-sighted policy. Their sagacity cannot be doubted. Aiming already, in all probability, at the future incorporation of that country, the more unpopular its government rendered itself, the better was it for their ends in the long run. In fact, the most violent declamations of the United Irishmen, which led them by thousands to the dungeon, the transport hulk, the picket, and the halter, never pictured its crimes in more glowing colours than they were afterwards displayed by Lord Castlereagh himself, long the remorseless agent of its cruelties, and then the venal instrument



of its dissolution, in his speeches on the union. The British ministry foresaw that both parties, exhausted by the approaching and inevitable struggle, and weakened by their mutual hatred and disunion, would be obliged to yield up the independence of their country, as the price of peace and protection. If so, their calculation, however cruel and selfish, was justified by the event.

In Ireland, the confusion and disorder which these determined operations threw in the councils of all the well-wishers to reform, union, and independence, was, for a while, very great. The indignant Dissenters exclaimed that they were deserted and betrayed by those whom they had assisted; the great body of the Catholics were equally dissatisfied with such an imperfect termination to their high-raised hopes, and with the want of spirit in their leaders. It must be observed, however, that, in the beginning of these affairs, there was a radical difference between those two parties. The Dissenters, from the early character of their sect, were mostly republicans from principle. The great mass of the Catholics only became so through oppression and persecution. Had they not been goaded by tyranny in every hour and in every act of their lives, had they been freely admitted to an equal share in the benefits of the constitution, they would have become, by the very spirit of their religion, the most peaceable, obedient, orderly, and well-affectioned subjects of the empire. Their proud and old gentry, and their clergy, inclined even rather to feudal and chivalrous, and somewhat to Tory principles, than to those of democracy. But common sufferings now united them in a common hatred of the government, and desire for its subversion.

The next session of the general committee, which opened a few days after this act of partial relief, was stormy in the extreme. The cause of freedom and of union was advocated in some of the most brilliant speeches recorded in the annals of Irish eloquence; the attacks of the patriotic members on the government, and on their own leaders, were formidable and vigorous. The defence of these leaders was, however, plausible. Charged with a very difficult negotiation, they had, in fact, obtained, as they asserted, a very real and substantial, although a partial, relief. But the crisis for freeing their country was passed; the favourable opportunity was lost, perhaps never to return. The government felt its strength, and began, from that moment, to act on the infernal system of goading the people to desperation and open insurrection, in order to colour and justify the violence of their measures. The assembly parted at length, with the usual vote of thanks to their real and pretended friends, but without coming to any important decision on the great object of their meeting.

This change of circumstances was most disheartening to those eager and disinterested spirits who had devoted themselves to the cause of the Catholics; because, in the first place, it was just; and that in the second, their enfranchisement was a necessary preliminary to the emancipation of Ireland, to the reform of her government, and to the establishment of a free and equal system of national representation. The bitter feelings which filled my father's breast at this first failure of hopes which had been so nearly gratified, and the further views which he then began to meditate, can be traced more freely in his journals of January and February, 1793, where he gave way to them without control, than in the preceding abstract, which was evidently written with caution, and destined for publication. They may also be found in his notes on the debates of the general committee in April; but chiefly, perhaps, in the following loose fragment of his thoughts, which I have found amongst his papers, dated March 27th, 1793.

“Sudden change of deputation, on our return from England—Last conversation previous to leaving London—Bellew's visit, and mine, to the castle—All set aside by the first visit of the whole deputation—Negotiation, giving up both Houses of Parliament—People then unanimous and spirited, but soon disheartened by this unaccountable conduct of their former leaders—Great advantages of the castle over us in negotiation—My own opposition to compromise—Compelled to give it up at last. Consequence of this dereliction; a loss of all public spirit—Low state of government at the opening of the session, as appeared from their admitting the principle of reform—Their recovery from the indecision of Catholics—Consequent carrying, under cover of the Catholic bill, the gunpowder and militia acts, augmentation of army, proclamations, etc.—Motives of Catholic leaders; not corruption—Some negotiation carried on by one of them in London, unknown to the others—The others, probably, unwilling to risk their estates.

“Suppression of Belfast volunteers—Feelings of the North thereupon—Probable consequences of any mishap befalling the English in the war—*Ten thousand French would accomplish a separation.*

“Secret committee—First object to vilify the Catholic committee; failing that, to fix a charge of separation on the people here, and thereby induce the English minister to support a *union*—Possible, by *proper* means, to carry said union; also, possible to fail, and then the countries infallibly separated.

“War unpopular here—trade very bad—credit rather better than in England.

“Government apparently strong and people subdued; probably

both fallacious—Accessions to people permanent, to government but temporary—Gunpowder act no prevention, if the people are determined to have arms—Militia will not dragoon the people; bad policy to exasperate them, and then make militia of them, that is, give them arms and discipline.”

[To the eternal dishonour of the Irish militia, my father was mistaken in this particular; he did not calculate sufficiently on the effect of the esprit de corps in embodied troops.]

“Secret committee examine, even about me; have my letter to Russell; proof of their weakness when they descend so low.”

Such were the ideas fermenting in his mind. But the increasing insolence and cruelty of the administration soon roused the spirit of the people, and rallied their anger and divided parties. Openly trampling on law and decency, its oppressive measures fired the hearts of the multitude with indignation, and spread the affiliation of the United Irishmen more rapidly than could have been done by all the efforts of the patriotic leaders. Their views were no longer bounded to Catholic emancipation and reform of parliament; they aimed at separation, liberty, and even revenge. Their societies took a fiercer character, and then, for the first time, began those secret oaths and associations by which their members bound themselves; whilst the Orange lodges, with forms at least as illegal as those of the United Irishmen, and purposes as diabolical as those of the others were pure and liberal, were encouraged by the government all over the country. To unite all sects and parties, for the independence of Ireland, was the professed object of the first; to support the exclusive privileges of the members of the Anglican church, and keep the rest of the nation in slavery for ever, of the second. And, in opposing the principles of those two societies, I have selected those only which were openly avowed by both bodies.

The two parties were thus arrayed in opposition to each other, and it soon became evident that the contest could only be finally decided by force; and that if England continued to support the ruling party with all her power and influence, the other had no resource but to break the connexion between the two countries, and establish a national and independent government. This idea had often mingled with the dreams of my father's youth; but he then, for the first time, began to consider it seriously. As foreign aid was indispensable for this purpose, since their enemies had all the power of administration, and all that of England to back them, the Irish leaders, and he amongst the rest, naturally cast their eyes and hopes, although no positive overtures were made till some time afterwards, towards the rising fortunes of the French Republic.

She was then struggling, with unparalleled spirit and success, against the arms of all Europe, and animated by the most violent resentment against England. In the beginning of their revolution, the French had looked up to that country with hopes and confidence; they had expected the praises and countenance of the freest and most liberal people in Europe, for breaking their own chains; and, on the first celebration of their independence (14th July), had blended in a wreath the flags of England and America with their own tri-colour. But England, supporting the coalition of the European kings, began then, as she has continued ever since, to oppose the springing liberties of the remainder of mankind, as if she wished to monopolize the benefits of freedom, as well as those of trade and manufactures.

My father's part, during this period, was most trying and difficult. With the Whig party he was utterly disgusted. In his opinion, whatever professions they had formerly made were violated by their joining the government in those extraordinary and illegal measures. They showed themselves as much afraid of a real and radical reform in the social organization and government of the country, as the Tories themselves; and yet so unnatural was the state of Ireland, that such a change was indispensable before it could be settled in a state of any stability. As for the revolutionary spirit, of which they now affected such fears, it might have been totally suppressed by an early conciliation of the Catholics, and a just allowance of their claims. With the Catholics and United Irishmen he had to combat alternate fits of despondency and enthusiasm, and to reconcile continual discords. At one time, when it was endeavoured to form a corps of volunteers from all the religious sects, they expressed their alarm and distrust at the small number of Protestants who presented themselves. "And are you not the nation?" replied he; "do without them; will you not keep, if you are not corned with Protestants?"

At other times, on the contrary, their enthusiasm, roused by the energetical efforts and dazzling exploits of the French republicans; and their indignation kindled by the oppression of the government, burst out into imprudent and extravagant excesses. My father endeavoured to restrain them; but the only consequence of his efforts was, that he lost all influence in the United Irish clubs, his own creation, but who had now assumed a new spirit and organization. As in all periods of popular fermentation, the loudest and boldest talkers took the lead, and the papers teemed daily with the most imprudent and inflammatory publications. These ebullitions of impotent resentment, by which they only favoured the views of the administration, he always condemned. Numbers of them

agreed to call each other by the title of citizen; and he frequently received letters through the post office, written in imitation of the popular style of the French Jacobins, and addressed to Citizen Theobald Wolfe Tone. His good sense pointed out to him the danger and folly of such idle demonstrations. "Make yourself free," would he say, "and call yourself what you please. But you are no more citizens for shutting yourselves up in a room, and calling yourselves by that name, than you would be all peers and noblemen, by calling each other my lord." Such was his general dissatisfaction at the state of affairs, that he retired in a great degree from the political arena, and spent most of his time at a small country seat which he inherited by the death of his uncle, captain Jonathan Tone. On every occasion, however, of danger and difficulty, he was prominent, and ready to assume the post of peril and honour.

But it is not my purpose to write a history of Ireland. During the year which followed the passage of the act of April, 1793, the storm did not yet burst, but it was lowering and thickening every hour, with terrific and portentous gloom. Blood had not yet flowed, and the reign of torture had not yet commenced; but a noxious crowd of informers, from the fæces of society, began to appear like the vermin and insects from the mud of Egypt, under the fostering patronage of the castle; state prosecutions were multiplied beyond example; juries were packed, and iniquitous judgments rendered; the soldiery were quartered on the disaffected districts, and indulged in every licence; the affections of the people were alienated for ever, and their irritation increased to madness. It is not my intention to enter into the details of these odious transactions. Amongst the most marked events which indicated the increasing violence of all parties, and the approaching crisis of the storm, were the arrests, trials, and imprisonment of my father's friends, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Simon Butler, and Oliver Bond. The declarations and speeches for which they were arrested, and those made on their trials, are in every history of the times, and in every recollection. It is needless here to dwell upon or recapitulate them.

At length, in the month of April, 1794, William Jackson was arrested on a charge of high treason. This gentleman was sent by the French government to sound the people of Ireland as to their willingness to join the French, and had received his instructions from one Madgett, an old Irishman, long settled in France, in the office of the department for foreign affairs, and whose name is repeatedly mentioned in my father's journals. The sincerity of Jackson was fully demonstrated by his heroic death; but his im-

prudence and indiscretion rendered him totally unfit for such a mission. On his passage through England, he opened himself to an English attorney, Cockayne, an old acquaintance of his, who instantly sold his information to the British government, and was ordered by the police to follow him as an official spy. The leaders of the patriotic party and Catholics in Ireland, desirous as they were to open a communication with France, were unwilling to compromise themselves with a stranger, by answering directly to his overtures. My father undertook to run the risk; and even engaged himself to bear their answer to that country, and deliver to its government a statement of the wants and situation of Ireland. But after some communications with Jackson, he was deeply disgusted by the rash and unlimited confidence which that unfortunate man seemed to repose in Cockayne. He made it a point never to open himself in his presence, and insisted on it with Jackson. "This business," said he, "is one thing for us Irishmen; but an Englishman who engages in it must be a traitor one way or the other." At length, on a glaring instance of Jackson's indiscretion, he withdrew his offers, taking care that it should be in the presence of Cockayne, who could testify nothing further against him, and declined engaging any longer in the business. Jackson was shortly after arrested.

This was an awful period. Although Cockayne could only give positive evidence against Jackson, the latter might undoubtedly have saved his life by giving information. The most violent suspicions were directed against my father, as being privy at least to those plots, if not engaged in them. Every night he expected to be arrested for examination before the secret committee. Several of the patriotic and Catholic leaders, most from attachment to him, some for fear of being compromised by his arrest, urged him to abscond; and many of those highly respectable and beloved friends, whom, notwithstanding the difference of their political opinions, his amiable character and social qualities had secured to him amongst the aristocracy and higher classes, joined in the same request, and pressed upon him the means necessary for that purpose. He constantly refused them. The great body of the Catholics behaved, on this occasion, with firmness and dignity, and showed a proper sense of gratitude for his former services. Several of the Whig leaders (amongst whom I am sorry to include the honourable name of Grattan), whose party he had mortally offended by refusing to engage in their service as a pamphleteer, advised them to abandon him to his fate, and told them, "How could their parliamentary friends support them whilst they retained in their service a man so obnoxious and so deeply compromised?"

They rejected all such overtures. I must, however, observe that, though my father had put himself forward in their cause, on this occasion, most of their leaders were as deeply engaged as himself, and could neither in honour, in justice, nor in prudence, act otherwise—a circumstance of which Grattan was probably not aware.

During all this time he refused, much against the advice of his friends, to conceal himself; but remained, generally, at his home in the country, compiling his history of Ireland, and making occasional visits to Dublin, where he continued to act as secretary to the Catholic sub-committee. At length, by the most pressing instances with the government, his aristocratical friends succeeded in concluding an agreement, by which on his engaging simply to leave Ireland, as soon as he could settle his private affairs, no pursuits were to be made against him. I cannot think that the most furious partizans of that government could blame those generous and disinterested efforts (for these friends were opposed to him in politics), or that their names can suffer in the slightest degree by the publication of these facts. One of them, the honourable Marcus Beresford, the amiable and accomplished, is now no more; the other, the honourable and high-minded George Knox, will, I am sure, see with pleasure this homage to his virtues, by his own god-son, and the only surviving child of his departed friend.

As this compromise (for these true friends would never have proposed any other) engaged him to nothing contrary to his principles, and left his future course free, he accepted it; giving in to them a fair and exact statement of how far and how deep he had been personally engaged in this business; and adding, that he was ready to bear the consequences of whatever he had done; but would, on no account, charge, compromise, or appear against any one else.

Of this transaction he drew, before his departure from Ireland, the following full and manly narrative, which we insert entire, as well as the statement above-mentioned. The only fact which, in both these papers, he passes over in silence, from obvious and generous reasons, is, that any others were privy to these communications with Jackson. He assumes them as the sole act of his own will. A copy of the notice on the situation of Ireland, which he had given in to Jackson, fell into the hands of the government.

*Statement of Mr Tone's compromise with the Irish Government.*

“Having seen in a newspaper report of the trial of the Rev. William Jackson, the testimony of Mr Keane, in which he mentions that he understands I have compromised with government, I think it a duty incumbent upon me, feeling as I do that the expression carries a very invidious import, to state what the nature of that

compromise is. At the time of Mr Jackson's arrest, and Mr Rowan's escape, and Dr Reynolds's emigration, my situation was a very critical one. I felt the necessity of taking immediate and decided measures to extricate myself. I, therefore, went to a gentleman, high in confidence with the then administration, and told him at once, fairly, every step I had taken. I told him, also, that I knew how far I was in danger; that my life was safe, unless it was unfairly practised against, which I did not at all apprehend; but that it was certainly in the power of the government, if they pleased, to ruin me, as effectually as they possibly could by my death; that, on two points, I had made up my mind; the first was, that I would not fly; the other, that I would never open my lips, as a witness, either against Mr Rowan, to whom I felt myself bound by the strongest ties of esteem and regard; or against Mr Jackson, who, in whatever conversations he had held in my presence, must have supposed he was speaking to a man who would not betray him: that I had no claim whatsoever on the government, nor should I murmur at any course they might please to adopt. What I had done, I had done, and, if necessary, I must pay the penalty; but, as my ruin might not be an object to them, I was ready, if I were allowed, and could at all accomplish it, to go to America. In the meantime, here I was, ready to submit to my fate, whatever that might be, but inflexibly determined on the two points which I have mentioned above, and for which I would sacrifice my life a thousand times, rather than recede. The gentleman to whom I addressed myself, after a short time, assured me that I should not be attacked as a principal, nor summoned as a witness; which assurance he repeated to me afterwards on another occasion, and has been very faithfully kept. This assurance was given me unlogged by any stipulation or condition whatsoever; and I have ever since, to the best of my judgment, observed a strict neutrality. Whether this, which is the whole of the communication between government and me, be a *compromise* or not, I hope, at least, it is no dishonourable one. I have betrayed no friend; I have revealed no secret; I have abused no confidence. For what I had done I was ready to suffer; I would, if necessary, submit I hope to death, but I would not to what I consider disgrace. As to that part of my conduct which was introductory to this unfortunate business, I leave it, without anxiety, to the censure of all inclined to condemn it."

*Statement of Mr Tone's communications with Jackson.*

"Some days previous to the Drogheda assizes, I was informed by A. ——— that there was a gentleman in town, who was very



recently arrived from France, and who, he suspected, was in the confidence of the *Comité de Salut public*. I was very desirous to see him, in order to hear some account of the state of France, which might be depended on. A. — accordingly wrote a note, which he gave me to deliver, stating that he could not have the pleasure of seeing the gentleman next day, being Sunday, but would be glad if he would call any other time; and, I believe, added, that the bearer was his particular friend. *I did not then, nor since, ask A. — how he became acquainted with the gentleman, nor do I yet know who introduced him.* I went with this note, and saw the gentleman and another person\* at the hotel, where they lodged. I stayed about half an hour, and the conversation was either on mere general politics, or the want of accommodation for travellers in Ireland; the superiority of England in that respect, etc. On my rising to depart, the gentleman asked me to dine with him on Wednesday subsequent, which I accordingly agreed to do. On the Monday after, as I recollect, I paid a visit to A. —, which I was in the habit of doing daily, for some time back; and while I was there, the gentleman above mentioned and his friend came in together; and, for some time, he and A. — entered into close conversation, and his friend and I retired to a distant part of the room, where we talked of the mode of travelling in Ireland, and amused ourselves looking over Taylor's map for about half an hour. Neither of us heard, nor could hear, the conversation between A. — and the gentleman. A. —, at length, beckoned me over, and I went. He then said they had been talking of the state of the country; that I knew what that state was as well as anybody; and that it was that gentleman's opinion, that if it were made fully known to people in France, they would, to a certainty, afford every assistance to enable the Irish to assert their independence. I said that it would be a most severe and grievous remedy for our abuses, but that I saw no other; for, that liberty was shackled in Ireland by such a variety of ways, that the people had no way left to expose their sentiments but by open resistance. That, in the alternative between that and unconditional submission, many would differ; but that I was one of those who, seeing all the danger and horror of a contest, still thought the independence of the country an object worth risking all to obtain; satisfied as I was, that, until that were secured, Ireland would never attain to her natural state of power, and opulence, and glory. In these sentiments A. — concurred, and the gentleman, as I recollect, again said, 'If this were known in France, assistance might certainly be obtained.' The conversation,

\* Cockayne.

at that time, went no farther. I had a latent suspicion he might possibly be an emissary of the British minister, and therefore to mortify him, if that were the case, I spoke with the greatest asperity of the English nation, and of their unjust influence on the government of Ireland. His friend sat at a distance during this conversation, and I am sure could have heard no part of it, neither did I inquire, nor do I know, what conversation A. — and the gentleman had previous to their beckoning me over; and the reason I did not inquire was, that, not knowing how the affair might terminate, and especially not knowing but this person might be an English spy, I determined I would know as little of other people's secrets as I could, consistent with my taking any part in the business.

“The next day, I think, I saw A. — again. He showed me a paper, admirably drawn up, in my judgment, which he said he had got from the gentleman above mentioned. The paper went to show the political state of England, and the deduction was, that an invasion there would tend to unite all parties against the French. I said the state of Ireland was totally different, and that it would be easy, in the same compass, to explain that on paper. He bid me try, and I agreed to do so. I do not recollect that we had any further conversation at that time. I went home, and that evening made a sketch of the state of Ireland, as it appeared to me, and the inference of my paper was, that circumstances in Ireland were favourable to a French invasion. I made no copy.

“On Wednesday morning, the day I had fixed to dine with the gentleman and his friend, I found myself called upon to go down to Drogheda immediately, to arrange matters preparatory to the trial of MM. Bird and Hamill, etc. I therefore wrote, and sent an apology, stating the fact. I then went, as usual, to call on Mr A. —, and showed him the paper. Shortly after, the gentleman and his friend came in. After a short general conversation of regret at the disappointment, etc., A. —, the gentleman, and I, retired to a window at one end of the room, and his friend took up a book and retired to the other end. The conversation between us was carried on in a very low voice, so that he could not possibly hear us. I then said I had seen the English paper, and had attempted a similar sketch as to Ireland, which I read. As I understand some copy of that paper has been found, I refer to that for the general outline only, as A. — assured me that several alterations had been made in it, some, I believe, softening, and others aggravating, the matter contained. When I had done, the gentleman asked me, ‘Would I entrust the paper to him?’ I gave it without hesitation, but immediately after I saw I

had been guilty of a gross indiscretion, to call it no worse, in delivering such a paper to a person whom I hardly knew, and without my knowing to what purposes he might apply it. I therefore, in about five minutes, demanded it back again; he returned it immediately, having neither opened nor read it, nor any part of it. I then gave it to A. —, and I believe the precise words I used, but certainly the purport of them was, 'that if he had a mind, he might make a copy,' in which case I desired him to burn the one I gave him. The conversation then turned, as before, on the state of Ireland; the necessity of seeking aid from France; and her readiness and ability to afford it, if a proper person could be found who would go over, and lay the situation of things here before the *Comité de Salut public*. But I do not recollect that either A. —, the gentleman, or I, came to the definite point of myself being that proper person. I went away, leaving the paper, as I said, in the hands of A. —, and set off directly for Drogheda.

"On Saturday morning I received a letter from A. — (a circumstance which I had forgotten, until my sitting down to write, and referring to dates for greater accuracy, revived it in my memory), expressing an earnest desire to see me immediately on indispensable business. In consequence, I set off instantly, posted up to town, and called directly on A. —. He told me that the gentleman was in a great hurry to be off, and wanted to see me of all things. I could not, however, learn that any new matter had occurred, and therefore was a little vexed at being hurried up to town for nothing. I said, however, I could call on the gentleman the next morning (Sunday) at nine, which I was, however, determined not to do; and, in consequence, instead of calling on him, set off for Drogheda at six o'clock. On Thursday I returned to town, and received a rebuke from A. — for breaking my engagement. He then told me, to my unspeakable astonishment and vexation, that he had given two or three copies of the paper I had left with him, to the gentleman, with several alterations, but that he had burned my copy, as I had desired him. Finding the thing done, and past recalling, I determined to find no fault, but to withdraw myself as soon as I could from a business wherein I saw such grievous indiscretion. I am not sure whether it was on that, or on the next morning, that the gentleman and his *friend* came in. But, after some time, the conversation was taken up on the usual topics; and for the first time, to my knowledge, the gentleman's friend made one. Before that he seemed to me to avoid it. I then took an opportunity, on the difficulty of a proper person being found to go to France being stated, and it being mentioned (I

cannot precisely recollect by whom of the party), that no one was, in all respects, so fit as myself, to recapitulate pretty nearly what I had said in all the preceding conversations on the general state of the country; and I then added, that with regard to my going to France, I was a man of no fortune, that my sole dependence was on a profession; that I had a wife and three children, whom I dearly loved, solely depending on me for support; that I could not go and leave them totally unprovided for, and trusting to the mercy of Providence for existence; and that, consequently, with regard to me, the going to France was a thing totally impossible. They all agreed that what I said was reasonable, but there *was no offer of money or pecuniary assistance of any kind held out to induce me to change my determination*; a circumstance which I mention merely because I understand that it is believed that some such was made.

“The gentleman before mentioned was about to point out certain circumstances which would facilitate such an expedition, if a person could be found; but I stopped him, adding, that as I could make no use of the information, I did not desire to become the depository of secrets useless to me, and which might be dangerous to him. I think it was at this conversation, the last I was at, previous to the gentleman’s being arrested, that some one, I cannot at all ascertain whom, mentioned a letter being put into the post office, containing the papers before mentioned, and directed to some person at some neutral port; but I am utterly ignorant how, or when, or to whom, the letter was addressed, or what were its contents, other than as I have now stated; and the reason of my not knowing is, that I studiously avoided burdening my mind with secrets, which I might afterwards be forced to betray, or submit to very severe inconveniences. What happened after the gentleman’s being arrested, I know not, other than by common report, having only seen him for about two minutes in A. —’s apartment, on the night of his committal, when all the conversation I recollect was, that I declared, and so did A. —, that if we were brought before the privy council we would each of us declare the truth as nearly as we could, consistent with our personal safety; for that all attempts at fabrication would only add infamy to peril, and that we must now take our chance.

“I have now stated, as well as my memory enables me, all the material facts which came to my knowledge, or in which I took any share. I find I was present at three conversations, instead of two, as I at first thought, but that makes no difference of consequence. I cannot answer for the precise accuracy of dates, but I believe they are exact.

"I have framed the foregoing narrative, relying implicitly on the honour of the gentlemen to whom I willingly confide it, that no use whatsoever shall be made of it against any one of the parties concerned, in any judicial transaction; I give it for political purposes solely.

"With regard to myself, the part I have taken appears on the face of the narrative. Whatever may be the consequence, I shall make no attempt to withdraw myself, or avoid the fate, whatever that be, which awaits me. I have but one thing to add, that there is no circumstance which can befall me, not even excepting an ignominious death, that I will not rather undergo, than appear as an evidence in a court of justice, to give testimony against *any one* of the parties concerned.

"THEOBALD WOLFE TONE."

DUBLIN, *May 3d, 1794.*

When my father delivered this paper, the prevalent opinion, which he then shared, was, that Jackson was a secret emissary employed by the British government. It required the unfortunate man's voluntary death to clear his character of such a foul imputation. What renders this transaction the more odious, is, that before his arrival in Ireland, the life of Jackson was completely in the power of the British government. His evil genius was already pinned upon him; his mission from France, his every thought and his views, were known. He was allowed to proceed, not in order to detect an existing conspiracy in Ireland, but to form one, and thus increase the number of victims. A more atrocious instance of perfidious and gratuitous cruelty is scarcely to be found in the history of any country but Ireland.

Soon afterwards, the efforts of his friends, and the generous interference of Arthur Wolfe, afterwards Lord Kilwarden, and then Attorney-General, effected the compromise above mentioned. I am aware many persons may think that my father did not show sufficient gratitude to the Irish government, in whose power he certainly was to a very dangerous degree. To this I can only reply, that he considered his duty to his country paramount to any personal feeling or consideration; that *their* tyranny grew more and more atrocious every day; and that, even in that extreme peril, he constantly refused to tie his hands by any engagement for the future. He would, however, have accepted the offer which they made at first to send him to the East Indies, out of the reach of European politics; perhaps they feared him even there, when they altered their minds. But confiding in the prostrate state of Ireland, they finally allowed him to withdraw his head like the

crane in Æsop's fables, from the jaws of the wolf, and depart free and disengaged for his voluntary exile.

The state of his affairs did not, however, allow him to proceed on his journey for several months. During all that time, Jackson's trial was still pending, and he was frequently threatened by the more violent members of the government that he should be compelled to appear, and be examined as a witness—a menace which he constantly spurned at. A whole year from the arrest of Jackson in April, 1794, to his trial and death in April, 1795, was spent in this anxious suspense.

Towards the beginning of the year 1795, a glimpse of hope and sunshine shone for an instant on the Irish horizon, by the momentary triumph of the Whigs, and the appointment of Earl Fitz-William to the vice-royalty. On this occasion, overtures were again made to my father by that party, at first to set up a newspaper, and afterwards to write in support of their administration. The Catholic leaders, who felt the utility of which he might be to them in such a situation, entered with eagerness into the idea, and pressed the administration, whose favour they enjoyed, on the subject. He always felt repugnant to it, and his ideas on the occasion are couched in the following short memorandum:—

“Feb. 7, 1795.—MM. Bryne, Hamill, and Keogh, waited on Mr Grattan to recommend me to the new administration as a person who had done and suffered much in the Catholic cause. Previous to their going, I thought it right to apprise Mr Hamill, the other two being already, and Mr Keogh particularly, thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of such objections as I thought might arise, on Grattan's part, against me; first, that I was an United Irishman, and probably the author of papers offensive to the *present* government. In answer to which I assured him, as the fact most truly was, that in that club I never had any influence; so far from it, that I was looked on as a suspicious character; or, at best, a Catholic partizan; endeavouring to make the club an instrument of their emancipation, at the sacrifice of all its other objects; that, since May, 1793, I had never attended its meetings, or taken any part in its concerns, which conduct I had adopted in consequence of an address, carried totally against my judgment, and calling on the Catholics, immediately on the passing of their bill, to come forward and demand a reform, a measure which I looked upon as mischievous and insidious; that I had never written but one paper on the committal of Butler and Bond by the secret committee; which paper would be found, I did think, a very moderate one; and that I was, of course, not the author of the papers offensive to the *present* administration. The next probable

objection which I thought might arise, was about the national guards. In answer to which, I stated that during the whole of that business, as well as of the publication, 'citizen soldiers, to arms,' I was in London, attending the Catholic delegates, and of course could not be concerned; for which I appealed to Mr Keogh. The third objection was more serious, which was the part I had in Jackson and Rowan's business, which is fully detailed in other parts of my memorandums. That, with regard to that, all I could say was, that my conduct undoubtedly had been very indiscreet in that business, but such as it was I had stated it fully to the late administration, who, after consideration maturely had, were not of opinion that it was such as to call for punishment; that I had positive assurance to that effect, and even a letter written by Secretary Hamilton, by order of Lord Westmoreland, guaranteeing me from all attack; that, therefore, I did hope, I should find myself, if not bettered, at least not injured by the late change in the government. The rest of the topics of defence on this head I left to Keogh, with whom I had at great length mooted the whole affair a few days back.

"Hamill said, 'All this was very fair, but was he to understand that they were at liberty to state to Mr Grattan my inclination to support the present government?' I said, 'By no means; if that were to be so, it would become a matter of bargain and sale, without any compliment paid to the great body whom he was to represent; that I wished it should have no aspect to the future, but should rest on the merits of *past* services rendered to the Catholics. At the same time, I added, he might state a disposition on my part towards the new administration, grounded on some of their measures, which had already developed themselves, such as Catholic emancipation, and the nominations to the primacy and provostship. This, however, I guarded, by saying there were others, to the support of which I would not be purchased by their whole patronage: such as this infamous war; anything reflecting on the north of Ireland, or on Parliamentary reform; that, sooner than lend any countenance to such measures, I would, if necessary, put £50 in my pocket, and transport myself to the farthest corner of the earth. Subject, however, to this exception, there were many topics, particularly all Catholic measures, in which I could promise them my most cordial support; but that I feared (and I am sure the fact is so) that the measures I would object to, would be, perhaps, the only ones which they would thank me for defending.

"Having had this eclaireissement, the deputation went off, and I write these memorandums, waiting the event of their application, I thank God, with the most perfect serenity. I have never

indulged any idle or extravagant expectations, and therefore it is not in the power of man to disappoint me. My belief is, the application will fail, and, if so, I am no worse than I was.

“I should have added above, in its place, that I told Mr Hamill I did not *wish* to form any connexion with the present administration, because I thought I foresaw they would not long retain nor deserve the confidence of the people; and I again repeated I wished to stand solely on the recommendation of the Catholic body, and not on any services rendered, or to be rendered, by myself.”

My father finally refused this offer, declaring that he felt the highest respect for Lord Fitz-William's character; that he entertained no doubt his measures would always deserve support; and that he would support them, as an individual, as long as he approved of them; but that he could enter into no engagement. In fact, his political principles had taken, from a very early period, a loftier flight than those of the Whigs. He thought their views narrow, their ends selfish, and their measures tending rather to the aggrandizement of their party than to the permanent and general good of the country. The Whigs were highly irritated at this refusal; and Mr Ponsonby, who expected to be appointed Attorney-General, hinted that, perhaps Mr Tone would not find the next Attorney-General so accommodating as the last.” On Lord Fitz-William's recall in March, 1795, my father received a new proof of the affection and confidence of the Catholics, by their appointing him, in this precarious situation, to accompany the deputation which they sent to solicit from the monarch the continuance of his lordship in the administration, and to draw the petition for this purpose, and the address to his lordship. On the month of April following, soon after his return, the trial and death of Jackson took place. It nobly redeemed his previous errors.

With the vice-royalty of Lord Camden began the triumvirate of those three noble earls, Camden, Carhampton, and Clare; who, by a series of increasing persecutions, succeeded at length in driving the people to madness, and open and general insurrection. But towards the beginning of his administration, my father put in execution his agreement with the government to leave Ireland. The votes of thanks which he received from the Catholics of Dublin, on resigning his appointment as their secretary and agent; and the honours which were paid to him, there and in Belfast; his last secret instructions to follow up the negotiation begun with Jackson; and the events which occurred between his departure from Ireland and his arrival in France; are contained in the following brief continuation of these memoirs, which he wrote before embarking in the Bantry Bay expedition.



CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE  
 OF  
 THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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RENNES, *September 28, 1796.*

As my time is growing shorter, I pass over a very busy interval of my life, all the important events of which are detailed in different diaries among my papers; and I hasten to the period when, in consequence of the conviction of William Jackson for high treason, I was obliged to quit my country, and go into exile in America. A short time before my departure, my friend Russell being in town, he and I walked out together to Rathfarnham, to see Emmet, who has a charming villa there. He showed us a little study, of an elliptical form, which he was building at the bottom of the lawn, and which he said he would consecrate to our meetings, if ever we lived to see our country emancipated. I begged of him, if he intended Russell should be of the party, in addition to the books and maps it would naturally contain, to fit up a small cellaret, which should contain a few dozens of his best old claret. He showed me that he had not omitted that circumstance, which he acknowledged to be essential; and we both rallied Russell with considerable success. I mention this trifling anecdote, because I love the men, and because it seems now at least possible that we may yet meet again in Emmet's study. As we walked together into town, I opened my plan to them both. I told them that I considered my compromise with government to extend no further than the banks of the Delaware, and that the moment I landed, I was free to follow any plan which might suggest itself to me for the emancipation of my country; that, undoubtedly, I was guilty of a great offence against the existing government; that, in consequence, I was going into exile; and that I considered that exile as a full expiation for the offence; and consequently felt myself at

liberty, having made that sacrifice, to begin again on a fresh score. They both agreed with me in those principles, and I then proceeded to tell them that my intention was, immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French minister, to detail to him fully the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French government; and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, and to set off instantly for Paris, and apply, in the name of my country, for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence. It is unnecessary, I believe, to say that this plan met with the warmest approbation and support from both Russell and Emmet; we shook hands, and having repeated our professions of unalterable regard and esteem for each other, we parted; and this was the last interview which I was so happy as to have with those two invaluable friends together. I remember it was in a little triangular field that this conversation took place; and Emmet remarked to us that it was in one exactly like it in Switzerland where William Tell and his associates planned the downfall of the tyranny of Austria. The next day Russell returned to Belfast.

As I was determined not to appear to leave Ireland clandestinely, whatever might be the hazard, I took care, on the day of Jackson's trial, to walk up and down in the most public streets in Dublin; and to go, contrary to my usual custom, into several of the most frequented coffee houses, and to my bookseller's, which was still more frequented. In this last place I was seen by Lord Mountjoy, who gave himself the pains to call on the Attorney-General\* the next day, and inform him that I was to be found, for that he had seen me in Archer's the day before. The Attorney-General gave him, however, no thanks for his pains, and so the affair ended; my obligation, however, to his lordship, is not the less for his good intentions. — Having made this sacrifice to appearances, I set with all diligence to prepare for my departure; I sold off all my little property of every kind, reserving only my books, of which I had a very good selection of about six hundred volumes, and I determined to take leave of nobody. I also resolved not to call on any of my friends, not even Knox or Emmet; for as I knew the part I had taken in Jackson's affair had raised a violent outcry against me, with a very numerable and powerful party, I resolved not to implicate any of those I regarded, in the difficulties of my situation. Satisfied as I was of the rectitude of my own conduct, and of the purity of my motives, I believe I should have had fortitude to bear the desertion of my best friends; but, to their honour be it spoken, I was not put to so severe a trial. I did not lose the countenance

\* Wolfe, afterwards Lord Kilwarden.

and support of any one man whom I esteemed; and I believe that I secured the continuance of their regard by the firmness I had shown all along through this most arduous and painful trial; and especially by my repeated declarations, that I was ready to sacrifice my life, if necessary, but that I would never degrade myself by giving testimony against a man who had spoken to me in the confidence that I would not betray him. I have said that after Jackson's death I visited nobody; but all my friends made it, I believe, a point to call on me; so that for the short time I remained in Dublin after, we were never an hour alone. My friends M'Cormick and Keogh, who had both interested themselves extremely all along on my behalf, and had been principally instrumental in passing the vote for granting me the sum of £300 in addition to the arrears due to me by the Catholics, were of course amongst the foremost. It was hardly necessary, to men of their foresight, and who knew me perfectly, to mention my plans; however, for greater certainty, I consulted them both; and I received, as I expected, their most cordial approbation; and they both laid the most positive injunctions upon me to leave nothing unattempted on my part to force my way to France, and lay our situation before the government there; observing, at the same time, that if I succeeded, there was nothing in the power of my country to bestow to which I might not fairly pretend. It has often astonished me, and them also, that the government, knowing there was a French minister at Philadelphia, ever suffered me to go thither, at least without exacting some positive assurance on my part that I should hold no communication with him, direct or indirect; so it was, however, that, either despising my efforts, or looking on themselves as too firmly established to dread any thing from France, they suffered me to depart, without demanding any satisfaction whatsoever on that topic—a circumstance of which I was most sincerely glad: for, had I been obliged to give my parole, I should have been exceedingly distracted between opposite duties; luckily, however, I was spared the difficulty; for they suffered me to depart, without any stipulation whatsoever. Perhaps it would have been better for them if they had adhered to their first proposal of sending me out to India; but as to that, the event will determine.

Having paid all my debts, and settled with everybody, I set off from Dublin for Belfast on the 20th May, 1795, with my wife, sister, and three children, leaving, as may well be supposed, my father and mother in very sincere affliction. My whole property consisted in our clothes, my books, and about £700 in money and bills on Philadelphia. We kept our spirits admirably. The great attention manifested to us, the conviction that we were suffering

in the best of causes, the hurry attending so great a change, and perhaps a little vanity in showing ourselves superior to fortune, supported us under what was certainly a trial of the severest kind. But if our friends in Dublin were kind and affectionate, those in Belfast, if possible, were still more so. During near a month that we remained there, we were every day engaged by one or other; even those who scarcely knew me were eager to entertain us; parties and excursions were planned for our amusements; and, certainly the whole of our deportment and reception at Belfast very little resembled those of a man who escaped with his life only by miracle, and who was driven into exile to avoid a more disgraceful fate. I remember, particularly, two days that we passed on the Cave Hill. On the first, Russell, Neilson, Simms, M'Cracken, and one or two more of us, on the summit of M'Art's fort, took a solemn obligation, which I think I may say I have, on my part, endeavoured to fulfil—never to desist in our efforts until we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted her independence. Another day we had the tent of the first regiment pitched in the Deer Park, and a company of thirty of us, including the family of the Simms's, Neilson's, M'Cracken's, and my own, dined and spent the day together deliciously. But the most agreeable day we passed during our stay, and one of the most agreeable of our lives, was in an excursion we made with the Simms's, Neilson, and Russell, to Ram's Island, a beautiful and romantic spot in Lough Neagh. Nothing can be imagined more delightful; and we agreed, in whatever quarter we might find ourselves, respectively, to commemorate the anniversary of that day, the 11th of June. At length the hour of our departure arrived. On the 15th June we embarked on board the *Cincinnatus*, of Wilmington, Captain James Robinson, and I flatter myself we carried with us the regret of all who knew us. Even some of my former friends, who had long since deserted me, returned on this reverse of my fortune, struck, I believe, with the steadiness with which we all looked it into the face. Our friends in Belfast loaded us with presents on our departure, and filled our little cabin with sea stores, fresh provisions, sweetmeats, and everything they could devise for the comfort of my wife and children. Never, whilst I live, will I forget the affectionate kindness of their behaviour. Before my departure, I explained to Simms, Neilson, and C. G. Teeling, my intentions with regard to my conduct in America; and I had the satisfaction to find it met, in all respects, with their perfect approbation; and now I looked upon myself as competent to speak fully and with confidence for the Catholics, for the Dissenters, and for the defenders of Ireland.

We were now at sea, and at leisure to examine our situation. I had hired a state room, which was about eight feet by six, in which we had fitted up three berths; my wife and our youngest little boy occupied one, my sister and my little girl the second, and our eldest boy and myself the third. It was at first grievously inconvenient, but necessity and custom by degrees reconciled us to our situation. Our greatest suffering was want of good water, under which we laboured the whole passage, and which we found it impossible to replace by wine, porter, or spirits, of which we had abundance. The captain was tolerably civil, the vessel was stout, and we had good weather almost the whole of our voyage. But we were 300 passengers on board a ship of 230 tons, and of course crowded to a degree not to be conceived by those who have not been on board a passenger ship. The slaves who are carried from the coast of Africa have much more room allowed them than the miserable emigrants who pass from Ireland to America; for the avarice of the captains in that trade is such, that they think they never can load their vessels sufficiently, and they trouble their heads in general no more about the accommodation and stowage of their passengers than of any other lumber aboard. I laboured, and with some success, to introduce something like a police, and a certain degree, though a very imperfect one, of cleanliness among them. Certainly the air of the sea must be wonderfully wholesome; for if the same number of wretches of us had been shut up on the same space ashore, with so much inconvenience of every kind about us, two thirds of us would have died in the time of our voyage. As it was, in spite of everything, we were tolerably healthy; we lost but one passenger, a woman; we had some sick aboard, and the friendship of James Macdonnell, of Belfast, having supplied me with a small medicine chest and written directions, I took on myself the office of physician. I prescribed and administered accordingly, and I had the satisfaction to land all my patients safe and sound. As we distributed liberally the surplus of our sea stores, of which we had great abundance, and especially as we gave, from time to time, wine and porter to the sick and aged, we soon became very popular aboard; and I am sure there was no sacrifice to our ease or convenience in the power of our poor fellow-passengers to make, that we might not have commanded. Thirty days of our voyage had now passed over without any event, save the ordinary ones of seeing now a shoal of porpoises, now a shark, now a set of dolphins, the peacocks of the sea playing about, and once or twice a whale. We had, indeed, been brought to, when about a week at sea, by the *William Pitt*, Indiaman, which was returning to Europe with about twenty other ships,

under convoy of four or five men-of-war; but on examining our papers they suffered us to proceed. At length, about the 20th of July, some time after we had cleared the banks of Newfoundland, we were stopped by three British frigates; the *Thetis*. Captain Lord Cochrane; the *Hussar*, Captain Rose; and the *Esperance*, Captain Wood, who boarded us, and after treating us with the greatest insolence, both officers and sailors, they pressed every one of our hands, save one, and near fifty of my unfortunate fellow-passengers, who were most of them flying to America to avoid the tyranny of a bad government at home, and who thus most unexpectedly fell under the severest tyranny, one of them at least, which exists. As I was in a jacket and trousers, one of the lieutenants ordered me into the boat, as a fit man to serve the king; and it was only the screams of my wife and sister which induced him to desist. It would have been a pretty termination to my adventures if I had been pressed and sent on board a man-of-war. The insolence of these tyrants, as well to myself as to my poor fellow-passengers, in whose fate a fellowship in misfortune had interested me, I have not since forgotten, and I never will. At length, after detaining us two days, during which they rummaged us at least twenty times, they suffered us to proceed.

On the 30th July, we made Cape Henlopen; the 31st we ran up the Delaware, and the 1st of August we landed safe at Wilmington, not one of us providentially having been for an hour indisposed on the passage, nor even sea-sick. Those only who have had their wives, their children, and all in short that is dear to them, floating for seven or eight weeks at the mercy of the winds and waves, can conceive the transport I felt at seeing my wife and our darling babies ashore once again in health and in safety. We set up at the principal tavern, kept by an Irishman, one Captain O'Byrne O'Flynn (I think), for all the taverns in America are kept by majors and captains, either of militia or continentals, and in a few days we had entirely recruited our strength and spirits, and totally forgotten the fatigues of the voyage.

During our stay in Wilmington we formed an acquaintance which was of some service and a great deal of pleasure to us, with a General Humpton, an old Continental officer. He was an Englishman, born in Yorkshire, and had been a major in the 25th regiment, but on the breaking out of the American war, he resigned his commission, and offered his services to Congress, who immediately gave him a regiment, from which he rose by degrees to his present rank. He was a beautiful, hale, stout old man, of near seventy, perfectly the soldier and the gentleman, and he took a great liking to us, as we did to him on our part. On our removal to

Philadelphia, he found us a lodging with one of his acquaintance; and rendered all the little services and attentions that our situation as strangers required, which indeed he continued without remission, during the whole of my stay in America, and I doubt not equally since my departure. I have a sincere and grateful sense of the kindness of this worthy veteran.

Immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, which was about the 7th or 8th of August, I found out my old friend and brother exile, Dr Reynolds, who seemed, to my very great satisfaction, very comfortably settled. From him I learned that Hamilton Rowan had arrived about six weeks before me from France, and that that same evening we all three met. It was a singular rencontre, and our several escapes from an ignominious death seemed little short of a miracle. We communicated respectively our several adventures since our last interview, which took place in the goal of Newgate in Dublin, fourteen months before. In Reynold's adventures there was nothing very extraordinary. Rowan had been seized and thrown into prison immediately on his landing near Brest, from whence he was rescued by the interference of a young man named Sullivan, an Irishman, in the service of the Republic, and sent on to Paris to the Committee of Public Safety, by *Prieur de la Marne*, the deputy on mission. On his arrival he was seized with a most dangerous fever, from which he narrowly escaped with his life; when he recovered, as well as during his illness, he was maintained by the French government; he gave in some memorials on the state of Ireland, and began, from the reception he met with, to conceive some hopes of success; but immediately after came on the famous 9th Thermidor, the downfall of Robespierre, and the dissolution of the Committee of Public Safety. The total change which this produced in the politics of France, and the attention of every man being occupied by his own immediate personal safety, were the cause that Rowan and his plans were forgotten in the confusion. After remaining, therefore, several months, and seeing no likelihood of bringing matters to any favourable issue, he yielded to the solicitude of his family and friends, and embarked at Havre for New York, where he arrived about the middle of June, 1795, after a tedious passage of eleven weeks.

It is unnecessary to detail again my adventures, which I related to them at full length, as well as every thing relating to the state of politics in Ireland, about which, it may well be supposed, their curiosity and anxiety were extreme. I then proceeded to tell them my designs, and that I intended waiting the next day on the French minister, with such credentials as I had brought with me,

which were the two votes of thanks of the Catholics, and my certificate of admission into the Belfast volunteers, engrossed on vellum, and signed by the chairman and secretaries; and I added that I would refer to them both for my credibility, in case the minister had any doubts. Rowan offered to come with me, and introduce me to the minister, citizen Adet, whom he had known in Paris; but I observed to him, that as there were English agents without number in Philadelphia, he was most probably watched, and, consequently, his being seen to go with me to Adet might materially prejudice his interests in Ireland. I therefore declined his offer, but I requested of him a letter of introduction, which he gave me accordingly, and the next day I waited on the minister, who received me very politely. He spoke English very imperfectly, and I French a great deal worse; however, we made a shift to understand one another; he read my certificates and Rowan's letter, and he begged me to throw on paper, in the form of a memorial, all I had to communicate on the subject of Ireland. This I accordingly did in the course of two or three days, though with great difficulty, on account of the burning heat of the climate, so different from what I had been used to, the thermometer varying between ninety and ninety-seven. At length, however, I finished my memorial, such as it was, and brought it to Adet, and I offered him, at the same time, if he thought it would forward the business, to embark in the first vessel which sailed for France; but the minister, for some reason, seemed not much to desire this, and he eluded my offer by reminding me of the great risk I ran, as the British stopped and carried into their ports indiscriminately all American vessels bound for France; he assured me, however, I might rely on my memorial being transmitted to the French government, and backed with his strongest recommendations; and he also promised to write particularly to procure the enlargement of my brother Matthew, who was then in prison at Guise; all which I have since found he faithfully performed.

I had now discharged my conscience as to my duty to my country; and it was with the sincerest and deepest contristation of mind that I saw this, my last effort, likely to be of so little effect. It was barely possible, but I did not much expect that the French government might take notice of my memorial, and if they did not, there was an end of all my hopes. I now began to endeavour to bend my mind to my situation, but to no purpose. I moved my family, first to Westchester, and then to Dowingstown, both in the state of Pennsylvania, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, and I began to look about for a small plantation, such as might suit the shattered state of my finances, on which the enormous expense of



living in Philadelphia, three times as dear as at Paris, or even London, was beginning to make a sensible inroad. While they remained there, in the neighbourhood of our friend General Humpton, whose kindness and attention continued unabated, I made divers excursions, on foot and in the stage-waggons, in quest of a farm. The situation of Princeton, in New Jersey, struck me, for a variety of reasons, and I determined, if possible, to settle in that neighbourhood. I accordingly agreed with a Dutch farmer for a plantation of one hundred acres, with a small wooden house, which would have suited me well enough, for which I was to pay £750 of that currency; but the fellow was too covetous, and after all was, I thought, finished, he retracted, and wanted to screw more out of me, on which I broke off the treaty in a rage, and he began to repent, but I was obstinate. At length I agreed with a Captain Leonard for a plantation of 180 acres, beautifully situated within two miles of Princeton, and half of it under timber. I was to pay £1,180 currency, and I believe it was worth the money. I moved, in consequence, my family to Princeton, where I hired a small house for the winter, which I furnished frugally and decently. I fitted up my study, and began to think my lot was cast to be an American farmer.

In this frame of mind I continued for some time, waiting for the lawyer who was employed to draw the deeds, and expecting next spring to remove to my purchase, and to begin farming at last, when one day I was roused from my lethargy by the receipt of letters from Keogh, Russell, and the two Simms's, wherein, after professions of the warmest and sincerest regard, they proceeded to acquaint me that the state of the public mind in Ireland was advancing to republicanism faster than even I could believe; and they pressed me, in the strongest manner, to fulfil the engagement I had made with them at my departure, and to move heaven and earth to force my way to the French government, in order to supplicate their assistance. William Simms, at the end of a most friendly and affectionate letter, desired me to draw upon him for £200 sterling, and that my bill should be punctually paid; an offer, at the liberality of which, well as I knew the man, I confess I was surprised. I immediately handed the letters to my wife and sister, and desired their opinion, which I foresaw would be that I should immediately, if possible, set out for France. My wife especially, whose courage and whose zeal for my honour and interests were not in the least abated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration of her or our children stand, for a moment, in the way of my engagements to our friends, and my duty to my country; adding, that she would

answer for our family during my absence; and that the same Providence which had so often, as it were, miraculously preserved us, would, she was confident, not desert us now. My sister joined her in those entreaties, and it may well be supposed that I required no great supplication to induce me to make one more attempt in a cause to which I had been so long devoted. I set off, accordingly, the next morning (it being this time about the end of November) for Philadelphia, and went, immediately on my arrival, to Adet, to whom I showed the letters I had just received; and I referred him to Rowan, who was then in town, for the character of the writers. I had the satisfaction, contrary to my expectations, to find Adet as willing to forward and assist my design now, as he seemed, to me at least, lukewarm, when I saw him before, in August. He told me immediately that he would give me letters to the French government, recommending me in the strongest manner, and also money to bear my expenses, if necessary. I thanked him most sincerely for the letters, but I declined accepting any pecuniary assistance. Having thus far surmounted my difficulties, I wrote for my brother Arthur, who was at Princeton, to come to me immediately, and I fitted him out with all expedition for sea. Having entrusted him with my determination of sailing for France in the first vessel, I ordered him to communicate this, immediately on his arrival in Ireland, to Neilson, Simms, and Russell, in Belfast; and to Keogh and M'Cormick only, in Dublin. To every one else, including especially my father and mother, I desired him to say that I had purchased, and was settled upon my farm, near Princeton. Having fully instructed him, I put him on board the *Susanna*, Captain Baird, bound for Belfast, and on the 10th of December, 1795, he sailed from Philadelphia, and I presume he arrived safe; but, as yet, I have had no opportunity of hearing of him. Having dispatched him, I settled all my affairs as speedily as possible. I drew on Simms for £200, agreeable to his letter, £150 sterling of which I devoted to my voyage; my friend Reynolds procured me louis d'ors at the bank for £100 sterling worth of silver. I converted the remainder of my little property into bank stock, and having signed a general power of attorney to my wife, I waited finally on Adet, who gave me a letter in cypher, directed to the *Comité de Salut public*, the only credential which I intended to bring with me to France. I spent one day in Philadelphia with Reynolds, Rowan, and my old friend and fellow-sufferer, James Napper Tandy, who, after a long concealment and many adventures, was recently arrived from Hamburg; and, at length, on the 13th December, at night, I arrived at Princeton, whither Rowan accompanied me, bringing with me a few presents for my wife,

sister, and our dear little babies. That night we supped together in high spirits; and Rowan retiring immediately after, my wife, sister, and I, sat together till very late, engaged in that kind of animated and enthusiastic conversation which our characters, and the nature of the enterprise I was embarked in, may be supposed to give rise to. The courage and firmness of the women supported me, and them too, beyond my expectations; we had neither tears nor lamentations, but, on the contrary, the most ardent hope, and the most steady resolution. At length, at four the next morning, I embraced them both for the last time, and we parted with a steadiness which astonished me. On the 16th December I arrived in New York, and took my passage on board the ship *Jersey*, Captain George Barons. I remained in New York for ten days, during which time I wrote continually to my family; and a day or two before my departure I received a letter from my wife informing me that she was with child, a circumstance which she had concealed so far, I am sure, lest it might have had some influence on my determination. On the 1st January, 1796, I sailed from Sandy Hook, with nine fellow-passengers, all French, bound for Havre de Grace. Our voyage lasted exactly one month, during the most part of which we had heavy blowing weather; five times we had such gales of wind as obliged us to lie under a close reefed mizen stay-sail; however, our ship was stout. We had plenty of provisions, wine, brandy, and especially, what I thought more of, remembering my last voyage, excellent water, so that I had no reason to complain of my passage. We did not meet a single vessel of force, either French or English; we passed three or four Americans, bound mostly, like ourselves, to France. On the 27th we were in soundings, at eighty-five fathoms; on the 28th we made the Lizard; and at length, on the 1st of February, we landed in safety at Havre de Grace, having met with not the smallest accident during our voyage. My adventures, from this date, are fully detailed in the diary, which I have kept regularly since my arrival in France.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS \*

OF

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,

DURING HIS MISSION IN FRANCE,

COMPRISING HIS NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN PARIS, 1796.

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*February 2, 1796.*—I landed at Havre de Grace yesterday, after a rough winter passage from New York of thirty-one days.

*February 6.*—It is very singular, but I have had several occasions to observe, that there is more difficulty in passing silver than paper. I have seen money refused where assignats have been taken currently. This is a phenomenon I cannot understand, especially when the depreciation is considered. The republican silver is received with great suspicion. People have got it into their heads that it is adulterated; but, even so, surely it is worth intrinsically more than a bit of paper. So it is, however, that assignats are more current. The comedie again. The Marseillaise hymn sung every night, and the verse, "Tremblez Tyrans," always received with applause.

*February 7, Sunday.*—I was curious to observe how this day would be kept in France. I believe nobody worked; the shops were half open, half shut, as I have seen them on holidays in other countries; everybody walking the streets. A vessel from Boston was wrecked last night within twenty yards of the basin, and an unfortunate French woman lost, with two children. She had fled to America early in the Revolution, and was now returning to her husband on the restoration of tranquillity. God Almighty help him! she might have been saved alone, but preferred to perish with her infants: it is too to think of.

*February 12.*—Paris.

the Hotel des Etrangers, Rue

\* These extracts are chiefly confined to details of the intercourse of the author with the French authorities, in reference to the proposed invasion of Ireland, being selected from a voluminous mass of flippant and uninteresting matter, only calculated to meet the eye of Mrs Tone, to whom it was addressed.—*Ed. of Autobiography,*

Vivienne, a magnificent house, but, I foresee, as dear as the devil; my apartment in the third storey very handsomely furnished, etc., for fifty francs per month, and so on in proportion for a shorter time; much cheaper than the Adelphi and other hotels in London; but I will not stay here for all that—I must get into private lodgings.

*February 13.*—Captain Sisson, with whom we travelled up, called to breakfast. Settled our account of expenses. Council of war with D'Aucourt.—Agree to keep close for a day or two, until we get French clothes made, and then pay my first visit to Monroe (the American ambassador), and deliver my letters. In the meantime to make inquiries.

*February 15.*—Went to Monroe's the ambassador, and delivered in my passport and letters. Received very politely by Monroe, who inquired a great deal into the state of the public mind in America, which I answered as well as I could, and in a manner to satisfy him pretty well as to my own sentiments. I inquired of him where I was to deliver my despatches. He informed me, at the minister for foreign affairs, and gave me his address. I then rose and told him that when he had read B——'s letter (which was in cypher), he would, I hope, find me excused in taking the liberty to call again. He answered he would be happy at all times to see me; and after he had inquired about Hamilton Rowan, how he liked America, etc., I took my leave, and returned to his office for my passport. The secretary smoked me for an Irishman directly. *A la bonne heure.* Went at three o'clock to the minister for foreign affairs, Rue du Bacq, 471. Delivered my passport, and inquired for some one who spoke English. Introduced immediately to the chef de bureau, Lamare, a man of an exceedingly plain appearance. I showed my letter, and told him I wished for an opportunity to deliver it into the minister's hands. He asked me, "would it not do if he took charge of it." I answered, he undoubtedly knew the official form best; but if it was not irregular, I should consider myself much obliged by being allowed to deliver it in person. He then brought me into a magnificent anti-chamber, where a general officer and another person were writing, and, after a few minutes' delay, I was introduced to the minister, Charles de la Croix, and delivered my letter, which he opened; and seeing it in cypher, he told me, in French, he was much obliged to me for the trouble I had taken, and that the secretary would give me a receipt, acknowledging the delivery. I then made my bow and retired with the secretary, the minister seeing us to the door.

*February 17.*—Went at one o'clock to the minister's bureau for my passport, who received me very politely. He told me, in French, that he had had the letter I brought deciphered, and laid

instantly before the directoire executif, who considered the contents as of the greatest importance; that their intentions were, that I should go immediately to a gentleman, whom he would give me a letter to; and, as he spoke both languages perfectly and was confidential, that I should explain myself to him without reserve; that his name was Madgett. I answered, that I knew him by reputation, and had a letter of introduction to him, but did not consider myself at liberty to make myself known to any person without his approbation. He answered that I might communicate with Madgett, without the least reserve; sat down and wrote a note to him, which he gave me; I then took my leave, the minister seeing me to the door. Set off for Madgett's and delivered my letter. Madgett delighted to see me; tells me he has the greatest expectation our business will be taken up in the most serious manner; that the attention of the French government is now turned to Ireland, and that the stability and form it had assumed gave him the strongest hopes of success; that he had written to Hamilton Rowan, about a month since, to request I might come over instantly, in order to confer with the French government, and determine on the necessary arrangements; and that he had done this by order of the French executive. He then asked me had I brought any papers or credentials; I answered that I only brought the letter of Adet to the executive, and one to the American ambassador; that I had destroyed a few others on the passage, including one from Mr Rowan to himself, as we were chased by a Bermudian; that as to credentials, the only ones I had, or that the nature of the case would permit, I had shown to Adet on my first arrival in Philadelphia, in August last. That these were the vote of thanks of the general committee of the Catholics of Ireland, for my services as their agent, signed by Mr Edward Byrne and the two secretaries, Richard M'Cormick and John Sweetman, and dated in April, 1793. A second vote of thanks from the Catholics of Dublin, signed by the chairman and secretary; and the resolution of the Belfast regiment of volunteers, electing me an honorary member, in testimony of their confidence, and signed by the officers of the regiment. These I had offered to Adet to bring with me to France, but he said it was sufficient that I satisfied him, and, as they were large papers, it would be running an unnecessary risk of discovery, in case we were stopped by British cruizers. That he would satisfy the French executive, and that the fewer papers of any kind I carried the better; and, consequently, that I had brought only those I mentioned. Madgett then said that was enough, especially as he had the newspapers containing the resolutions I mentioned; and that the French executive were

already fully apprised who I was. He then added, that we should have ten sail of the line, any quantity of arms that were wanted, and such money as was indispensable; but that this last was to be used discreetly, as the demands for it on all quarters were so numerous and urgent.

*February 18.*—Breakfast at Madgett's. Long account, on my part, of the state of Ireland when I left it, which will be found substantially in such memoirs as I may prepare. Madgett assures me again that the government here have their attention turned most seriously to Irish affairs; that they feel that unless they can separate Ireland from England, the latter is invulnerable; that they are willing to conclude a treaty offensive and defensive with Ireland, and a treaty of commerce on a footing of reciprocal advantage; that they will supply ten sail of the line, arms, and money, as he told me yesterday; and that they were already making arrangements in Spain and Holland for that purpose. He asked me did I think anything would be done in Ireland by her spontaneous efforts. I told him, most certainly not; that if a landing were once effected, every thing would follow instantly, but that that was indispensable; and I begged him to state this as my opinion, to such persons in power as he might communicate with; that if 20,000 French were in Ireland, we should in a month have an army of one, two, or, if necessary, 300,000 men, but that the *point d'appui* was indispensable. I then mentioned the necessity of having a man of reputation at the head of the French forces, and mentioned Pichegru of Jourdan, both of whom are well known by character in Ireland. He told me there was a kind of coolness between the executive and Pichegru (this I suspected before), but that, if the measures were adopted, he might still be the general; adding that he was a man of more talents than Jourdan. I answered, "either would do." He then desired me to prepare a memorial in form for the French executive as soon as possible, which he would translate and have delivered in without delay.

*February 18, 19, 20.*—At work in the morning at my memorial. Call on Madgett once a day to confer with him. He says there will be sent a person to Ireland immediately, with whom I shall have a conference; and that it would be desirable he should bring back an appointment of minister plenipotentiary for me, in order to conclude an alliance offensive and defensive with the republic; in which case I should be acknowledged as such by the French government. Certainly nothing could be more flattering to me; however, I answered that such an appointment could not be had, without communicating with so many persons as might endanger

the betraying of the secret to the Irish government; that I only desired credit with the directoire executif, so far as they should find my assertions supported by indisputable facts; that the information I brought was the essential part; and the credential, though highly gratifying to my private feelings, would be, in fact, but matter of form. That when a government was formed in Ireland, it would be time enough to talk of embassies; and then, if my country thought me worthy, I should be the happiest and proudest man living to accept the office of ambassador from Ireland. So there was an end to my appointment. I must wait till the war at least is commenced, if ever it commences, or perhaps until it is over, if I am not knocked on the head in the meantime. I should like very well to be the first Irish ambassador; and if I succeed in my present business, I think I will have some claim to the office. Madgett says if we succeed, it is part of the plan, but I believe he means his own plan, to demand Jamaica for Ireland, by way of indemnity. I wish we had Ireland without Jamaica.

*February 22.*—Finished my memorial, and delivered a fair copy, signed, to Madgett, for the minister of foreign relations. Madgett in the horrors. He tells me he has had a discourse yesterday for two hours with the minister, and that the succours he expected will fall very short of what he thought. That the marine of France is in such a state that government will not hazard a large fleet; and, consequently, that we must be content to steal a march. That they will give 2000 of their best troops, and arms for 20,000; that they cannot spare Pichegru nor Jourdan; that they will give any quantity of artillery; and, I think, he added, what money might be necessary. He also said they would first send proper persons among the Irish prisoners of war, to sound them, and exchange them on the first opportunity. To all this, at which I am not disappointed, I answered, that as to 2000 men, they might as well send twenty. That with regard to myself, I would go if they would send but a corporal's guard; but that my opinion was, that 5000 was as little as could be landed with any prospect of success, and that that number would leave the matter doubtful. I bid him then remember that my plan was built on the supposition of a powerful support in the first instance; that I had particularly specified so in my memorial; and begged him to apprise the minister that my opinion was so. That nevertheless, with 5000 men, the business might be attempted, and I did believe would succeed; but that, in that case, we must fight hard for it; that though I was satisfied how the militia and army would act in case of a powerful invasion, I could not venture to say what might be their conduct under the circumstances he mentioned; that, if



they stood by the government, which it was possible they might, we should have hot work of it; that, if 5000 men were sent, they should be the very flower of the French troops, and a considerable proportion of them artillery-men, with the best general they could spare. He interrupted me to ask who was known in Ireland after Pichegru and Jourdan. I answered, Hoche, especially since his affair at Quiberon. He said he was sure we might have Hoche. I also mentioned that if they sent but 5000 men, they should send a greater quantity of arms; as in that case we could not command at once all the arms of the nation, as we should if they were able to send 20,000, or even 15,000. I added, that as to the prisoners of war, my advice was to send proper persons among them, but not to part with a man of them until the landing was effected, and then exchange them as fast as possible. He promised to represent all this, and that he hoped we would get 5000 men at least, and a greater quantity of arms. We then parted. O good God, good God! what would I give to-night that we were safely landed, and encamped on the Cave Hill. If we can find our way so far, I think we shall puzzle John Bull to work us out. Surely we can do as much as the Chouans or people of La Vendée.

*February 23.*—A busy day. Called on Madgett in order to explain to him that all I had said relative to the support to be expected from the people in Ireland, and the conduct of the army, was on the supposition of a considerable force being landed in the first instance. This I had pressed upon him yesterday, but I cannot make it too clear for my own credit. My theory, in three words, is this: with 20,000 men there would be no possibility of resistance for an hour, and we should begin by the capital; with 5000 I would have no doubt of success, but then we should expect some fighting, and we should begin near Belfast; with 2000 I think the business utterly desperate; for, let them land where they would, they would be utterly defeated before any one could join them, or, in fact, before the bulk of the people could know that they were come. This would be a mere Quiberon business in Ireland, and would operate but as a snare for the lives of my brave and unfortunate countrymen; to whose destruction I do not wish, God knows, to be accessory.

*February 24.*—Went at twelve o'clock, in a fright, to the Luxembourg, conning speeches in execrable French all the way. What shall I say to Carnot? Well, "whatsoever the Lord putteth into my mouth, that surely shall I utter." Plucked up a spirit as I drew near the palace, and mounted the stairs like a lion. Went into the first bureau that I found open, and demanded at once to see Carnot. The clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand

with a courage truly heroic; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me. This happened to be his day for giving audience, which each member of the executive directory does in his turn. Introduced by my guide into the ante-chamber, which was filled with people; the officers of state, all in their new costume. Write a line in English, and deliver it to one of the huissiers, stating that a stranger just arrived from America wished to speak to citizen Carnot on an affair of consequence. He brought me an answer in two minutes, that I should have an audience. The folding doors were now thrown open, a bell being previously rung, to give notice to the people that all who had business might present themselves, and citizen Carnot appeared, in the *petit* costume of white satin with crimson robe, richly embroidered. It is very elegant, and resembles almost exactly the draperies of Vandyk. He went round the room receiving papers and answering those who addressed him. I told my friend the huissier, in marvellous French, that my business was too important to be transacted there, and that I would return on another day, when it would not be Carnot's turn to give audience, and when I should hope to find him at leisure. He mentioned this to Carnot, who ordered me instantly to be shown into an inner apartment, and that he would see me as soon as the audience was over. That I thought looked well, and began accordingly to con my speech again. In the apartment were five or six personages, who being, like myself, of great distinction, were admitted to a private audience. I allowed them all precedence, as I wished to have my will of Carnot; and while they were in their turns speaking with him, I could not help reflecting how often I had wished for the opportunity I then enjoyed; what schemes I had laid, what hazards I had run; when I looked round and saw myself actually in the cabinet of the executive directory, vis-a-vis citizen Carnot, the organizer of victory, I could hardly believe my own senses, and felt as if it were all a dream. However, I was not in the least degree disconcerted, and when I presented myself, after the rest were dismissed, I had all my faculties, such as they were, as well at my command as on any occasion in my life. Why do I mention these trifling circumstances? It is because they will not be trifling in her eyes for whom they were written. I began the discourse by saying, in horrible French, that I had been informed he spoke English. A little, sir, but I perceive you speak French, and if you please we will converse in that language. I answered still in my jargon, that if he could have the patience to endure me, I would endeavour, and only prayed him to stop me whenever I did not make myself understood. I then told him that I was an Irishman;

that I had been secretary and agent to the Catholics of that country, who were about 3,000,000 of people; that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters, who were at least 900,000, and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. He stopped me here to express a doubt as to the numbers being so great as I represented. I answered a calculation had been made within these few years, grounded on the number of houses; which was ascertained for purposes of revenue; that, by that calculation, the people of Ireland amounted to 4,100,000, and it was acknowledged to be considerably under the truth. He seemed a little surprised at this, and I proceeded to state, that the sentiments of all those people were unanimous in favour of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then "what they wanted." I said, "An armed force in the commencement, for a *point d'appui*, until they could organize themselves, and undoubtedly a supply of arms and some money. I added that I had already delivered in a memorial on the subject to the minister of foreign relations; and that I was preparing another, which would explain to him, in detail, all that I knew on the subject, better than I could in conversation. He then said, "We shall see those memorials." The organizer of victory proceeded to ask me, "Were there not some strong places in Ireland?" I answered I knew of none, but some works to defend the harbour of Cork. He stopped me here, saying, "Ay, Cork! but may it not be necessary to land there?" By which I perceived he had been *organizing* a little already in his own mind. I answered, I thought not. That if a landing in *force* were attempted, it would be better near the capital for obvious reasons; if with a small army, it should be in the north, rather than the south of Ireland, for reasons which he would find in my memorials. He then asked me, "Might there not be some danger or delay in a longer navigation?" I answered, it would not make a difference of two days, which was nothing in comparison of the advantages. I then told him that I came to France by direction and concurrence of the men, who (and here I was at a loss for a French word, with which, seeing my embarrassment, he supplied me), *guided* the two great parties I had mentioned. This satisfied me clearly that he attended to and understood me. I added that I had presented myself in August last, in Philadelphia, to citizen Adet, and delivered to him such credentials as I had with me; that he did not at that juncture think it advisable for me to come in person, but offered to transmit a memorial, which I accordingly delivered to him. That about the end of November last I received letters from my friends in Ireland, repeating their

instructions in the strongest manner, that I should, if possible, force my way to France, and lay the situation of Ireland before its government. That, in consequence, I had again waited on citizen Adet, who seemed eager to assist me, and offered me a letter to the directoire executif, which I accepted with gratitude. That I sailed from America in the very first vessel, and was arrived about a fortnight. That I had delivered my letter to the minister for foreign affairs, who had ordered me to explain myself without reserve to citizen Madgett, which I had accordingly done. That by his advice I had prepared and delivered one memorial on the actual state of Ireland; and was then at work on another, which would comprize the whole of the subject. That I had the highest respect for the minister, and that as to Madgett, I had no reason whatsoever to doubt him; but, nevertheless, must be permitted to say that, in my mind, it was a business of too great importance to be transacted with a mere *commis*. That I should not think I had discharged my duty, either to France or Ireland, if I left any measure unattempted which might draw the attention of the directory to the situation of the latter country; and that, in consequence, I had presumed to present myself to him, and to implore his attention to the facts contained in my two memorials. That I would also presume to request that, if any doubt or difficulty arose in his mind on any of those facts, he would have the goodness to permit me to explain. I concluded by saying, that I looked upon it as a favourable omen that I had been allowed to communicate with him, as he was already perfectly well known by reputation in Ireland, and was the very man of whom my friends had spoken. He shook his head and smiled, as if he doubted me a little. I assured him the fact was so; and as a proof, told him that in Ireland we all knew, three years ago, that he could speak English; at which he did not seem displeased. I then rose, and after the usual apologies, took my leave; but I had not cleared the antechamber, when I recollected a very material circumstance, which was, that I had not told him, in fact, *who*, but merely *what* I was; I was, therefore, returning on my steps, when I was stopped by the sentry demanding my card; but from this dilemma I was extricated by my lover the huissier, and again admitted. I then told Carnot, that as to my situation, credit, and the station I had filled in Ireland, I begged leave to refer him to James Monroe, the American ambassador. He seemed struck with this, and then for the first time asked my name. I told him in fact I had two names, my real one and that under which I travelled and was described in my passport. I then took a slip of paper, and wrote the name, "James Smith, citizen Americain," and under it,

Theobald Wolfe Tone, which I handed him, adding that my real name was the undermost. He took the paper, and looking over it, said, "Ha! Theobald Wolfe Tone," with the expression of one who had just recollected a circumstance, from which little movement, I augur good things. I then told him I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me, in the course of a few days after, to present myself again to him; to which he answered, "By all means;" and so I again took my leave. Here is a full and true account of my first audience of the executive directory of France, in the person of citizen Carnot, the organizer of victory. I think I came off very clear. What am I to think of all this? As yet I have met no difficulty nor check, nothing to discourage me; but I wish with such extravagant passion for the emancipation of my country, and I do so abhor and detest the very name of England, that I doubt my own judgment, lest I see things in too favourable a light. I hope I am doing my duty. It is a bold measure; after all if it should succeed, and my visions be realized—Huzza! *Vive la Republique!* I am a pretty fellow to negotiate with the directory of France, pull down a monarchy and establish a republic; to break a connexion of 600 years' standing, and contract a fresh alliance with another country.

*February 26.*—This morning finished an awkward business, that is to say, wrote a long letter to the minister, all about myself; very proper in an ambassador to frame his own credentials. My commission was large, for I made it myself. Read it over carefully; every word true and not exaggerated. Resolved to go at once to the minister and deliver my letter, like a true Irishman, with my own hands. Went to his bureau, and saw Lamare, the secretary, whom I sent in to demand an audience. Lamare returned with word that the minister was just engaged with Neri Corsini, ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and would see me the moment he was at leisure. Neri Corsini being departed, I was introduced. I began with telling the minister, that though I spoke execrable French, I would, with his permission, put his patience to a short trial. I then told him that, in obedience to his orders, I had finished a memorial on the actual state of Ireland, which I had delivered to Madgett; that I had finished the draft of another, which I would deliver to-morrow, on the means necessary to accomplish the great object of my mission, the separation of Ireland from England, and her establishment as an independent republic in alliance with France. De la Croix interrupted me here by saying, that I might count upon it, there was no object nearer the heart of the executive directory; that they had that business, at that very moment, before them; and would leave no

means, consistent with their utmost capacity, untried, to accomplish it. And he repeated again, with earnestness, "that I might count upon it." The minister then asked me what we wanted in Ireland? I answered, that we wanted a force to begin with; arms, ammunition, and money. He asked me what quantities of each would I think sufficient? I did not wish to go just then into the detail, as I judged, from Madgett's discourse, that the minister's plan was on a smaller scale than mine, and I did not desire to shock him too much in the onset. I therefore took advantage of my bad French, and mentioned that I doubted my being able sufficiently to explain myself in conversation, but that he would find my opinions at length in the two memorials I had prepared; and when he had considered them, I hoped he would allow me to wait on him, and explain any point which might not be sufficiently clear. He then proceeded to give me his own ideas; which were, as I suspected, upon a small scale. He said he understood Ireland was very populous and the people warlike, so as soon to be made soldiers, and that they were already in some degree armed. I answered, not so much as to be calculated upon in estimating the quantity of arms wanted, as most of the guns which they had were but fowling-pieces. He then said, he knew they had no artillery nor cannoniers, and that, consequently, it would be necessary to supply them with both; that field pieces would be sufficient, as we had no strong places; that we should have thirty pieces of cannon, half eight-pounders, and half sixteen-pounders, properly manned and officered, and 20,000 stand of arms. I interrupted him to say, 20,000 at least, as the only limitation to the numbers we could raise would be the quantity of arms we might have to put into their hands. He then went on to say, that these should be landed near Belfast, where he supposed they would be most likely to meet with early support. I answered, "Certainly, as that province was the most populous and warlike in the kingdom." He then produced a map of Ireland, and we looked over it together. I took this advantage to slide in some of my own ideas, by saying that if we were able to begin in considerable force, we should commence as near the capital as possible; the possession of which, if once obtained, would, I thought, decide the whole business; but if we began with a smaller force, we should commence as near Belfast as we could, and then push forward, so as to secure the mountains of Mourne and the Fews, by means of which and of Lough Erne, we could cover the entire province of Ulster, and maintain ourselves until we had collected our friends in sufficient force to penetrate to Dublin. He liked my plan extremely, which certainly appears to be the only feasible one, in case of a small

force being landed. He then mentioned the Irishmen serving in the British navy; and asked me what I thought of sending proper persons amongst them to insinuate the duty they owed to their country, and whether, in such case, they would act against us or not? This is Madgett's scheme; and, if it is not followed by very different measures, is nonsense. I answered, that undoubtedly the measure was a good one, if accompanied properly; but to give it full effect, it was absolutely necessary there should be a government established in Ireland, for reasons which he would find detailed in my memorials, and of which I gave him an imperfect abstract. I think he seemed satisfied on that head. The result of this conversation, the principal circumstances of which I have substantially related, is, that the executive directory at present are determined to take us up, but on a small scale; that they will give us thirty pieces of cannon, properly manned, and 20,000 stand of arms, with some money, of course, to begin with; but I did not collect from the minister that they had an idea of any definite number of troops, at least he mentioned none, and I did not press him on that head, as I wish they should first read and consider my memorials; perhaps what is said in them may induce them to reconsider the subject; and if so, I shall have done a most important service both to France and Ireland.

*February 29.*—Finished my second memorial, and delivered it to Madgett for translation. We have not a minute to spare, for in a little time the channel fleet will probably be at sea, and the camps formed in Ireland; and of course the government there will have the advantage of a force ready concentrated and prepared to act instantly; and perhaps they may happen to take the wrong side, which would be very bad.

*March 1.*—This day I got an English newspaper from Madgett, dated the 2d of last month, in which there is a paragraph alluding to the death of the late unfortunate Major Sweetman in a duel. I do not think I ever received such a shock in my life! Good God! if it should be my friend! The only chance I have is, that there may be another person of that name, but I fear the worst. I had the sincerest and most affectionate regard for him; a better and a braver heart blood never warmed; I have passed some of the pleasantest hours of my life in his society. If he be gone, my loss is unspeakable, but his country will have a much severer one; he was a sincere Irishman; and if ever an exertion was to be made for our emancipation, he would have been in the very foremost rank; I had counted upon his military talents, and had amused myself often in making him a general; poor fellow! If he be gone, there is a chasm in my short list of friends, that I will not find it

easy to fill. After all, it may be another; but I fear, I fear I cannot bear to think of it.

*March 6.*—I have not had spirits since the news of poor Sweetman's death to go on with my memorandums. As it happens, I have no serious business, and I am glad of it, for my mind has been a good deal engaged on that subject. It seems the quarrel arose about treading on a lady's gown, in coming out of the opera, a worthy cause for two brave men to fight about! They fought at four yards' distance, which was Sweetman's choice; they were both desperately wounded, but Captain Watson (an Irishman also), is likely to recover; my poor friend is gone. When he received the shot, which went through his body, he cried out to Watson, "Are you wounded?" "Yes," replied the other; "I believe mortally." "And so am I," replied Sweetman; he fell instantly. I certainly did not think I could have been so much affected on his account as I have been. Independently of my personal regard for him, I reckoned much upon his assistance, in case of the French government affording us any aid. His courage, his eloquence, his popular talents, his sincere affection for his country, would have made him eminently serviceable; all that is now lost; we must supply his place as we can. I will write no more about him, but shall ever remember him with the most sincere regret.

*March 11.*—Went to the minister, De la Croix, and had a long conversation. He began by saying, that he had read my two memorials carefully, and that I seemed to insist on a considerable force, as necessary to the success of the measure; that, as to that, there were considerable difficulties to be surmounted, arising from the superiority of the English fleet. That, as to 20,000 men, they could not possibly be transported, unless the French were masters of the channel, in which case they could as easily send 40,000 or 60,000, and march at once to London. (N.B.—In this De la Croix is much mistaken. It would be, in my mind, just as impossible for France to conquer England, as for England to conquer France. He does not know what it is to carry on war in a country where every man's hand is against you, and yet his own country might have given him a lesson; however, it was not my business to contest the point with him, so I let him go on.) As to 20,000 men, it was thus out of the question. As to 5000, there would be great difficulties; they would require, for example, twenty ships to convey them; it would not be easy to equip twenty sail in a French port without the English having some notice, and, in that case, they would instantly block up the port with a force double of any that could be sent against them. To this I answered, that I was but too sensible of the difficulty he mentioned; that, however, all great



enterprizes were attended with great difficulties, and I besought him to consider the magnitude of the object. That, as to 5000, when I mentioned that number, it was not that I thought it necessary for the people at large, but for those men of some property, whose assistance was so essential in framing a government in Ireland, without loss of time; and who might be deterred from coming forward at first, if they saw but an inconsiderable force to support them; that I begged leave to refer to my second memorial, where he would find my reasons on this subject detailed at length; that I had written those memorials under a strong sense of duty, not with a view to flatter or mislead him, or to say what might be agreeable to the French government, but to give them such information as I thought essential for them to know; that, as to the truth of the facts contained in them, I was willing to stake my head on their accuracy.—He answered, he had no doubt as to that; that he saw, as well as I, the convenience of an immediate government, but was it not feasible on a smaller scale than I had mentioned? For example, if they gave us a general of established reputation, an *état-major*, thirty pieces of artillery, with cannoniers, and 20,000 stand of arms, would not the people join them? and if so, might we not call the clubs that I had mentioned in my memorials (meaning the Catholic Committee and the United Irishmen of Belfast), and frame of them a provisory government, until the national convention could be organized? I answered, that as to the people joining them, I never had the least doubt; that my only fear was lest the men who composed the clubs of which he spoke might be at first backward, from a doubt of the sufficiency of the force; that I hoped they would act with spirit, and as became them; but that I could not venture to commit my credit with him on any fact of whose certainty I was not positively ascertained. “Well, then,” replied he, “supposing your patriots should not act at first with spirit; you say you are sure of the people. In that case, you must only choose delegates from the army, and let them act provisorily, until you have acquired such a consistency as will give courage to the men of whom you make mention.” I answered that, by that means, we might undoubtedly act with success; that a sort of military government was not, however, what I should prefer to commence with, if I saw any other; but that the necessity of the case must justify us in adopting so strong a measure in the first instance. (N.B.—In this I lied a little, for my wishes are in favour of a very strong, or in other words, a military government in the outset; and if I had any share or influence in such government, I think I would not abuse it; but I see the handle it might

give to demagogues, if we had any such among us. It is unnecessary here to write an essay on the subject; but the result of my meditations is, that the advantages, all circumstances considered, outweigh the inconveniences and hazard; and I, for one, am ready to take my share of the danger and the responsibility; I was, consequently, glad when De la Croix proposed the measure.) I added, that the means which he then mentioned undoubtedly weakened my argument, as to the necessity of numbers, considerably. He then said, that from Madgett's representations, he had been induced to think that men were not at all wanting. I answered, that was very compatible with my theory, for that certainly if there were any idea of national resistance, 5000 might be said to be no force at all for a conquest. I then shifted the discourse, by saying that, as to the embarkation, on whatever scale it was made, it might be worth consideration whether it could not be best effected from Holland; that their harbours were, I believed, less closely watched than the French; and that, at any rate, England had no port for ships of war to the northward of Portsmouth; so that even if she had a fleet off the coasts of Holland, it must return occasionally to refit, and during one of these intervals the expedition might take place. This brought on the old subject of debauching the Irish seamen in the British navy, which seems a favourite scheme of De la Croix, and is, in my mind, flat nonsense. He questioned me, as before, whether, by preparing a few of them, and suffering them to escape, they might not rouse the patriotism of the Irish seamen, and cause a powerful revulsion in the navy of England. I answered, as I had done already, that the measure was undoubtedly good, if properly followed up; at the same time, that there was great hazard of alarming the British government; that he would find my plan on the subject in my second memorial, where he would see that an Irish government was, in my mind, an indispensable requisite; that I did not build on the patriotism of the Irish seamen, but on their passions and interests; that we could offer them the whole English commerce as a bribe, whilst England has nothing to oppose in return but the mere force of discipline; and I pressed this as strongly on the minister as my execrable French would permit. On the whole, I do not much glory in this day's conversation. If I have not lost confidence, I certainly have not gained any. I see the minister is rooted in his narrow scheme, and I am sorry for it. Perhaps imperious circumstances will not permit him to be otherwise; but if the French government have the power effectually to assist us, and do not, they are miserable politicians. It is now one hundred and three years since Louis XIV. neglected a similar opportunity of separating Ireland from

England; and France has had reason to lament it ever since. He, too, went upon the short-sighted policy of merely embarrassing England, and leaving Ireland to shift as she might. I hope the republic will act on nobler motives, and with more extended views.

*March 14.*—Went this day to the Luxembourg; I have the luck of going on the days that Carnot gives audience, and of course is most occupied; waited, however, to the last, when only one person remained besides myself. Carnot then called me over, and said, “you are an Irishman.” I answered I was; “then,” said he, “here is almost a countryman of yours, who speaks English perfectly. He has the confidence of government; go with him and explain yourself without reserve.” I did not much like this referring me over; however, there was no remedy; so I made my bow, and followed my new lover to his hotel. He told me on the way that he was General Clarke; that his father was an Irishman; that he had himself been in Ireland, and had many relations in that country; he added (God forgive him if he exaggerated), that all the military arrangements of the republic passed through his hands; and in short, gave me to understand that he was at the head of the war department. By this time we arrived at the hotel where he kept his bureau, and I observed in passing through the office to his cabinet, an immense number of boxes labelled, *Armée du Nord*, *Armée des Pyrenées*, *Armée du Rhin*, etc., etc., so that I was pretty well satisfied that I was in the right tract. When we entered the cabinet, I told him in three words who and what I was, and then proceeded to detail, at considerable length, all I knew on the state of Ireland; which, as it is substantially contained in my two memorials, to which I referred him, I need not here recapitulate. This took up a considerable time; I suppose an hour and a half. He then began to interrogate me on some of the heads, in a manner which showed me that he was utterly unacquainted with the present state of affairs in Ireland, and particularly with the great internal changes which have taken place there within the last three or four years, which, however, is no impeachment of his judgment or talents; there were, however, other points on which he was radically wrong. For example, he asked me, would not the aristocracy of Ireland, some of which he mentioned, as the Earl of Ormond, concur in the attempt to establish the independence of their country? I answered, “Most certainly not;” and begged him to remember that if the attempt were made, it would be by the people, and the people only; that he should calculate on all the opposition that the Irish aristocracy could give; that the French Revolution, which had given courage to the people, had, in the same proportion, alarmed the aristocracy,

who trembled for their titles and estates; that this alarm was diligently fomented by the British minister, who had been able to persuade every man of property that their only security was in supporting him implicitly in every measure calculated to oppose the progress of what were called French principles; that, consequently, in any system he might frame in his mind, he should lay down the utmost opposition of the aristocracy as an essential point. At the same time, I added that, in the case of a landing being effected in Ireland, their opposition would be of very little significance, as their conduct had been such as to give them no claim on the affections of the people; that their own tenants and dependants would, I was satisfied, desert them; and they would become just so many helpless individuals, devoid of power and influence. He then mentioned that the volunteer convention in 1783, seemed to be an example against what I now advanced; the people then had acted through their leaders. I answered, they certainly had; and as their leaders had betrayed them, that very convention was one reason why the people had for ever lost all confidence in what was called leaders. He still seemed, however, to have a leaning towards the co-operation of our aristocracy, which is flat nonsense. He asked me was there no one man of that body that we could not make use of? and again mentioned, "for example, the Earl of Ormond." I answered, "not one;" that as to Lord Ormond, he was a drunken beast, without a character of any kind, but that of a blockhead; that I did believe, speaking my own private opinion as an individual, that perhaps the Duke of Leinster might join the people, if the revolution was once begun, because I thought him a good Irishman; but that for this opinion I had merely my own conjectures; and that, at any rate, if the beginning was once made, it would be of very little consequence what part any individual might take. I do not know how Fitzgibbon's name happened to come in here, but he asked me would it not be possible to make something of him. Any one who knows Ireland, will readily believe that I did not find it easy to make a serious answer to this question. Yes, Fitzgibbon would be very likely, from his situation, his principles, his hopes and his fears, his property, and the general tenor of his conduct, to begin a revolution in Ireland. At last, I believe, I satisfied Clarke on the subject of the support to be expected from our aristocracy. He then asked me what I thought the revolution, if begun, would terminate in. I answered, undoubtedly, as I thought, in a republic allied to France. He then said what security could I give, that in twenty years after our independence, we might not be found engaged as an ally of England against France? I thought the observation

a very foolish one, and only answered that I could not venture to foretell what the combination of events for twenty years might produce; but that in the present posture of affairs, there were few things which presented themselves to my view under a more improbable shape. He then came to the influence of the Catholic clergy over the minds of the people, and the apprehension that they might warp them against France. I assured him, as the fact is, that it was much more likely that France would turn the people against the clergy; that within these last few years, that is to say, since the French Revolution, an astonishing change, with regard to the influence of the priests, had taken place in Ireland. I mentioned to him the conduct of that body, pending the Catholic business, and how much and how justly they had lost character on that account. I told him the anecdote of the Pope's legate, who is also Archbishop of Dublin, being superseded in the actual management of his own chapel, of his endeavouring to prevent a political meeting therein, and of his being forced to submit and attend the meeting himself; but, particularly, I mentioned the circumstance of the clergy excommunicating all defenders, and even refusing the sacraments to some of the poor fellows *in articulo mortis*, which to a Catholic is a very serious affair, and all to no purpose. This last circumstance seemed to strike him a good deal. He then said that I was not to augur any thing either way, from any thing that passed on that day; that he would read and consider my memorials very attentively; but that I must see that a business of such magnitude could not be discussed in one conversation, and that the first; that I was not, however, to be discouraged because he did not at present communicate with me more openly. I answered I understood all that; that, undoubtedly, on this occasion, it was my turn to speak, and his to hear, as I was not to get information, but to give it. I then fixed with him to return in six days (on the 1st of Germinal), and having requested him to get the original memorials, as he was perfect master of the English, and I could not answer for a translation which I had never seen, I took my leave.

*March 15.*—Went to breakfast with Madgett, in consequence of a note which I received from him. Madgett in high spirits; tells me every thing is going on as well as possible; that our affair is before the directory; that it is determined to give us 50,000 stand of arms, artillery for an army of that force, 672 cannoniers, and a demi-brigade, which he tells me is from 3000 to 4000 men; that the minister desires my opinion in writing as to the place of landing. All this was very good and precise. I told him with that force we must land near Belfast, and push on immediately to

get possession of the Fews mountains, which cover the province of Ulster, until we could raise and arm our forces; that, if possible, a second landing should be made in the Bay of Galway, which army should cover itself, as soon as possible, by the Shannon, breaking down most of the bridges, and fortifying the remainder; that we should thus begin with the command of the one half of the nation, and that the most discontented part; that, as to the port of embarkation, which the minister has also mentioned, I suggested some of the Dutch ports; first, because I believed they were less watched than the French; and next, that England having no harbour where she could refit a fleet, to the north of Portsmouth, even if she kept a fleet in the North Seas, it must return occasionally to refit, and the expedition might take place in the interval. If, however, the Dutch ports were too strongly watched, we might go from any of the French harbours on the ocean, and coast round by the west of Ireland into the Lough of Belfast. Madgett reduced this to writing in French, and we went together to the minister, where he delivered it to him before my eyes. Madgett tells me that Prieur de la Marne is in the secret, and has recommended and guaranteed a Capuchin friar of the name of Fitz-Simons to go to Ireland. I told Madgett I had the most violent dislike to letting any priest into the business at all. He said he did not like it either, but that Prieur de la Marne had known this man for twenty years, and would stake his life on his honesty. I do not care for all that; I give my opinion plump against his being sent. Madgett mentioned that the fellow had some notion of a resumption of the forfeited lands. That would be a pretty measure to begin with! Besides, he has been out of the country twenty or thirty years, and knows nothing about it, and, I dare say, hates a Presbyterian like the devil. No! no! If I can help it, he shan't go; if I can't, why, I can't. I want a military man. I must see whoever is sent, I presume; and how can I commit the safety of my friends in Ireland to a man in whom I have no confidence myself.

*March 20.*—Breakfast with Madgett. The minister wants to know our plan of conduct, supposing the landing effected. This has been already detailed in my memorial, but it is necessary to go over the same ground again and again. "Put it to him in other words," viz.—The Catholic committee is already a complete representation of that body; and the Dissenters are so prepared that they can immediately choose delegates. That those two bodies, when joined, will represent, numerically, nine-tenths of the people; and, of course, under existing circumstances, are the best government that we can form at the moment. This Madgett reduced to writing; but I have no copy, which is of the less

consequence, as the paper is only a paraphrase of part of my last memorial.

*March 21.*—Went, by appointment (this being the 1st of Germinal), to the Luxembourg, to General Clarke; “damn it and rot it for me,” he has not yet got my memorials; only think how provoking. I told him I would make him a fair copy, as I had the rough draft by me. He answered it was unnecessary, as he had given in a memorandum, in writing, to Carnot, to send for the originals, and would certainly have them before I could make the copy. We then went into the subject as before, but nothing new occurred. He dwelt a little on the nobles and clergy, and I replied as I had done in the former conversation; he said he was satisfied that nothing was to be expected from either, and I answered that he might expect all the opposition they could give, if they had the power to give any; but that, happily, if the landing were once effected, their opinion would be of little consequence. He then asked me, as before, what form of government I thought would be likely to take place in Ireland, in case of the separation being effected; adding that, as to France, though she would certainly prefer a republic, yet her great object was the independence of Ireland under any form? I answered, I had no doubt whatever that if we succeeded, we would establish a republic; adding that it was my own wish, as well as that of *all* the men with whom I co-operated. He then talked of the necessity of sending some person to Ireland to examine into the state of things there, adding, “you would not go yourself.” I answered, certainly not; that, in the first place, I had already given in all the information I was possessed of, and for me to add anything to that would be, in fact, only supporting my credit by my own declaration; that he would find, even in the English papers, and I was sure much more in the Irish, if he had them, sufficient evidence of the state of the country to support every word I had advanced; and evidence of the most unexceptionable nature, as it came out of the mouths of those who were interested to conceal it, and would conceal it, if they could; that for me to be found in Ireland now would be a certain sacrifice of my life to no purpose; that if the expedition was undertaken, I would go in any station; that I was not only ready and willing, but should most earnestly supplicate and entreat the French government to permit me to take a part, even as a private volunteer, with a firelock on my shoulder; and that I thought I could be of use to both countries. He answered, “as to that, there could be no difficulty or doubt on the part of the French government.” He then expressed his regret at the delay of the memorials, and assured me he would use all diligence in procuring them, and would

not lose a moment after they came to his hands. Clarke asked me had I thought of subsisting the French troops after the landing, in case the executive decided in favour of the measure. I answered I had not thought in detail on the subject; but there was one infallible mode which presented itself, which was, requisition in kind of all things necessary; adding, that he might be sure, whoever wanted, the army should not want, and especially our allies, if we were so fortunate as to obtain their assistance. He asked me, "Might not that disgust the people of property in Ireland?" I answered, the revolution was not to be made for the people of property; but as to those of them who were our friends, the spirit of enthusiasm would induce them to much greater sacrifices; and as to those who were our enemies, it was fit that they should suffer.

*March 22.*—I have worked this day like a horse. In the morning I called on Madgett to tell him that Carnot wanted the memorials, and begged him to expedite them. He boggled a good deal, and I got almost angry; however, I am growing so much of a statesman, that I did not let him see it. I therefore dropped the business of the memorials, and Madgett then told me that he sets off to-morrow, on a pilgrimage, to root out the Irish prisoners of war, and especially Mr William Browne, who is to be sent to Ireland if he can be found out, or if he has not long since been discharged; that he is to go to Versailles, Compiègne, Guise, and propagate the faith amongst the Irish soldiers and seamen. This is his favourite scheme, and is, in my mind, not to mince the matter, *damned* nonsense. What are five hundred or one thousand Irishmen, more or less, to the success of the business. Nothing. And then there is the risk of the business taking wind. I do not like it at all; but I surmise the real truth to be, that it is a small matter of job (*à l'Irlandaise*), and that there is some cash to be touched, etc. Madgett's scheme is just like my countryman's, that got on horseback in the packet in order to make more haste. He is always hunting for maps, and then he thinks he is making revolutions. I believe he is very sincere in the business; but he does, to be sure, at times pester me confoundedly.

*March 23.*—Madgett sent for me this morning to tell me, as usual, that every thing is going on well; but, for my part, I think every thing is going on very slowly. Madgett then told me the minister desired I should draw up such a memorial as I thought the French commander ought to publish on landing. That is not quite so easy. I wished to evade it by saying the style of French eloquence was so different from ours that I doubted my abilities to do it. He answered, it was precisely for that reason it was necessary I should write it; that, when I had done, the executive



directory would make such alterations and additions as they might see necessary; but the ground work must be mine. I then said I would try, and we parted.

*March 24.*—Began my French manifesto. It drags a little heavy or so, but there is no remedy. I wish they would write it themselves.

*March 25.*—At work in the morning at my manifesto. I think it begins to clear up a little. I find a strong disposition to be scurrilous against the English government, which I will not check. I will write on, pell-mell, and correct it in cool blood, if my blood will ever cool on that subject.

*March 27.*—On looking over my manifesto this morning, I begin to think it is damned trash. God forgive me if I judge uncharitably, but it seems to me to be pitiful stuff; at any rate, it certainly is not a French manifesto at all; and I foresaw in the outset the difficulty of writing in the character of a French general. If I were to compose a manifesto for the Irish convention, and had good advisers, I might get on; but, as to this affair, I see that I shall have to give it up for hard work, as they say in Galway. Went at two o'clock to General Clarke, and had a long conversation. He told me he had read my two memorials, and without flattery could assure me they were extremely well done (that of course); that he had made, in consequence, a favourable report to Carnot, who endeavoured to read them also; but finding a difficulty in reading English manuscript, he (Clarke) was to translate them for him; that all he could at present tell me was, that the executive was determined to send a person directly to Ireland; and that he had in consequence written to an ex-officer of the Irish brigade to know if he would go, but that he declined on the score of health. I told him I was sorry for that, as a military man, if one could be found proper in other respects, is what I would prefer. I then went on to observe, that I hoped, if the measure were adopted by the French executive, that they decidedly should delay it till the return of this emissary, if one were sent, especially as his business would be to give information in Ireland, not to bring any thence. Clarke answered, supposing the measure to be adopted, certainly not; that all preparations would be going on in the meantime; but I must see it would be necessary to send a person to apprise the people in Ireland. I replied, by all means; but that whoever we sent, he must carry no papers, nor speak to above four or five persons, whom I would point out, for fear of hazarding a discovery, which might blast all; in which Clarke agreed. We then fell into discourse on the detail of the business, being, in fact, a kind of commentary, *viva voce*, on the memorials. I began by saying, that as I presumed the number of troops would

not be above five or six thousand men, I hoped and expected they would be the best that France could spare us. Clarke replied, they would undoubtedly be sufficiently disciplined. I answered, it was not merely disciplined troops, but men who were accustomed to stand fire; that we wanted some of the old battalions from Holland or the Rhine; for as to raw troops, we should soon have enough of them. Clarke answered that he could not promise we should have the pick and choice of the French army, but that, if any were sent, they would be brave troops, that would run on the enemy as soon as they saw them. I answered, as to the courage of the French army, it was sufficiently known, and I would venture to say, that wherever they would lead, the Irish would follow. Clarke then said there was some Irish officers yet remaining in France, who might go, and he mentioned Jennings, who used to call himself Baron de Kilmaine: God knows why. I answered, that in Ireland we had no great confidence in the officers of the old Irish brigade, so many of them had either deserted or betrayed the French cause; that as to Jennings, he had had the misfortune to command after Custine, and had been obliged to break up the famous "Camp de Cæsar;" that, though this might probably have been no fault of his, it had made an impression; and, as he was at any rate not a fortunate general, I thought it would be better to have a Frenchman. We then began to chat rather than talk seriously, and moot points of war. First, as to Dublin, I told him I did not expect, with the proposed force, that much could be done there at first; that its garrison was always at least 5000 strong; and that the government, taking advantage of the momentary success of the coalesced despots, had disarmed the people, taken their cannon, and passed the gunpowder and convention bills, whose nature and operation I explained to him; that, however, if the landing were once effected, one of two things would happen: either the government would retain the garrison for their security, in which case there would be 5000 men idle on the part of the enemy, or they would march them off to oppose us, in which case the people would rise and seize the capital; and I added, if they preferred the first measure, which I thought most likely, whenever we were strong enough to march southward, if we were, as I had no doubt we should be, superior in the field, we could starve Dublin in a week, without striking a blow.

I like this day's business very well. I see I was wrong the day before yesterday in thinking Clarke's manner cold. I fancy that it was myself that was out of temper, because, forsooth, he had not read my memorials.

*April 1.*—Saw a superb battalion of infantry, and a squadron

of cavalry inspected at the Tuilleries by a general officer. The French are very fine troops, such of them as I have seen; they are all the right military age, with scarcely any old men past service, or boys not grown up to it. They are not very correct in their evolutions; nor near equal to the English, and much less, as I suppose, to the Germans. This has a little shaken my faith in the force of discipline, for they have certainly beaten both British and Germans like dogs; but after the spectacles which I see daily, why need I wonder at that? The *fête de la jeunesse*, for example, of yesterday, explains it at once. Discipline will not stand against such enthusiasm as I was a witness to, and, I may say, as I felt myself. If we go on in Ireland, we must move heaven and earth to create the same spirit of enthusiasm which I see here; and, from my observation of the Irish character, which so nearly resembles the French, I think it very possible. The devil of it is, that poor Pat is a little given to drink, and the French are very sober. We must rectify that as well as we can; he is a good man that has no fault; and I have a sort of sympathetic feeling which makes me the more indulgent on this score. (Query). Would it have a good effect to explode corporal punishment altogether in the Irish army, and substitute a discharge with infamy for great faults, and confinement and hard diets for lesser ones? I believe there is no corporal punishment in the French army; and I would wish to create a spirit in our soldiers, a high point of honour, like that of the French. When one of their generals (Marshal Richelieu) was besieging a town, he was tormented with the drunkenness of his army. He gave out, in orders, that any soldier who was seen drunk should not be suffered to mount to the assault, and there was not a man to be seen in liquor afterwards. Drunkenness then induced a suspicion of cowardice, which kept them effectually sober. It is a choice anecdote, and pregnant with circumstances.

*April 2.*—Went to-day to Clarke, at Luxembourg. He tells me he has been hunting in vain for a proper person to go to Ireland; that he had a Frenchman tampered with, who was educated from a child in England, and spoke the language perfectly. That, at first, he agreed to go, but afterwards, on learning the penalties of the English law against high treason, his heart failed him and he declined. This is bad. However, there is no remedy. Clarke went on to tell me that if the measure were pursued (without saying whether it would or not), the executive were determined to employ me in the French service in a military capacity; and that I might depend on finding every thing of that kind settled to my satisfaction. I answered that, as to my own personal feelings, I

had nothing more to demand. He then wished I would give him a short plan of a system of *Chouannerie* in Ireland, particularly in Munster; for he would tell me frankly, the government had a design before anything more serious was attempted, to turn in a parcel of renegadoes (or, as he said, blackguards), into Ireland, in order to distress and embarrass the government there, and distract them in their motions. I answered, I was sorry to hear it. That, if a measure of that kind were adopted with a view to prepare the minds of the people, it was unnecessary, for they were already sufficiently prepared. That it would only produce local insurrections, which would soon be suppressed, because the army (including the militia) would, in that case, to a certainty, support the government; and every man, of any property, even those who wished for the independence of their country, would do the same, from the dread of indiscriminate plunder, which would be but too likely to ensue from such a measure as he described; that there was another thing very much to be apprehended in that case, and which, if I were minister of England, I should not hesitate one moment about, and in which the parliaments of both countries would instantly concur, viz., to pass two acts, repealing those clauses which enact that the militia shall only serve in their own country, and directly to shift the militia of Ireland into England, and replace them by the English militia, which would serve to awe both countries, and most materially embarrass us. That, if all this was so, and those insurrections suppressed, their inevitable effect, grounded upon all historical experience, would be to strengthen the existing government. That England would take that opportunity to reduce Ireland again to that state of subjection, or even a worse one than she had been in before 1782; and would bind her, hand and foot, in such a manner as to make all future exertion impossible; in which she would be supported by the whole Irish aristocracy, who compose the legislature, and who would sacrifice everything to their own security.

*April 3.*—Called on Madgett this morning, by appointment. He is always full of good news. He tells me the marine force will be seventeen ships of war, great and small, arms and artillery, etc., for 50,000 men; that many of the officers are already named, but he believes not the general-in-chief. All this is very good, but "Would I could see it," quoth blind Hugh. We then came to my commission in the service of the republic. He asked me, as I was here the representative of the Irish people, would I not feel it beneath the dignity of that character to accept of a commission; for, as to the French government, they would give me any rank I pleased to demand. I answered, that I considered the station

of a French officer was one that would reflect honour on any one who filled it; that, consequently, on that score, I could have no possible objection; that, besides, my object was to insure protection, in case any of the infinite varieties of accidents incident to the fortune of war should throw me into the hands of the enemy; that I was very willing to risk my life in the field, but not to be hanged up as a traitor; that, as to rank, it was indifferent to me; as I did not doubt but, as soon as things were a little reduced into order in Ireland, I should obtain such a station in that service as they might think I merited; that, in the meantime, I should wish to be of the family of the general-in-chief, as I could be of use there, speaking a little French, to interpret between him and the natives, unless the government here thought proper to raise a corps of the Irish prisoners, in which case, I hoped they would entrust me with the command.

*April 9.*—Sullivan called on me this morning, with an English paper of the 31st March (ten days ago), in which is an article on Ireland, wherein mention is made of Sir Edward Bellew, of Bellewstown, being arrested as connected with the defenders. This surprises me, for he is a confirmed aristocrat, and he and all his family have been so devoted to the government as even to have the meanness of opposing the Catholics. Such is the gratitude of the Irish government. But this piece of news is accompanied by another, which gives me the most sincere anxiety on every possible account, public or private: it is the arrest of John Keogh. Poor fellow, this is no place to write his panegyric. I have not got such a shock this long time. If we lose him, I know not where to look for a man to supply his place. I have differed from him at one time, but his services to Ireland have been eminent indeed, more especially to the Catholics; and, in all probability, they will prove his ruin, for, from the state of his health, confinement in the unwholesome air of a prison will be to him death as certain as the guillotine. I am inexpressibly concerned on his account. That infernal government of Ireland! It is for a long time they have been on the watch for his destruction, and I am sure they will stick at no means, however atrocious, to accomplish their ends. I can scarcely promise myself ever to see him again, and I can sincerely say that one of the greatest pleasures which I anticipated in case of our success, was the society of Mount Jerom, where I have spent many happy days, and some of them serviceable to the country. It was there that he and I used to frame our papers and manifestoes. It was there we drew up the petition and vindication of the Catholics, which produced such powerful effects both in England and Ireland. I very much fear

we shall never labour together again for the good of our native country. I am sure he has been too wise and too cautious to put himself in their power; but what wisdom or caution is proof against forged or suborned testimony, which I know they will never stick at procuring; and in the state affairs are now in Ireland, any evidence will be received. Well, a day will come for all this. If we cannot prevent his fall, at least I hope we shall be able to revenge it; and I, for one, if it be in twenty years from this, *promise not to forget it*. My heart is hardening hourly, and I satisfy myself now at once on points which would stagger me twelve months ago. The Irish aristocracy are putting themselves in a state of nature with the people, and let them take the consequences. They show no mercy, and they deserve none. If ever I have the power, I will most heartily concur in making them a *dreadful example*. Dined to-day in the Champs Elysées, with Madgett and a person of the name of Aherne, a physician, who is to be sent to Ireland. Explained to him my sentiments as to the conduct he should adopt there, and particularly cautioned him against writing a syllable, or carrying a single scrape of a pen with him; pointed out to him the persons whom he is to see and speak to, at the same time that I fear many of the most useful are now either in prison or concealing themselves. This comes of delay, but that is no fault of mine. I like Aherne very well; he seems a cool man with good republican sentiments. He has been already employed in Scotland. Apropos, of Scotland. There is some scheme going on there, as I recollected from hints which dropped from him and Madgett, but what it is I know not, nor did I inquire. My opinion is, that nothing will ever be done there, unless we first begin in Ireland.

*April 11.*—Sullivan called on me this morning, for it is he that brings my secondary intelligence, to tell me that D'Albarade, the late minister of the marine, is to command the naval department of our expedition; and that a confidential person told him yesterday that he might look for good news soon for his country, for that there was something at that moment doing for her in Holland; by which I presume that it is there their preparations are making. I am glad of that. I mentioned Holland myself to Carnot, Clarke, and the minister. By-the-bye, the minister is on the eve of being turned out, but as the business is now in the hands of Carnot himself, I am in hopes that will make no difference to us. I do not glory at all in the present aspect of things.

*April 3.*—By-the-bye, Clarke is just as competent to regulate this affair, as I am to be made Lord Chancellor of England; and for my fitness for this station, I appeal to all who ever knew me

in the capacity of a lawyer. I have not forgot his nonsense about gaining over some of the Irish aristocracy to our side, to begin with; such as Lord Ormond, for example; neither have I forgot his asking me, might we not make something of Fitzgibbon? Good God, is it not enough to set one mad, to be obliged to listen and keep my temper, not to say my countenance, at such execrable trash? And yet the fate of Ireland is in a certain degree in this man's hands. Well, well, wretched, I again repeat it, is the nation whose independence hangs on the will of another. Clarke had also some doubts as to my report on the influence of the Irish priests, which he dreads a good deal; and this is founded on his own observation, on a visit he paid to Ireland in the year 1789. That is to say a Frenchman, who just peeps into the country, for an instant, seven years ago, and then in the heat of the revolution, sets up his opinion against mine, who have been on the spot, who had attentively studied and been confidentially employed, and to whom nothing relating to Catholic affairs could possibly be a secret. That is reasonable and modest in my friend Clarke. He likewise catechised Aherne, as to the chance of our preferring monarchy as to our form of government, in case of a successful revolution; adding that, in that case, we would of course consult the French government in our choice. This is selling the bear's skin with a vengeance. I wonder does he seriously think that, if we succeeded, we would come post to Paris to consult him, General Clarke, a handsome, smooth-faced young man, as to what we should do? I can assure him we would not. When he spoke to me on this head, he was more reasonable, for he said it was indifferent to the French republic what form of government we adopted, provided we secured our independence. It seems now he is more sanguine; but I, for one, will never be accessory to subjecting my country to the control of France, merely to get rid of that of England.

*April 15.*—Went with Aherne to the minister, and met a most gracious reception. He had seen Clarke, to whom the military part of the business had been entrusted, and who assured him that preparations were actually making in the interior of Holland. With regard to Aherne, he said his instructions would be ready in three or four days. Then we shall see something of the matter. I mentioned to him the arrestation of Keogh, and the embarrassment it must produce in our affairs. He observed, it would only inflame the people's minds the more. I answered, as to them, they were sufficiently inflamed already; but the embarrassment which I saw, was in the imprisonment of him and others, inasmuch as they could be of such service in framing a provisional government.

I observed likewise, and begged him to remember, that the very men I had pointed out as my friends, and as the proper persons to speak to in Ireland, were the very persons now imprisoned and persecuted by the British government. I also took the opportunity to apologise for not seeing him oftener; that I knew the value of his time too well to take it up in visits of ceremony, and we parted the best friends in the world; he assuring me that in every part of the business wherein he was engaged, I might depend on his utmost exertions. I must now wait till I see Aherne's instructions.

*April 20.*—Went with Aherne, at one o'clock, to the minister's, in order to see after his instructions. At last there is a prospect of something like business. The minister read the draft of the instructions, in which there is a great deal of trash mixed with some good sense. Only think of one of the articles, wherein they say, that if Ireland continues devoted to the House of Stuart, one of that family can be found who will be agreeable to all parties! Who the devil is this Pretender in petto? It is all one to us, however, for we will have nothing to do with him. I made one or two observations on the instructions, to the minister; he acted very fairly, for he gave them to me, and desired me to make what observations struck me; and as to Aherne, he said that he must only be guided by such of them as might apply to the state of things he found there, and disregard those that did not; all which is candid. I see the instructions are written by Clarke, for I find in them his trash about monarchy, the noblesse, and clergy. There is one thing, however, which reconciles me to all this absurdity, which is, that the French government promises us 10,000 men and 20,000 stand of arms; with that force I have not the shadow of doubt of our success. It is to be escorted by nine sail of the line (Dutch, I believe), and three frigates, and will be ready about the middle or towards the end of May, which is not more than six weeks off.

*April 22.*—Copied Aherne's instructions, and wrote my observations, which are very short. I barely mention what is necessary, and for the rest I say all is very right; and that when he arrives in Ireland, I have no doubt but the people there will execute every part of them which circumstances will admit. Gave them to Madgett to translate. Went to Clarke to apprise him of my having changed my lodgings: asked him had he any news for me. He answered not. I replied that hitherto he had not found me very pressing for information; but that, nevertheless, I expected that when the time came, I should be properly apprized of every thing. He replied, "Certainly." He then attacked me about his proclamation for *Chouannising* England. I replied that I had done



nothing in it, and that if he would permit me to give my opinion, the measure was unwise and impracticable; that the peasantry of England were not at all in a situation which rendered it likely they would take any part in such a business, for several reasons which I enumerated; that perhaps in Scotland, which, however, I was not sure of, it might do, but in England, never. He pressed me, however, to write the manifesto. I replied as before, that I did not know their grievances, and would much rather write one for Ireland, which I did know. He desired me to do that also, and without loss of time. I promised him I would, and so we parted. He is a strange fellow.

*April 25.*—Went with Aherne to the minister's, and gave him my observations, which he read and liked very well. He struck out, in consequence, all the stuff about royalty, etc., and returned the instructions to Aherne, in order to his copying them; but kept my observations to show them to Carnot. He tells me Aherne will be despatched in a few days, and that he has every reason to think the expedition will be ready by the latter end of May.

*April 26.*—Wrote a short memorial on the force and disposition of the army in Ireland, as it appears in the English papers, and gave it to Sullivan to translate. I think it is very prettily done, which is not the case with all my productions. I will give it to the minister to-morrow.

*April 27.*—Sullivan brought me my memorial admirably translated. Went at one o'clock to the minister's, where I met Aherne. The minister tells us the directory is just now occupied by very important business, but in two or three days will be disengaged, and then Aherne will receive his final instructions and be despatched; he also told me, that matters were so arranged and combinations made, that in a month every thing would be ready. All this is excellent, but I am sworn never to believe it till I see it.

*May 2.*—Went to the Luxembourg; saw Rewbell giving audience in his costume; wrote a note desiring to see Carnot, and was admitted; he recollected me perfectly. I began by saying, fluently enough, that in pursuance of his orders I had been several times with General Clarke, and had given him all the information I was possessed of, as well verbally as by memorials and other papers. He said he knew I had. I then observed that, considering General Clarke as in an official situation, I had avoided pressing him to give me any information in return; but that, at present, when I learned directly from the minister, and indirectly from many other quarters, that preparations were in a considerable degree of forwardness for the expedition, I hoped when he considered the efforts I had made, the risks I had run, the dangers I had escaped

in endeavouring to lay the state of Ireland before the French government, as well as the situation I had once the honour to fill in my own country, that he would not consider me as unreasonably importunate in requesting him to give me such information as he might deem proper, as to the state of the expedition, supposing it were to take place. He replied my request was not at all unreasonable; but that, before measures were finally determined upon, it would be necessary that the French government should be satisfied as to the actual state of things in Ireland; and for that purpose a person should be sent to observe everything, and make his report accordingly; for if the people there were amicable to the French republic, the attempt might be made; but if not, it would require a considerable force to conquer the country. This was a staggering blow to me, to find myself no farther advanced at the end of three months than I was at my first audience. However, I recollected myself, and said, that undoubtedly the French government was in the right to expect every possible information as to the actual state of the country; but that I begged leave to observe that there were few individuals more competent, from their situation, to give them that information than myself; much more so than any stranger they might send, who would just slide into the country for a moment, and return, if he were lucky enough to escape; that as to all I had advanced, I hoped he would find my assertions confirmed by the English gazettes; that, nevertheless, if he doubted my information, or enposed that affairs might be altered since my departure from Ireland, and so thought it necessary to send a confidential person, I begged him to remember that the time was precious, and there was not one moment to lose. He said he understood that I could not go myself. I answered, I was too well known in that country to be there four-and-twenty hours without being discovered and seized; that, consequently, I was the most unfit person in the world; and I took that opportunity to mention that, if the expedition were undertaken, I hoped to be permitted to bear a part in its execution. He replied, that the French government would in that case certainly avail themselves of my courage and talents (*profiter de votre courage et de vos talents*). But still he did not say whether the expedition would take place or not, though this was the second push I made at him on that head. When I saw he would not give me any definite information, I observed that there was a subject on which I had received such positive instructions on leaving Ireland, that I considered myself bound to mention it to him; and that was relative to the general who might be appointed to the command; that it was our wish, if

possible, that it should be Pichegru; that if he remained at the head of the army of the Rhine, I probably should not have mentioned him; but that at present, when he is not employed in any military function, I hoped I was not irregular in praying him (Carnot) to turn his thoughts on Pichegru for that command; supposing, as before, that the expedition was to take place. Carnot replied, that undoubtedly Pichegru was an officer of consummate talents; but, at the same time, there were many generals not inferior to him in abilities (*aussi forts que lui*). I replied I was satisfied that the republic abounded with excellent officers; but that, in my country, the prejudice as to Pichegru's character was so strong, that I rated him equal to an army of 20,000 men, as to the effect his appointment would have on both parties in Ireland. He replied that he would give every consideration to what I said on the subject; and that, at any rate, I had done perfectly right in suggesting Pichegru to the notice of the directory. I then observed that as to Pichegru himself, I thought the appointment would add a new lustre to his former glory; that, if he desired fame, the assisting in creating a free republic of 4,500,000 people was an object of no ordinary magnitude; and if he was studious of his interest, which I did not suppose, he might rely on the gratitude of my country in its fullest extent, as well as every person who might be instrumental in establishing her liberties. Just at this moment General Clarke entered, and I cannot say that he seemed highly delighted at the *rencontre*. I took my leave of Carnot, and went over to speak to him. I told him in substance our conversation as above written, and when I mentioned Pichegru, he said, "Pichegru. Oh, he won't accept it." I said I was sorry for it. He then asked me had I finished his proclamations for *chouannising* England. I told him I found it impossible; but that I would finish the one I had begun for Ireland, whose grievances I knew, and with whose local circumstances I was acquainted; of both of which, with regard to England, I was utterly ignorant. He desired me then to finish that one, and bring it to him without loss of time. I said I would in the course of four or five days, and took my leave.

*May 10.*—Madgett has got orders to find ten or a dozen intelligent prisoners, who are to be sent into England. Into England, of all places in the world! What can that mean? He tells me there is to be an expedition there, contemporary with ours, in order to cut out work for John Bull at home, and prevent his distracting his poor head too much about his Irish affairs. He tells me, also, that Hoche is to command in England. If that be so, it looks serious, but Madgett is so terribly sanguine that I know not what

to think. I will say for the present, in the language of the Gazette, "this news merits further confirmation." At work at my proclamation.

*May 11.*—At work furiously at my proclamation; I like it better than my first attempt. Madgett is gone in search of his imps, whom he has orders to send off to Hoche as soon as he has found them. That looks a little serious, but still I am slow of faith.

*May 23, 24, 25, 26.*—After balancing, for four or five days, and turning the matter every way in my thoughts, I have taken my resolution, and written this day to my dearest love, to Rowan, and Doctor Reynolds, acquainting them with my determination to settle in France, and desiring them to make preparations for the departure of my family with all possible haste. It is a bold measure, but "Audaces fortuna juvat." If my negotiation here succeeds, it will be best they should be in France; if it fails, still I am satisfied it is more advisable for us to settle here than in America. At all events, the die is cast. It is an epoch in my life. I have decided to the best of my judgment, and if I fail, I fail. I am weary of floating about at the mercy of events; let me fix myself, if possible, at last.

*June 1, 2, 3.*—A faint ray of hope has broke to-day across the impenetrable gloom which has, for some time back, enveloped my prospects. I called on Clarke, *pro forma*, not expecting to find him, in which I was not disappointed. I found, however, a note, informing me that he had read my proclamation, and liked it very well; that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it somewhat, and that he desired to see me for that purpose, any time after this day and to-morrow. It is the first time he has desired to see me. Well, that is something. I wrote an answer immediately, appointing the 18th Prairial (6th June), by which I leave him, out of respect, one day clear. Will any thing come out of this? I am glad Clarke likes my proclamation, which I found too long myself. I see he has a correct taste in those things. If the expedition takes place, it will be something to boast of to have written the proclamation. But let me not be "running before my horse to market." I have kept my hopes under a strict regimen all along, and latterly, God knows, on a very low diet. I will not let this breeze tempt me to spread a deal of canvass, merely to have it furl again. Things are, however, better to-day than they were yesterday.

*June 6.*—Called this morning, by appointment, upon General Clarke. Found him more cordial in his manner than ordinary. He told me he had read my proclamation, and found it extremely well done; that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it considerably, for the first point in these compositions is to insure their

being read, and, for that, it is necessary they should be short; that there would be a longer one prepared for those who studied politics, but that mine was destined for the people and soldiery. I thought there was good sense in all this, and I can safely say that, in all the public papers I have ever written, I am above the personal vanity of an author, as I believe God can witness. I therefore told him I would mince it *sans remorse*. He then told me I might rely on it, they had not lost sight either of the business itself or of my share in it.

*June 13, 14.*—Called on Clarke this morning, for want of other idleness. Clarke was civil enough. I want to consult him as to what I am to do concerning trade affairs. My finances are reduced to a state truly deplorable. I am worth to-day about thirteen Louis d'ors, which will not last me more than a month, and I must not let myself be run to the last sol. I might have been, perhaps, something more economical, but not much, all things considered.

*June 18, 19.*—Called on Clarke by appointment. Found his aid-de-camp copying my proclamation, as abridged. Clarke seemed glad to see me, and begged to make a copy myself, as he wanted it immediately. I accordingly sat myself down at his desk, and he went about his lawful occasions. In about half an hour I had finished, and he returned. I told him in three words the position of my affairs; that I had gone on thus far entirely on my own means, and calculated I had about as much as would enable me to carry on the war another month, in which time I should be *à sec*, as the French say; finally, I asked his advice on the premises. He answered me friendly enough; he said they must provide for me in the military line, for which I had expressed an inclination, and in the cavalry, where the pay was most considerable; but added, that the pay of all ranks was below their necessities. He then asked, had I ever served? I answered, no; that I had been a volunteer in the Belfast regiment, which I considered as no service, but was fond of a military life; and in case of any thing being done for Ireland, it would be the line I should adopt. He then said my not having served might make some difficulty, but that he would see about it, and let me know the result in three or four days, adding, that I might be sure something would be done. He then took me in his carriage to the minister's with whom he had business. On the way I told him it was extremely painful to me to apply to the republic for any pecuniary assistance, but that circumstances compelled me; that I was not a man of expense, and that of course a moderate supply would satisfy me; and added, that, being engaged here in the service of my country, any sum advanced to me was to be considered as advanced on her account, and as

such to be repaid, with all other expenses, at the conclusion of the business. He laughed at this, and said we would have no money. I said that was true, or, at least, we should not have much, but we would have means; and I instanced the quantity of English property which would, in that event, be forfeited to the state; and assured him we would have enough to pay our debts of justice, of honour, and of gratitude.

*June 20.*—To-day is my birth day—I am thirty-three years old. At that age Alexander had conquered the world; at that age Wolfe had completed his reputation, and expired in the arms of victory. Well, it is not my fault, if I am not as great a man as Alexander or Wolfe. I have as good dispositions for glory as either of them, but I labour under two small obstacles at least—want of talents and want of opportunities; neither of which, I confess, I can help.

*June 23.*—Called on Clarke in the morning, and found him in high good humour. He tells me that he has mentioned my business to Carnot, and that within a month I may expect an appointment in the French army. This is glorious! He asked me would I choose to serve in the cavalry or infantry. I said it was equal to me, and referred it to him to fix me in the most eligible situation. I fancy it will be in the cavalry, “for a captain of horse never takes off his hat.” He then told me that he was at liberty to acquaint me so far, as that the business, and even the time, were determined on by the directory, and the manner only remained under discussion. There is good news at last. I observed to him, after expressing the satisfaction I sincerely felt at this information, that I wished to remind him of the great advantages to be derived from the landing being effectuated in the North, particularly from the circumstance of framing our first army *of the different religious persuasions*, which I pressed upon him, I believe, with success. I then asked him, had he many Irish prisoners remaining, as I thought they might be usefully employed in case of the landing being effected. He laughed at this, and said, “I see you want to form your regiment.” I said I should like very well to command two or three hundred of them, who might be formed into a corps of hussars, to serve in the advanced guard of the army, not only as soldiers, which I knew they would, and with sufficient courage, but as *ecclaireurs* to incense the country people. He seemed to relish this a good deal, and I went on to say that, in that case, they should be as an Irish corps in green jackets, with green feathers, and a green standard with the harp, surmounted by the cap of liberty. He bit at this, and made me draw a sketch of the device, and also a description, which he took down himself in French, from which I infer the standard will be made directly.

Whilst I was with Clarke, Madgett called on him, and I stepped into the next room whilst he gave him audience. It was to recommend Aherne to be employed as a military man in this business. Clarke seemed, I thought, disinclined. He asked me did I know Aherne? I answered that I saw him merely officially by the minister's orders, but that I knew nothing whatsoever to his prejudice; and that, as to Madgett, I had a very good opinion of him, and of course supposed he would not recommend an improper person; that, however, I could say nothing from myself, for or against him, further than what I had mentioned. N.B.—I do not wish to hurt Aherne, but I had rather he was not employed in Ireland *at first*, for he is *outré* and extravagant in his notions; he wants a total *bouleversement* of all property; and he has not talents to see the absurdity and mischief, not to say the impossibility of this system, if system it may be called. I have a mind to stop his promotion, and believe I must do it. It would be a terrible doctrine to commence with in Ireland. I wish all possible justice to be done to Aherne, but I do not wish to see him in a station where he might do infinite mischief. I must think of this. I told Clarke I had written for my family, and was determined, at all events, to settle in France.

June 25.—“I've now not fifty ducats in the world;” but, hang it, that does not signify: am I not going to be an officer in the French service? I believe I might have been a little more economical, but I am sure not much. I brought with me one hundred Louis to France, and they will have lasted me just six months, by the time they are run out; after all, that is no great extravagance. Besides, “a fool and his money are soon parted,” and poor Pat was never much noted for his discretion on that point; and I am in some things as arrant an Irishman as ever stood on the Pont-neuf. I think I have made as good a defence as the nature of the case will admit, and I leave it to all the world whether I am not fairly excusable for any little *dedommagement* which I can lay hold on, seeing the sacrifices I have made thus far, the services which I hope I shall at last have rendered my country, and especially the dreary and tristful solitude to which I have devoted myself in Paris, where I have not formed a single connexion but with the persons indispensably necessary to the success of our business.

June 28.—Called on Clarke by appointment. I told him I had two things to mention: first, that as we had the Pope now in our grasp, I wished him to consider whether we might not artfully seduce him into writing to his legate, Dr Troy, in order to secure, at least the neutrality, if not the support, of the Irish Catholic

clergy. He objected, as this would be recognizing the authority of the Pope; and said he was sure the directory would make no public application of this sort; besides, that it would be making the matter known in Italy. I replied, that undoubtedly it was not a matter for an official application, but for private address; and as to making it known, it need not be applied for until the last stage of the business: nevertheless, I merely threw it out as a hint for his consideration, without pressing it, as I expected no formidable opposition from the priests in Ireland. He gave me to understand that he had a communication open with Ireland, and showed me a paper, asking me did I know the handwriting? I did not. He then read a good deal. It stated very briefly, that fourteen of the counties, including the entire north, were completely organized for the purpose of throwing off the English yoke and establishing our independence: that, in the remaining eighteen, organization was advancing rapidly, and that it was so arranged that the inferiors obeyed their leaders without examining their orders, or even knowing who they were, as every one knew only the person immediately above him. That the militia were about 20,000 men, 17,000 of whom might be relied on; that there were about 12,000 regular troops, wretched bad ones, who would soon be settled in case the business were attempted. Clarke was going on, but stopped here suddenly, and said, laughing, "There is something there which I cannot read to you, or you will guess." I begged him to use his discretion without ceremony. He then asked me, did I know of this organization? I replied that I could not, with truth, say positively I knew it, but that I had no manner of doubt of it; that it was now twelve months exactly since I left Ireland, in which time, I was satisfied, much must have been done in that country, and that he would find in my memorials that such an organization was then begun, was rapidly spreading, and I had no doubt would soon embrace the whole people. It is curious, the coincidence between the paper he read me and those I have given him, though, upon second thought, as truth is uniform, it would be still more extraordinary if they should vary. I am delighted beyond measure with the progress which has been made in Ireland since my banishment. I see they are advancing rapidly and safely; and, personally, nothing can be more agreeable to me than this coincidence between what I have said and written and the accounts which I see they receive here. The paper also stated, as I had done, that we wanted arms, ammunition, and artillery; in short, it was as exact in all particulars, as if the same person had written all. This ascertained my credit in France beyond a doubt.



*July 6.*—Saw Clarke this morning. He is almost recovered, and tells me my business is delayed solely by the absence of General Hoche, who is coming up with all privacy to Paris to confer with the directory; that I must be introduced to him, and communicate with him, and most probably return with him to the army, where my presence would be necessary. All this is very good. I shall be glad to be introduced to Hoche; it looks like serious business. Clarke also told me he wanted to have my commission expedited instantly by the minister of war, but that Carnot had decided to wait for Hoche. I told him it was the same to me, and also begged to know when he expected Hoche. He replied, "Everyday." I then took occasion to mention the state of my finances, that in two or three days I should be run out, and relied upon him to prevent my falling into difficulties. He asked me could I carry on the war some little time longer? I answered I could not, for that I did not know a soul in Paris but the government. He seemed a little taken aback at this, by which I see that money is not their forte at present. Damn it for me! I am sure I wish there was not a guinea in the world. So here I am, with exactly two Louis in my exchequer, negotiating with the French government, and planning revolutions. I must say it is truly original.

*July 8.*—Called on Clarke. He tells me my commission will be made out in two or three days; I returned him my acknowledgments. As soon as I receive it, must call on Carnot to thank him. Fixed with Clarke to call on him regularly every other day. Lazarus is not yet arrived, and be hanged. The moment he comes, Clarke is to let me know. I am surprised at the sang froid with which I view this affair of my regiment, but it is my temper.

*July 12. Battle of Aughrim.*—As I was sitting in my cabinet, studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg, and was showed into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened, and a very handsome, well made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, "*Vous vous êtes le citoyen Smith?*" I thought he was a chef de bureau, and replied, "*Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.*" He said, "*Vous vous appelez, aussi, je crois, Wolfe Tone?*" I replied, "*Oui, citoyen, c'est mon veritable nom.*" "*Eh bien,*" replied he, "*je suis le general Hoche.*" At these words I mentioned that I had for a long time been desirous of the honour I then enjoyed, to find myself in his company; "into his arms I soon

did fly, and there embraced him tenderly." He then said he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. Well, said he, there are one or two points I want to consult you on. He then proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effectuated, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland, previous to the landing, because of the *surveillance* of the government, but if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle; and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country; and I assured him that, if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, they should not want it. He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisory government, either of the Catholic committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the defenders? I thought I saw an opening here to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied, that that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act; but if it was considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. "Undoubtedly," replied he, "men will not sacrifice themselves when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force." He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly, but that early in the business the minister had spoken to me of two thousand, and that I had replied that such a number would effect nothing. No, replied he, they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them. I replied that I was glad to hear him give that opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the minister; and I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support and co-operation sufficient to form a provisory government. He then asked me what I thought of the priests, or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied, I certainly did not calculate on their assistance, but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late, and I instanced the case of the defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials and in these memorandums. I explained all this at some length to him, and concluded by saying, that, in prudence, we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily; and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their

neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion, but added that, in the contrary event, I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country *en masse*; nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it became necessary, it was so much gained. He said he would undoubtedly make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores, and artillery; and, for his own reputation, see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him speak thus: it sets my mind at ease on divers points. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied; and that was what form of government we would adopt in the event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnestness, when General Clarke entered to request we would come to dinner with citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the president, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside and repeated his question. I replied, "Most undoubtedly a republic." He asked again, "Was I sure?" I said as sure as I could be of any thing; that I knew nobody in Ireland who thought of any other system, nor did I believe there was anybody who dreamt of monarchy. He asked me, was there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king? I replied, "Not the smallest," and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old business again, but I believe I satisfied Hoche; it looks well to see him so anxious on that topic, on which he pressed me more than on all the others. Carnot joined us here, with a pocket-map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, every one else having left the room. I said scarcely anything, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, "There is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread you must eat beef." I told him I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that

at present it made a considerable article in her exports. They then proceeded to confer, but I found it difficult to follow them, as it was in fact a *suite* of former conversations, at which I had not assisted; and besides, they spoke with the rapidity of Frenchmen. I collected, however, if I am right, that there will be two landings, one from Holland, near Belfast, and the other from Brittany, in Connaught; that there will be, I suppose, in both embarkations, not less than 10, nor more than 15,000 men; 12,000 was also mentioned, but I did not hear any time specified. Carnot said, "It will be, to be sure, a most brilliant operation." And well may he say so, if he succeeds. We then went to dinner, which was very well served, without being iuxurious. We had two courses, and a dessert. There were present about sixteen or eighteen persons, Madame Carnot, her sister and sister-in-law, Carnot, his brother, Hoche, Truguet, the minister of marine, Clarke, two or three officers, and Lagarde, the *secrétaire general*. I sat by Hoche. After coffee was served, we rose, and Carnot, Hoche, Truguet, Lacuèe, and Clarke, retired to a cabinet and held a council on Irish affairs, which lasted from six to nine o'clock. In the meantime I walked with Lagarde in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where we listened to a symphony performed in the apartments of La Reveilliere Lepaux, who is lodged over Carnot. Lagarde tells me that La Reveilliere has concerts continually; and that music is his great resource after the fatigues of his business, which are immense. At nine the council broke up, and I walked away with Clarke; he said every thing was now settled, and that he had himself much trouble to bring everything to bear, but that at last he had succeeded. I wished him joy most sincerely, and fixing to call upon him to-morrow at twelve, we parted.—This was a grand day; I dined with the president of the executive directory of France, beyond all comparison the most illustrious station in Europe. I am very proud of it, because it has come fairly in the line of my duty, and I have made no unworthy sacrifices to obtain it. I like Carnot extremely, and Hoche, I think, yet better.

*July 16.*—Saw Clarke. He tells me the *arrêté* of the directory for my commission will be signed to-day, and that he will write to the minister at war to send back the brevet to him, so that I shall have it to-morrow at twelve o'clock. He tells me also that there is a change in the arrangement. The cavalry of the *cidevant* *legion de police* has been formed into a regiment of dragoons, the twenty-first. The colonel had given the directory to understand there were supernumeraries of men and horses enough to form a second regiment, which was intended for me. It appeared, however, on inspection, that the contrary is the fact, for the twenty-first is even

ten men short of its compliment. In consequence, I am to serve in the infantry, with the rank of *chef de brigade*, which answers to that of colonel; and Clarke tells me the pay and rank are the same, with less trouble. One must not look a gift-horse in the mouth; so I said, of course I was perfectly satisfied, and we parted the best friends in the world; and I am to return to-morrow at twelve for this weary brevet.

I forgot to mention, in its place, that Hoche has a famous cut of a sabre down his forehead, eyebrow, and one side of his nose. He was pretty near the enemy when he got that, and luckily, it does not at all disfigure him. He is but two-and-thirty; Jourdan, five-and-thirty; Buonaparte, twenty-nine; Moreau, about thirty; and Pichegru, who is the oldest of all, about six-and-thirty. The French have no old generals in service; it is their policy to employ young men, and the event has showed they are right.

*July 17.*—Called, as usual, on Clarke. My eternal brevet not yet come from the war office, but he gave orders to Fleury to write again to the minister to have it sent directly. He tells me Hoche will leave town in two or three days, and that he will endeavour to give me a corner in his carriage, if possible. I answered it would be highly flattering to me to have the honour of travelling with him; at the same time, I hoped he would give me a few days' notice, as I had no clothes but *habits bourgeois*, etc. He said he could not be sure to give me four-and-twenty hours' notice, and as to regimentals, I could get them made up at quarters. I replied, as to myself, I was ready at a moment, and the sooner the better. He then desired me to call every day at twelve, and we parted. So here I am, at single anchor, ready to cut and run. As to money matters, I am extremely embarrassed; I have not a guinea. I think I must write to Carnot, and demand a supply. I am sure I have reason to expect that much from the French government; at the same time, God knows whether I shall get it or not, and at any rate, it is cursed disagreeable to be obliged to make the application; but what can I do? Damn the money, for me; I wish it was in the bottom of the sea. This embarrassment is a drawback on the pleasure I should otherwise feel at the promising appearance of our business. Sat down and wrote two pages of a letter to my dearest life and love, informing her very obscurely of my success here, and of my having obtained the rank of *chef de brigade*; desiring her to sell off everything, and embark in the first vessel for Havre de Grace.

*July 18.*—Rose early this morning and wrote a threatening letter to citizen Carnot, telling him, "If he did not put five pounds in a sartin place, ——!" It is written in French, and I have a copy.

God forgive me for calling it French, for I believe, properly speaking, it is no language; however, he will understand that money is the drift of it, and that is the main point. Called at twelve on Clarke. At last he has got my brevet from the minister at war. It is for the rank of *chef de brigade*, and bears date the 1st Messidor (June 19th). It remains now to be signed by Carnot and Lagarde, which will be done to-day; and to-morrow, at nine, I am to pass muster. Clarke embraced me on giving me the brevet, and saluted me as a brother officer; so did Fleury, and my heart was so full I could hardly reply to either of them. I am as proud as Punch. Clarke asked me, would we consent, in Ireland, to let the French have a direct interference in our government? adding, that it might be necessary, as it was actually in Holland, where, if it were not for the continual superintendence of the French, they would suffer their throats to be cut again by the stadtholder. I answered that, undoubtedly, the French must have a very great influence on the measures of our government, in case we succeeded; but that I thought, if they were wise, they would not expect any direct interference; adding, that the most effectual way to have power with us, would be to appear not to desire it. I added that, for that reason, I hoped whoever was sent in the civil department would be a very sensible, cool man, because a great deal would depend on his address. Clarke replied, "We intend to send nobody but you." That stunned me a little. What could he mean? Am I to begin by representing the French republic in Ireland, instead of representing the Irish republic in France? "I am puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors." I must have this explained in to-morrow's conversation. Clarke then went on to say they had no security for what form of government we might adopt in case of success. I replied, I had no security to offer, but my decided opinion that we would establish a republic. He objected that we might establish an aristocratic republic, like that of Genoa. I assured him the aristocracy of Ireland were not such favourites with the people that we should spill our blood to establish their power. He then said, "Perhaps, after all, we might choose a king; that there was no security against that but information, and that the people of Ireland were in general very ignorant." I asked him, in God's name, whom would we choose, or where would we go look for a king? He said, "May be the Duke of York." I assured him that he, or his aide-de-camp, Fleury, who was present, had full as good, and indeed a much better chance, than his royal highness; and I added, that we neither loved the English people in general, nor his Majesty's family in particular, so well as to choose one of them for our king,

supposing, what was not the case, that the superstition of royalty yet hung about us. As to the ignorance of our peasantry, I admitted it was in general too true; thanks to our execrable government, whose policy it was to keep them in a state of barbarism; but I could answer for the information of the dissenters, who were thoroughly enlightened and sincere republicans, and who, I had no doubt, would direct the public sentiment in framing a government. He then asked, was there nobody among ourselves that had any chance, supposing the tide should set in favour of monarchy? I replied, "Not one." He asked, "Would the Duke of Leinster, for example?" I replied, "No: that every body loved and liked the duke, because he was a good man, and always resided and spent his fortune in Ireland; but that he by no means possessed that kind of character or talents which might elevate him to that station." He then asked me again, "Could I think of nobody?" I replied, "I could not; that Lord Moira was the only person I could recollect who might have had the least chance, but that he had blown his reputation to pieces by accepting a command against France; and, after him, there was nobody." "Well," said Clarke, "may be you, after all, will choose one of your own leaders; who knows but it may be *yourself*?" I replied, we had no leaders of a rank or description likely to arrive at that degree of eminence; and as to myself, I neither had the desire nor the talents to aspire so high. Well, that is enough of royalty for the present. We then, for the hundredth time, beat over the old ground about the priests, without, however, starting any fresh ideas; and I summed up all by telling him that, as to religion, my belief was, we should content ourselves with pulling down the establishment, without setting up any other; that we would have no state religion, but let every sect pay their own clergy voluntarily; and that as to royalty and aristocracy, they were both odious in Ireland to that degree, that I apprehended much more a general massacre of the gentry, and a distribution of the entire of their property, than the establishment of any form of government that would perpetuate their influence; that I hoped this massacre would not happen, and that I, for one, would do all that lay in my power to prevent it, because I did not like to spill the blood, even of the guilty; at the same time, that the pride, cruelty, and oppression of the Irish aristocracy were so great, that I apprehended every excess from the just resentment of the people. The conversation ended here. Clarke gave me Hoche's address, and desired me to call on Fleury to-morrow at nine, and that he would introduce me at the war-office, where I must pass review.

*July 20.*—Called at Clarke's and saw Fleury, who gave me my

brevet, signed by Carnot; and so now I am, to all intents and purposes, *chef de brigade* in the service of the republic. Fleury is to bring me to-morrow at nine to the *commissaire ordonnateur*, to pass review, and thence to the treasury, to receive a month's pay; so, *Vogue la galere!*

July 23.—Called on Hoche at seven, and found him in bed, talking with two generals whom I did not know. One is going to Italy, very much against the grain. General Sherlock called in. I collect from what he said, that he is to be of our expedition, and that he does not know it himself yet. After they were gone, Hoche asked me, "When I would be ready to leave town?" I answered, I was at his orders, but wished, if possible, to have four or five days to make some little arrangements. He said, by all means; that he proposed leaving town in seven days himself, and that, if he could, he would give me a seat in his carriage; but if not, he would settle that I should travel with General Cherin, his most particular friend, who was to have a command in the business; but to whom, as yet, he had not opened himself on the same subject. I made my acknowledgments, and asked him, at the same time, whether my appearance at head-quarters might not give rise to some suspicions, from the circumstance of my being a foreigner? He replied, he would settle me in a village near Rennes, his head-quarters, where I should be incognito, and at the same time within his reach. I asked him then, was he apprized of the directory having honoured me with the rank of *chef de brigade*? He replied he was, and made me his compliment. I then observed to him, I presumed I should be of most service in some situation near his person; that I spoke French, as he might observe, very imperfectly; nevertheless, I could make myself understood; and as he did not speak English, I might be useful in his communications with the people of Ireland. He replied, "Leave all that to me; as soon as you join, and that your regiment is formed, I will apply for the rank of adjutant-general for you; that will place you at once in the *état-major*; and besides, you must be in a situation where you may have a command if necessary." I returned him a thousand thanks, and he proceeded to ask me, "Did I think it was likely that the men of property, or any of them, wished for a revolution in Ireland?" I replied, "Most certainly not," and that he should reckon on all the opposition that class could give him; that, however, it was possible, that when the business was once commenced, some of them might join us on speculation; but that it would be sorely against their real sentiments. He then asked me, "Did I know Arthur O'Connor?" I replied, I did, and that I entertained the



highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, "Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament?" I replied, he made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in the House. "Well," said he, "will he join us?" I answered, I hoped, as he was; "*foucierement Irlandais*," that he undoubtedly would. So it seems O'Connor's speech is well known here. If ever I meet him, as I hope I may, I will tell him what Hoche said, and the character that he bears in France. It must be highly gratifying to his feelings. Hoche then went on to say, "There is a lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing, as I do, what stuff our Irish peers are made of), he is son to a duke; is he not a patriot?" I immediately smoked my lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him. He asked me then about the duke. I replied that I hoped for his assistance, or at least neutrality, if the business were once commenced. He then mentioned Fitzgibbon, of all men in the world. I endeavoured to do him justice, as I had to the others he spoke of, and I believe I satisfied Hoche that we will not meet with prodigious assistance from his Majesty's Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He then asked me, "What quantity of arms would be necessary?" I replied, the more the better, as we would find soldiers for as many firelocks as France would send us. He then told me he had demanded 80,000, but was sure of 50,000. We then spoke of the aristocracy of Ireland; and I assured him, as I had done Clarke, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed; adding, that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen. He said, certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed, but the less the better; and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would no doubt be ready to do, than to put them to death; in which I most sincerely agreed; for I am like parson Adams, "I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me." Hoche mentioned also that great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French Revolution, by the quantity of blood spilled, "for," added he, "when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true, but then you make all his friends and connexions enemies for ever to the government." A sentence

well worth considering. I am heartily glad to find Hoche of this humane temperament, because I hope I am humane myself; and trust we shall be able to prevent unnecessary bloodshed in Ireland, which I shall, most sincerely, exert my best endeavours to do. At twelve I went and saw Clarke, and took him up on our conversation of the 18th, relative to a direct interference on the part of France. I said if he meant by that to admit a representative of the republic into any part of our government, it was what France ought not to expect, nor we to grant. That France would certainly have a great influence; but the surest way to keep it would be not to assume it. That what he said of Holland did not apply to us. The French had conquered Holland, and had a right, if they pleased, to throw it into the sea; but it was not so with Ireland. We rather resembled the situation of America in the last war. Clarke seemed satisfied with all this, and I proceeded to ask him, had they thought of a person to reside near the future Irish government? He said General Hoche would be there. I replied, he would be moving about, but I meant a sort of *chargé d'affaires*, who should be stationary. Clarke replied, undoubtedly a proper person would be sent. I said, I hoped the French government would be very delicate in their choice, and send a man of great temper and discretion, as much would depend on his conduct. I then observed, that Clarke had often asked me what security Ireland would give that, if her independence was once established, she might not forget her obligations to France, and perhaps hereafter be found leagued with her enemies. To which I offered him, as the only security, our honour as gentlemen. Now I begged leave, in return, to ask him what security he had to give us, that if England offered to renounce every thing provided France would sacrifice us, France would not accept the offer? He answered in my own words, "Our honour as gentlemen!" and assured me, in the strongest manner, France would be, as I believe myself, incapable of such conduct.

July 25.—Running about all this morning on trade affairs Damn it! Saw Clarke. He tells me I am to travel with Hoche and that we set off the 30th—in five days. Huzza!

July 27.—Clarke tells me this morning that the directory have ordered me three months' pay. That is, "*tant de pris sur l'ennemi*;" but I am forced to borrow £50 from Monroe, which grieves me sorely, for it is breaking in still more on the sacred funds of my little family; it is, however, unavoidable, and so "what can't be cured must," etc. I cannot go down to quarters without some money in my pocket.

July 31.—Received my pay, "and all are as drunk as so many

swabbers." I insist upon it, that is a very good quotation, from Rigdum Funnidos.

*August 1.*—Called on Clarke from mere idleness; did not see him; but, coming out, met General Hoche, who took me in his carriage to General Cherin, with whom I am to travel. I was introduced by Hoche; and I remember now he is one of the generals with whom I dined at Carnot's. After a short conversation, in which it was fixed that we set off from the 7th to the 10th, I took my leave, Hoche and Cherin desiring me to call on them in the mean time without the ceremony of sending up my name, which is civil of them. So, now I have "*les petites entrées.*"

*August 7, 8.*—Saw Hoche and Cherin together this morning. Both very civil and no news. Hoche, I believe, sets off the 11th.

*August 11, 12, 13.*—Saw Cherin this morning; he tells me it may be ten days before we get off. Hell! hell! hell! How shall I get over these eternal delays? Hoche set off yesterday.

*August 21, 22, 23.*—Met Cherin to-day driving about in his cabriolet; he stopped me and asked me was I ready to set off? I answered, "In five minutes, and that I only waited for his orders." He then desired me to call on him to-morrow at eleven, in order to settle about our departure; so, perhaps, we may set off before the 30th.

*September 13, 14, 15.*—At last I have brought Cherin to the point; he has received a courier last night from General Hoche, and tells me now I may set off with the first courier, or wait a few days for him; but I am tired waiting. I wrote, therefore, by his direction, a note to the minister of war, praying an order to depart, with the first courier, for Rennes, and he has promised to get it for me by to-morrow. Huzza!

*September 17.*—Took leave of Madgett, Aherne, and Sullivan; wrote two letters of acknowledgment to Carnot and De la Croix, thanking them for their kindness, etc. At three o'clock in the afternoon left Paris. It is now exactly seven months and five days since I arrived there—a very important era in my life: whether it was for good or evil to my country and to myself, the event must determine; but I can safely say I have acted all through to the very best of my conscience and judgment; and I think I have not conducted myself ill. I certainly did not expect on my arrival to have succeeded as well as I have done; and I have been under some difficulties at times, having not a soul to advise or communicate with. I have now done with Paris, at least for some time, and God knows whether I shall ever revisit it; but, at all events, I shall ever look back on the time I spent there with the greatest satisfaction. I believe there is no part of my conduct that I need

wish to recall, at least with regard to business. As to pleasure or amusement, I had very little. I formed, and endeavoured to form, no connexions. I visited and was visited by nobody, French or foreigner; and left Paris, after seven months' residence, without being acquainted with a single family. That is singular enough. The theatres formed my grand resource against the monotony of my situation; but, on the whole, I passed my time dull enough. Well, if ever I return, I will make myself amends. I am now like the Turkish spy, "who passed forty-five years at Paris without being known or suspected." I dare say Mr Pitt knew I was there, as close as I kept; if he did, it was by no fault or indiscretion of mine. It is singular enough that having passed my time in a manner so monotonous, and not leaving behind me a single person whom, on the score of personal regard, I had reason to regret, I yet quit Paris with something like reluctance. But I made that remark before. *Allons!* I am now afloat again: let us see what will come of this voyage.

DURING THE PERIOD THAT GENERAL TONE WAS ATTACHED TO  
THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

*September 20.*—At three this morning arrived at Rennes, having passed three nights agreeably without sleep. Went to bed, and slept like a dragon till eleven. Rose, and sent for my adjoint, MacSheehy, who has been here for some days. He tells me all is going on, as he believes, prosperously.

*September 23.*—At work all the morning with Colonel Shee, making an analysis of the distribution of the troops actually in Ireland. The general called in, and sat with us half an hour. Dined as usual with the *état-major*. I am now, to all intents, one of the family, and I like it of all things. (Sings.) "How merrily we live that soldiers be," etc. I have got rooms at head-quarters, and moved my kit accordingly. We are all lodged in the palace of the cidevant bishop of Rennes, a superb mansion, but not much the better for the Revolution.

*September 24.*—Walked with Colonel Shee in the garden. He tells me that Hoche has selected the *élite* of the Army of the Ocean, which consisted of 117,000 men, for our expedition; that the arms and everything were ready, and that we were waiting only for the marine. He also spoke as if in a fortnight or more we might put ourselves in motion; but I did not press him for specific information. The season is slipping away fast through our fingers. However, I believe they are doing their best.

*September 25.*—Walked, as usual, in the garden with Colonel

Shee. I turned the discourse upon my own situation, and that which I had filled in Ireland. Shee told me that both the executive directory and General Hoche were perfectly satisfied as to who and what I was, through a channel which he was not at liberty to inform me of, but that I might be perfectly easy on the score of my credit. I collect from Shee's discourse, that we will have 1000 cavalry ready to mount, but the Irish must find horses. I do not yet know the number of our infantry.

*September 26.*—The General set off this morning for Brest. I hope in God he may hurry those fellows. I dread the equinoctial gales passing over and finding us unprepared. By Shee's discourse I fancy it is intended that we shall make a race for it. Happy go lucky in that case. I was in hopes the Spanish fleet would have joined us at Brest; but he tells me they are returned to Cadiz, after escorting Richery to some unknown latitude.—Damn their foolish souls, they will be beaten, and the French also, in detail; whereas, if they were instantly to join, their united fleets in the channel would be stronger than any thing England could for some time oppose to them, and a week would be sufficient for our business. If they let this occasion escape them, as I fear they will, they need never expect to meet such another.

*October 4, 5.*—I find great amusement in chatting with Colonel Shee, who is a very agreeable old man, and has served as a good officer of cavalry now thirty-six years. He told me last night, as I was sitting with him, that General Clarke had written to him that he might have full confidence in me; nevertheless, he does not tell me much, if indeed he knows much himself; that, however, gives me very little concern. I shall learn everything time enough. I collect, however, that it is resolved, if possible, to turn in a gang of six or seven thousand desperadoes into England who will live at free quarters, and commit all manner of devastation. If this takes effect, it will cmbarrass her extremely. She has never yet seen the smoke of an enemy's fire; and I always remember that 5000 ragged, half-starved Highlanders forced their way to 100 miles distance of London; and might, perhaps, have achieved what remained, if the Pretender had not been a poltroon. It is, to be sure, a horrible mode of making war, but England showed the way, by disgorging so many hordes of emigrants into France; and the enormities which have been committed in consequence in this country, are such as to justify France in adopting any means of revenge; it is, in a word, but strict retaliation.

*October 9, 10, 11, 12.*—The General returned last night at eight o'clock, having been absent since the 26th of last month. Colonel Shee saw him this morning, for a quarter of an hour; he tells me

Hoche is bent on going, *coûte qui coûte*, and that every thing is ready but seamen, whom he has given orders to press along the coast as far as Bordeaux. I see an article in a French paper, that thirty persons have been arrested in Dublin for high treason. Who can they be? Are any of my friends of the number? for there are no names mentioned. I hope in God we shall be in Ireland time enough to liberate them, be they who they may. I think General Hoche will be pretty security for their appearance; and I fancy that even my own bail would not, in this case, be refused. Colonel Shee and I have been reading over the American ordonnance, and making our observations on it. If we arrive safe, I will propose adopting it, with a few necessary alterations. It is excellent, for an army that must be made in a hurry, being clear and concise.

*October 13, 14.*—The General set off, unexpectedly, for Paris, this day at twelve o'clock. It seems, on his visit to Brest, he had reason to be discontented with the administration of the marine; however, they promised him fair, and he returned to Rennes, leaving orders with a confidential person to let him know how they were going on. This person has written him word, that since his departure all the preparations are slackened; and, in consequence, he is set off in a rage for Paris; and I trust will return in a few days with full power to cashier a parcel of those scoundrelly agents of the marine. I have written, by Colonel Shee's desire, a short address to the peasantry of Ireland, explaining to them the great benefits the Revolution has procured to the peasantry of France. This he has translated into French, and gave the copy to the General to read on his way to Paris.

*October 15, 16.*—The General returned, unexpectedly, this morning at nine o'clock. It seems he met a courier on the road with despatches, which rendered his trip to Paris unnecessary. Colonel Shee tells me to-day that it was intended, after landing us, to despatch the fleet with three thousand men to the East Indies; but, in consequence of a mutiny at the Mauritius, that scheme is given up, and we are to keep both ships and men. I mentioned to him a report I had heard, that we were waiting for cannoniers from the army of *Sambre et Muse*, which I thought very odd if it were true; he assured me it was no such thing; we have already three companies of cannoniers; and, in short, every thing is ready except the seamen; to procure whom the most positive and pressing orders have been given by the minister of marine and directory.

*October 17.*—Our expedition, as well as the life of the General, has had a most providential escape. Last night, between nine and

ten, as he was returning from the comédie with General Debelle and Hedouville, a ruffian, who was posted at a corner, fired a pistol at him, within five or six yards, which fortunately missed, and the villain instantly ran off, but was stopped by two of the aids-de-camp, who happened to come that way, before he had run one hundred yards. The pistol was likewise found where he had dropt it. On his being seized and examined, he confessed that he was hired by a person, whom he described, to assassinate General Hoche, and was to have fifty Louis for his reward. He threw himself on his knees before Hoche, who behaved incomparably well, and desired him to rise, as no man should kneel to him, and tell the whole truth, assuring him that he had not himself the least resentment against him. The fellow then repeated his story exactly, and the two aids-de-camp set out with a guard in quest of the other villain, whom they found in bed, and brought to headquarters. A magistrate being sent for, the two were confronted, and the latter denying everything, they were both, after a long examination, committed to prison. It seems the fellow who fired the shot is a workman employed in the arsenal; the other is lately from Paris, and says he is a horse-dealer. In order to induce the former to commit the murder, he told him that he was a royalist, and that it was for the king's service to assassinate Hoche; which, together with the promise of the fifty Louis, determined him. The name of the former is Moreau, and of the latter Teyssierd. Nothing could be better than the General's behaviour through all this affair. For my part, I do not see what the royalists could promise themselves from his death; at the same time it is beyond all doubt that this villain, Teyssierd, has come down from Paris expressly to have him assassinated. I do not at all suspect the English of assassination; but certainly, at this moment, they are much more interested in Hoche's death than that miserable Louis XVIII. In short, I know not what to think of the motives of this abominable affair; a few days may probably explain it further.

*October 18.*—In consequence of the affair of yesterday, a search was made in the lodgings of Teyssierd, and a case of pistols, two fusils, and three air guns, were found; the two last articles buried in the garden. There were also among his papers the directions of several persons in Paris and *London*. I should be sorry, much as I detest the English nation, to suspect them of such vile and horrible means of effectuating their purposes as that of assassination; yet they have already done several things in this war as bad, at Quiberon, and elsewhere. I am very much afraid the English cabinet is implicated in this infernal business; the more so as the general received notice a few days since, from the minister of

justice at Paris, to be on his guard, as an attempt was intended to be made on his life by some English agents. Hoche is entirely too careless of his person; which, as he is circumstanced, though it may be very magnanimous, is not very wise. He was out till past ten o'clock last night. The General has no confidence in the marine; but is determined, if we fall in with the English fleet, that fight they shall; for, as the military will be at least two to one on board, he will give it out in general orders, that the first man, officer or seaman, of whatever rank, that offers to flinch, shall be instantly shot on the quarter deck. That is stout of Hoche, or as P. P. would say, "manly and decided." I had rather, however, that our valour was tried on terra firma, for I am of opinion with the Turks, "That God has given the sea to the infidels and the land to the true believers." A sea fight is our *pis aller*; nevertheless, if it must be, it must.

*October 19.*—Since my arrival here I have not had the least communication with the General; we have scarcely ever spoken at meals when we met, and I began in consequence to grow a little uneasy at it; for as there are two Irishmen here, M'Sheehy and Duckett, besides myself, and as the first is a blockhead and the last a scoundrel, I did not exactly know whether the general might not lump us all off together in forming his opinion. I therefore hinted remotely to Colonel Shee, yesterday, my uneasiness at the great reserve of the general towards me; and in consequence of what I said, which was indeed but very little, he spoke to him of it at dinner. The General assured him that he by no means confounded me with the two others; but observed, which is the fact, that if he was to mark me by any particular attention, it would be immediately observed, and set people on making inquiries, which would be very inconvenient, as it was absolutely necessary that I should remain incognito as much as possible; he added that, in time and place, I should see how he wished to treat me. This has satisfied me entirely.

*October 20.*—This day received my orders to set out for Brest the day after to-morrow, being the 1st Brumaire. Huzza! huzza! I am to travel in General Debelle's carriage, with Hoche's cousin, and Privat, his aid-de-camp. Settled all my affairs at Rennes instantly, and hove short. I am ready at a minute's warning. I have been hard at work to-day on my pamphlet, which is scurrilous enough. Colonel Shee translates it as I go on, for the inspection of the general, and I like it better in his French than in my own English. I think it will do tolerably well when it is finished.

*October 21.*—Last night I met the general in the gallery alone. He immediately came up to me and asked me, had I occasion for



any thing before my departure? I thanked him, and replied, I had not. He then continued, "Because, if you have, I desire you will apply to me, as to your friend, without any reserve." I again thanked him, and said, that if I was under any necessity, I would avail myself of his permission, but that at present I was not. He then said, "I am not a man to make professions, but I beg you will, on all occasions, look upon me as your friend, and treat me accordingly." I thanked him for the third time, and so we shook hands and parted. It was very civil of him, and I desired Colonel Shee to let him know again how sensible I was of his kindness.

*October 22.*—Set out from Rennes, on my way to Brest, with Privat and Marie Hoche. Travelled very agreeably through a beautiful country covered with wood, the very seat of *Chouannerie*.

## BREST.

*November 1, 2.*—I have been hard at work, ever since my arrival, on an address to the Irish people, which is to be printed here and distributed on our landing. I have hardly time to eat, but I do not work with pleasure from the reflection which occurs to me every instant, that the men whose approbation I could most covet, are, perhaps, at this moment on trial for their lives. Well, let me, if possible, not think of that longer. I have not yet seen the General. Colonel Shee tells me that General Quantin has been despatched from Flushing with 2000 of the greatest reprobates in the French army, to land in England, and do as much mischief as possible; and that we have 3000 of the same stamp, whom we are also to disgorge on the English coast. It is a horrible mode of making war, and such as nothing can possibly justify but the manner in which England has persecuted the republic. Much as I detest the inhumanity of punishing the inhabitants of a country for the crime of their rulers, I cannot blame the French when I recollect the treachery of England at Toulon; or the miseries which she has caused in that part of the republic through which I have just passed, on her false assignats and counterfeit Louis; but, especially, on her most atrocious and unheard of system of starving the whole French people; a measure so abominable, and which produced such dreadful suffering and misery in France, as justifies any measures of retaliation, however terrible. The English ambassador is arrived at Paris; Spain has, at length, declared war against England, and begun, it is said, by taking a man of war of 56 guns. Damn them! why are they not to-day in Brest waters? Corsica is evacuated by the British; so all goes on pretty well.

*November 10.*—Saw the Legion Noire reviewed; about 1,000

men. They are the banditti intended for England, and sad blackguards they are. They put me strongly in mind of the Greenboys of Dublin.

*November 13.*—Went, by order of the general, among the prisoners of war at Pontanezen, near Brest, and offered their liberty to as many as were willing to serve aboard the French fleet. Sixty accepted the offer, of whom fifty were Irish. I made them drink heartily before they left the prison, and they were mustered and sent aboard the same evening. I never saw the national character stronger marked than in the careless gaiety of those poor fellows. Half naked and half starved as I found them, the moment that they saw the wine before them, all their cares were forgotten; the Englishmen balanced, and several of them asked, in the true style of their country, “What would I give them?” It is but justice to others of them to observe, that they said nothing should ever tempt them to fight against their king and country. I told them they were perfectly at liberty to make their choice, as I put no constraint on any man. In the event, of about 100 English, ten men and boys offered themselves, and of about sixty Irish, fifty, as I have observed; not one Scotchman, though there were several in the prison. When I called for the wine, my English recruits begged for something to eat at the same time, which I ordered for them. Poor Pat never thought of eating; but when his head was a little warm with the wine, he was very urgent to be permitted to go amongst the Englishmen, and flog those who refused to enter, which, of course, I prevented, though with some little difficulty. “Arrah, blood an’ ounds, captain dear, won’t you let me have one knock at the blackguards?” I thought myself on Ormond quay once more. Oh, if we once arrive safe on the other side, what soldiers we will make of our poor fellows! They all said they hoped I was going with them, wherever it was. I answered, that I did not desire one man to go where I was not ready to show the way, and they replied with three cheers. It is to be observed, that I never mentioned the object of the expedition; they entered the service merely from the adventurous spirit of the nation, and their hatred of the English, without any idea that they had a chance of seeing Ireland again.

*November 23.*—I cannot imagine what delays us now, unless it be waiting for Richery, who is said to be coming up from Rochefort. Though I have the strongest apprehensions we shall be intercepted by the English, still I wish we were at sea. There is nothing so terrible to me as suspense; and besides, the lives of my poor friends in Ireland are in extreme peril. God send we

may be in time to save them, but I much fear it. Well, let me not think of that. If we fall in with the English, we must fight them at close quarters, and crowd our tops, poops, and quarter-deck with musketry. It is our only chance, but against superior numbers that will not do. Those infernal Spaniards! They will pay dear for their folly; but what satisfaction is that to us? I was thinking last night of my poor little family till I was as melancholy as a cat. God knows whether we shall ever meet again. If I reach Ireland in safety, and any thing befalls me after, I have not the least doubt but that my country will take care of them, and my boys will find a father in every good Irishman; but if I should happen to be killed at sea, and the expedition should not succeed, I dread to think on what may become of them. It is terrible! I rely on the goodness of Providence, which has often interposed to save us, on the courage and prudence of my wife, and on the friendship of my brother to protect them. My darling babies! I doat on them. I feel the tears gush into my eyes whenever I think on them. I repeat to myself a thousand times the last words I heard from their innocent little mouths. God Almighty bless and protect them. I must leave this subject. I have taken a little boy, whom I found among the prisoners of war, as my servant. He is so young that he will not be of much use to me; but he was an orphan, and half-naked. He was born in Dorsetshire, and his father was an Irish quarter-master of dragoons. He is a natural son. I have rigged him out handsomely; and if he brushes my coat and takes care of my portmanteau, with the baggage, it is all I require. His name is William White.

*November 24, 25.*—I have been hard at work half this day translating orders and instructions for a Colonel Tate, an American officer, who offered his services, and to whom the general has given the rank of chef de brigade, and 1050 men of the Legion Noire, in order to go on a buccaneering party into England. Excepting some little errors in the locality, which, after all, may seem errors to me from my own ignorance, the instructions are incomparably well drawn; they are done, or at least corrected, by the general himself; and if Tate be a dashing fellow, with military talents, he may play the devil in England before he is caught. His object is Liverpool; and I have some reason to think that the scheme has resulted from a conversation which I had a few days since with Colonel Shee; wherein I told him, that if we were once settled in Ireland, I thought we might make a piratical visit in that quarter; and, in fact, I wish it was we that should have the credit and profit of it. I should like, for example, to pay a visit to Liverpool

myself, with some of the gentlemen from Ormond Quay; though I must say, the citizens of the Legion Noire are very little behind my countrymen, either in appearance or morality; which last has been prodigiously cultivated by three or four campaigns in Bretagne and La Vendée. A thousand of these desperadoes, in their black jackets, will edify John Bull exceedingly, if they get safe into Lancashire.

*November 26.*—To-day, by the general's orders, I have made a fair copy of Colonel Tate's instructions, with some alterations, from the rough draft of yesterday, particularly with regard to his first destination, which is now fixed to be Bristol. If he arrives safe, it will be very possible to carry it by a coup-de-main, in which case he is to burn it to the ground. I cannot but observe here, that I transcribed with the greatest sang froid the orders to reduce to ashes the third city in the British dominions, in which there is, perhaps, property to the amount of £5,000,000. But such a thing is war! The British burned without mercy in America; they endeavoured to starve 25,000,000 of souls in France; and, above all, they are keeping, at this moment, my country in slavery, my friends in prison, and myself in exile. It is these considerations which steel me against horrors which I should otherwise shudder to think of. Yet I cannot but remark, what misery the execution of the orders which I have transcribed, and assisted in framing, may produce; and how quietly Colonel Shee and myself sat by the fire discussing how we might do the greatest possible mischief to the unfortunate wretches on whom our plans are intended to operate. Well, they may thank themselves; they are accomplices with their execrable government, which has shown us the way in all those direful extremities; and there is not a man of them but would willingly exterminate both the French and Irish. Yet once again! The conflagration of such a city as Bristol! It is no slight affair; thousands and thousands of families, if the attempt succeeds, will be reduced to beggary. I cannot help it. If it must be, it must; and I will never blame the French for any degree of misery which they may inflict on the people of England. I do not think my morality or feeling is much improved by my promotion to the rank of adjutant-general. The truth is, I hate the very name of England; I hated her before my exile, I hate her since, and I will hate her always.

*November 30.*—To-day Colonel Shee, who has been alarmed with some symptoms of the gout, to which he is a martyr, resolved to go on board the *Fraternité*, whilst he is yet able to move about. He is near sixty, and with a broken constitution, as may well be

supposed after thirty-six years' service, yet he is as bold and eager in the business as if he were but five-and-twenty. I went aboard with him, and dined with the Admiral, Morad de Galles, who has succeeded Villaret Joyeuse, and two other Admirals, Bouvet and Bruix. When I was about to leave him, I took him aside for an instant, and told him that, as we embarked on different vessels, I might perhaps not have another occasion to speak to him, and therefore availed myself of this to observe, that as it was likely we might fall in with the English, and of course have an action, I had to entreat him, in case any thing should happen to me, and that he got safe to Ireland, to exert himself in behalf of my family, by making such a report of my services as he thought just, and as they merited. He assured me in case of any accident, I might rely upon his zeal and friendship; and he requested, at the same time, that if a similar circumstance befel him, I would render his family the same service; which I assured him, with great truth and sincerity, I would not fail to do; and so we parted. I have a sincere regard for him, and the very best opinion both of his zeal and talents.

#### BANTRY BAY EXPEDITION—ON BOARD.

*December 1, 2.*—Received my order to embark on board the *Indomptable* of 80 guns, Captain Bedout. Packed up directly, and wrote a long letter of directions to my wife, in which I detailed everything I thought necessary; and advised her, in case of any thing happening me, to return to America, and settle in Georgia or Carolina.

*December 3, 4.*—As it is now pretty certain that the English are in force off Ushant to the number of sixteen ships of the line and ten frigates, it seems hardly possible that we can make our way to Ireland without falling in with them; and, as even the most successful action must be attended with damages in our masts and rigging; so that, even if victorious, which I do not expect, we may yet be prevented from proceeding on the expedition, considering the stormy season of the year. I have been devising a scheme, which, I think, in the present state of things in Ireland, can hardly fail of success. It is this: That three, or, at most, four sail of the fastest going ships should take advantage of the first favourable moment, as a dark night and a strong gale from the north-east, and slip out with as many troops as they can carry, including at least a company of the *artillerie légère*, and steering such a course as, though somewhat longer, should be most out of the way of the English fleet; that they should proceed round the coast of Ireland, keeping a good offing for fear of accidents, and

land the men in the north as near Belfast as possible. If we could land 2000 men in this manner, with as many stand of arms as we could carry beside, I have no doubt but in a week we would have possession of the entire north of Ireland, and we would certainly maintain ourselves there for a considerable time against all the force which could be sent against us; the consequence of which would be, 1st, that the whole south would be disfurnished of troops, which would, of course, be sent against us; and I also am almost certain that the British fleet would directly quit its station off Brest, where they have been now cruizing ten weeks, according to our accounts, as thinking that the mischief was already done, and that they were watching the stable when the steed was stolen; in which case, the main embarkation might immediately set off, and, landing in the south, put the enemy between two fires, and so settle the business almost without a blow. If this scheme be adopted, it is absolutely necessary that no mortal should hear of it but Morard de Galles, Hoche, and Colonel Shee.

*December 5, 6, 7, 8.*—The uniformity of my life, at anchor in the road of Brest, does not furnish much matter for observation. I saw Mr Shee yesterday, who is still in bed with the gout. He tells me that he spoke of my plan to the general, who said at once it was impossible, and that he durst not take on himself the responsibility it would induce. His reasons are good. First, if our little squadron fell in with the enemy, we must, to a moral certainty, be taken. Next, if we got even clear, and that the remainder of the squadron fell in with the enemy and was beaten, which would most probably be the case, the whole fault would be laid on him, as having weakened the main force by the detachment; and, lastly, that from the state of our preparations, being victualled and furnished but for a short period, we must speedily sail, *coûte qui coûte*; so that the advantage I proposed in drawing off the English fleet would be useless, as we could not afford to wait the time necessary to suffer that circumstance to operate. This last is the best of his reasons; but I remain firmly of opinion that my scheme is, under all the circumstances, infinitely the best. However, it is decided otherwise, and I must submit. Our force is of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and seven or eight transports; that makes upwards of thirty sail, a force which can never escape the vigilance of the English, unless there should come a furious storm for two or three days, without remission, which would blow them up the channel.

*December 9, 10, 11.*—Went ashore yesterday to take my leave of Brest. Four of our frigates stood out of the Gulet that evening; so there are, at least, symptoms of movement. This

morning went on board the *Fraternité* to see Colonel Shee, and, to my infinite satisfaction, saw Richery in the offing, standing in for the road, where he anchored safely in an hour after. He brings with him five ships of the line and two frigates, of which we shall have three of the line, and the crews of the two others, which are foul. It is a reinforcement of the most infinite consequence to us, and, perhaps, may enable us to force our way out at last. I am astonished how Richery, with his squadron, has been able to elude the vigilance of the English; he must be an excellent officer, and, I presume, we shall have him, of course, with us. The general comes aboard to-day, and it is not impossible, if the weather is favourable, but we may sail to-night. God send! whatever may be the event, for I am tired of this suspense.

*December 12.*—The *état-major* came aboard last night; we are seven in the great cabin, including a lady in boy's clothes, the wife of a commissaire, one Ragoneau. By what I see we have a little army of commissaries, who are going to Ireland to make their fortunes. If we arrive safe, I think I will keep my eye a little upon these gentlemen. In consequence of the arrival of Richery, our squadron will be augmented with two if not three ships, and the army with 1700 men, which, with 13,400 already on board, will make 15,100—a force more than sufficient for our purpose; if, as I am always obliged to add, we have the good fortune to reach our destination in safety.

*December 15.*—At 11 o'clock this morning the signal was made to heave short; and I believe we are now going to sail in downright earnest. There is a signal also at the point for four sail of enemies in the offing. It is most delicious weather, and the sun is as warm and as bright as in the month of May. "I hope," as Lord George Brilliant says, "he may not shine through somebody presently." We are all in high spirits, and the troops are as gay as if they were going to a ball. With our 15,000, or more correctly 13,975 men, I would not have the least doubt of our beating 30,000 of such as will be opposed to us; that is to say, if we reach our destination. The signal is now flying to get under way: so, one way or other, the affair will be at last brought to a decision, and God knows how sincerely I rejoice at it.

*December 17.*—Last night passed through the Raz, a most dangerous and difficult pass, wherein we were within an inch of running on a sunken rock, where we must every soul have inevitably perished. I knew nothing about it, for my part, till this morning, and I am glad of it. Captain Bedout told me he had rather stand three such engagements as that wherein he was taken, than pass again through the Raz at night, so it seems the

affair was serious; if we had struck, we should have gone to pieces in a quarter of an hour, as the tide runs furiously at the rate of not less than 10 knots an hour. Ours is the first squadron that has passed through the Raz, which even single ships avoid, unless in case of necessity. This morning, to my infinite mortification and anxiety, we were but eighteen sail in company, instead of forty-three, which is our number. We conjecture, however, that the remaining twenty-five have made their way through the Yroise, and that we shall see them to-morrow morning; at the same time, we much fear that some of our companions have perished in that infernal Raz. We have nothing for it now but to wait till to-morrow. (*At night.*) This day has passed without any event; the weather moderate, the wind favourable, and our eighteen sail pretty well together. Two of the admirals and the General are with the absent; God send they may have escaped the Raz. Rear-Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy, second in command, are with us. I believe there is a rendezvous fixed in case of separation, so to-morrow we shall see. We run on an average five or six knots an hour, course W.N.W.

*December 18.*—At nine this morning, a fog so thick that we cannot see a ship's length before us. "Hazy weather, master Noah;" damn it, we may be, for aught I know, within a quarter of a mile of our missing ships, without knowing it; it is true we may also, by the same means, miss the English, so it may be as well for good as evil, and I count firmly upon the fortune of the republic. How, after all, if we were not to join our companions? What will Grouchy and Bouvet determine? We are enough to make the attempt, but we must then steer for the North of Ireland. If it rested with me I would not hesitate a moment; and, as it is, I will certainly propose it, if I can find an opening.

" If we are doomed to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss; and if to rise,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour."

This damned fog continues without interruption. (*At night.*) Foggy all day, and no appearance of our comrades. I asked General Cherin what we should do, in case they did not rejoin us? He said that he supposed General Grouchy would take the command with the troops we had with us, which, on examination, we found to amount to about 6,500 men. I need not say that I supported this idea with all my might.

*December 19.*—This morning, at eight, signal of a fleet in the offing; Branlebas General; rose directly and made my toilet, so now I am ready, *ou pour les Anglaise, ou pour les Anglaises.* I



see about a dozen sail, but whether they are friends or enemies God knows. It is a stark calm, so that we do not move an inch even with our studding sails; but here we lie rolling like so many logs on the water. It is most inconceivably provoking; two frigates that were ordered to reconnoitre have not advanced one hundred yards in an hour, with all their canvas out; it is now nine o'clock; damn it to hell for a calm, and in the middle of December. Well, it cannot last long. If this fleet prove to be our comrades, it will be famous news; if it be the English, let them come, we will do our best, and I think the Indomptable will not be the worst fought ship in the squadron. This calm! this calm! it is most terribly vexatious. At half-past ten we floated near enough to recognize the signals, and, to my infinite satisfaction, the strange fleet proves to be our comrades, so now *nous en sommes quittes pour la peur*, as the French say; counted sixteen sail, including the Admiral's frigate, so the General is safe. The wind, which favoured us thus far, is chopped about, and is now right in our teeth; that is provoking enough. If we have a fair wind we should be in Bantry Bay to-morrow morning. At half-past one hailed by a lugger, which informed us of the loss of the *Seduisant*, a seventy-four of our squadron, the first night of our departure, with five hundred and fifty men of the ninety-fourth demi-brigade, of whom she saved thirty-three. It happened near the same spot where we were in such imminent danger. I was mistaken above in saying that the *Fraternité* was with the squadron which joined us; it is in Admiral Nielly's frigate, and we know nothing of the other, which has thrown us all in the greatest anxiety. Admiral Morard de Galles, General Hoche, General Debelle, and Colonel Shee, are aboard the *Fraternité*, and God knows what has become of them. The wind, too, continues against us; and, altogether, I am in terrible low spirits. How if these damned English should catch us at last, after having gone on successfully thus far. Our force leaving Brest water, was as follows:—*Indomptable*, 80 guns; *Nestor*, *Cassard*, *Droits de l'Homme*, *Tourville*, *Eole*, *Fougeux*, *Lucius*, *Redoubtable*, *Patriote*, *Pluton*, *Constitution*, *Trajan*, *Watigny*, *Pegaze*, *Revolution*, and the unfortunate *Seduisant*, of 74 guns (seventeen sail of the line); *La Cocarde*, *Bravoure*, *Immortalité*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Romaine*, *Sirène*, *Impatiente*, *Surveillante*, *Charente*, *Resolue*, *Tartare*, and *Fraternité*, frigates of 36 guns; (thirteen frigates); *Scevola* and *Fidèle armés en flutes*, *Mutine*, *Renard*, *Atalante*, *Voltigeur*, and *Affronteur*, corvettes; and *Nicodeme*, *Justine*, *Ville d'Orient*, *Suffren*, *Experiment*, and *Alegre*, transports; making, in all, forty-three sail. Of these there are missing, this day, at three o'clock, the *Nestor*

and *Seduisant*, of 74; the *Fraternité*, *Cocarde*, and *Romaine* frigates; the *Mutine* and *Voltigeur*, corvettes; and three other transports.

*December 21.*—Last night, just at sunset, signal for seven sail in the offing; all in high spirits, in hopes that it is our comrades; stark calm all the fore part of the night; at length a breeze sprung up, and this morning, at day-break, we are under Cape Clear, distant about four leagues, so I have, at all events, once more seen my country; but the pleasure I should otherwise feel at this is totally destroyed by the absence of the general, who has not joined us, and of whom we know nothing. The sails we saw last night have disappeared, and we are all in uncertainty. It is most delicious weather, with a favourable wind, and every thing, in short, that we can desire, except our absent comrades. At the moment I write this we are under easy sail, within three leagues, at most, of the coast, so that I can discover here and there patches of snow on the mountains. What if the general should not join us. If we cruise here five days, according to our instructions, the English will be upon us, and then all is over. We are thirty-five sail in company, and seven or eight absent. Is that such a separation of our force, as under all the circumstances, will warrant our following the letter of our orders, to the certain failure of the expedition? If Grouchy and Bouvet be men of spirit and decision, they will land immediately, and trust to their success for justification. If they be not, and if this day passes without our seeing the general, I much fear the game is up.

*December 22.*—This morning, at eight, we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered; no news of the *Fraternité*; I believe it is the first instance of an admiral in a clean frigate, with moderate weather, and moonlight nights, parting company with his fleet. Captain Grammont, our first Lieutenant, told me his opinion is that she is either taken or lost; and, in either event, it is a terrible blow to us. All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may turn out well; he has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirit and talent to play it. If he succeeds, it will immortalize him. I do not at all like the countenance of the *état-major* in this crisis. When they speak of the expedition, it is in a style of despondency; and when they were not speaking of it, they are playing cards and laughing; they are every one of them brave of their persons; but I see nothing of that spirit of enterprise, combined with a steady resolution, which our present situation demands. They stared at me this morning when I said that Grouchy was the man in the whole army who had least reason to regret the absence of the general; and began to talk of responsibility and difficulties, as if

any great enterprise was without responsibility and difficulties. I was burning with rage; however, I said nothing, and will say nothing until I get ashore, if ever I am so happy as to arrive there. We are gaining the bay by slow degrees, with a head wind at east, where it has hung these five weeks. To-night we hope, if nothing extraordinary happens, to cast anchor in the mouth of the bay, and work up to-morrow morning; these delays are dreadful to my impatience. I am now so near the shore that I can see distinctly two old castles, yet I am utterly uncertain whether I shall ever set foot on it. According to appearances, Bouvet and Grouchy are resolved to proceed.

*December 23.*—Last night it blew a heavy gale from the eastward with snow, so that the mountains are covered this morning, which will render our bivouacs extremely amusing. It is to be observed, that of the thirty-two points of the compass, the east is precisely the most unfavourable to us. In consequence, we are this morning separated for the fourth time; sixteen sail, including nine or ten of the line, with Bouvet and Grouchy, are at anchor with us, and about twenty are blown to sea; luckily the gale set from the shore, so I am in hopes no mischief will ensue. The wind is still high, and, as usual, right a-head; and I dread a visit from the English; and altogether I am in great uneasiness. Oh! that we were once ashore, let what might ensue after; I am sick to the very soul of this suspense. It is curious to see how things are managed in this best of all possible worlds. We are here, sixteen sail, great and small, scattered up and down in a noble bay, and so dispersed that there are not two together in any spot, save one, and there they are now so close, that if it blows to-night as it did last night, they will inevitably run foul of each other, unless one of them prefers driving on shore. We lie in this disorder, expecting a visit from the English every hour, without taking a single step for our defence; even to the common one of having a frigate in the harbour's mouth, to give us notice of their approach: to judge by appearances, we have less to dread here than in Brest water, for when we were there, we had four corvettes stationed off the *goulet*, besides the signal posts. I confess this degree of security passes my comprehension. The day has passed without the appearance of one vessel, friend or enemy, the wind rather more moderate, but still a-head. To-night, on examining the returns with Waudré, chef d'état-major of the artillery, I find our means so reduced by the absence of the missing, that I think it hardly possible to make an attempt here, with any prospect of success; in consequence, I took Cherin into the captain's room, and told him frankly my opinion of our actual

state; and thought it our duty, since we must look upon the main object as unattainable, unless the whole of our friends returned to-morrow, and the English gave us our own time, which was hardly to be expected, to see what could be best done for the honour and interest of the republic, with the force which remained in our hands; and I proposed to him to give me the legion des Francs, a company of the artillerie légère, and as many officers as desired to come volunteers in the expedition, with what arms and stores remained, which are now reduced, by our separation, to four field pieces, 20,000 firelocks at most, 1000 lb. of powder, and 3,000,000 cartridges, and to land us in Sligo Bay, and let us make the best of our way; if we succeeded, the republic would gain infinitely in reputation and interest; and if we failed, the loss would be trifling, as the expense was already incurred, and as for the legion, he knew what kind of desperadoes it was composed of, and for what purpose; consequently, in the worst event, the republic would be well rid of them; finally, I added, that though I asked the command, it was on the supposition that none of the generals would risk their reputation on such a desperate enterprise; and that if another was found, I would be content to go as a simple volunteer. This was the outline of my proposal, which I pressed on him with such arguments as occurred to me; concluding by observing that, as a foreigner in the French service, my situation was a delicate one, and if I were simply an officer, I would obey in silence the orders of my superiors; but, from my connexions in Ireland, having obtained the confidence of the directory, so far as to induce them to appoint me to the rank of *chef de brigade*, and of General Hoche, who had nominated me adjutant-general, I thought it my duty, both to France and Ireland, to speak on this occasion; and that I only offered my plan as a *pis aller*, in case nothing better suggested itself. Cherin answered that I did very right to give my opinion; and that as he expected a council of war would be called to-morrow, he would bring me with him, and I should have an opportunity to press it.

*December 24.*—This morning the whole état-major has been miraculously converted, and it was agreed, in full council, that General Cherin, Colonel Waudré, chef d'état-major of the artillery, and myself, should go aboard the *Immortalité*, and press General Grouchy in the strongest manner to proceed on the expedition with the ruins of our scattered army. Accordingly, we made a signal to speak with the admiral, and in about an hour we were aboard. I must do Grouchy the justice to say, that the moment we gave our opinion in favour of proceeding, he took his part decidedly, and like a man of spirit; he instantly set about pre-

paring the *ordre de bataille*, and we finished it without delay. We are not more than 6,500 strong, but they are tried soldiers who have seen fire, and I have the strongest hopes that, after all, we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious termination. It is a bold attempt, and truly original. All the time we were preparing the *ordre de bataille*, we were laughing most immoderately at the poverty of our means; and I believe, under the circumstances, it was the merriest council of war that was ever held; but, "*Des chevaliers Français tel est le caractère.*" Grouchy, the commander-in-chief, never had so few men under his order since he was adjutant-general; Wandré, who is lieutenant-colonel, finds himself now at the head of the artillery, which is a furious park, consisting of one piece of eight, one of four, and two six inch howitzers; when he was a captain, he never commanded fewer than ten pieces, but now that he is in fact general of the artillery, he prefers taking the field with four. He is a gallant fellow, and offered, on my proposal last night, to remain with me and command his company, in case General Grouchy had agreed to the proposal I made to Cherin. It is altogether an enterprise truly *unique*; we have not one guinea; we have not a tent; we have not a horse to draw our four pieces of artillery; the general-in-chief marches on foot; we leave all our baggage behind us; we have nothing but the arms in our hands, the clothes on our backs, and a good courage, but that is sufficient. With all these original circumstances, such as I believe never were found united in an expedition of such magnitude as that we are about to attempt, we are all as gay as larks. I never saw the French character better exemplified than in this morning's business. Well, at last I believe we are about to disembark, God knows how I long for it. My enemy, the wind, seems just now, at eight o'clock, to relent a little, so we may reach Bantry by to-morrow. The enemy has now had four days to recover from his panic, and prepare to receive us; so much the worse, but I do not mind it. We purpose to make a race for Cork, as if the devil were in our bodies; and when we are there we will stop for a day or two to take breath, and look about us. From Bantry to Cork is about forty-five miles, which, with all our efforts, will take us three days, and I suppose we may have a brush by the way; but I think we are able to deal with any force that can, at a week's notice, be brought against us. We are not the best dressed body of men in Europe. I think I have seen a captain of the guards in St. James's Park who would burn for as much as one of our demi-brigades. Well, I have worked hard to-day, not to speak of my boating party aboard the admiral, against wind and tide,

and in a rough sea. I have written and copied fifteen letters, besides these memorandums; pretty well for one day. I think I will stop here. I have but one observation to add: there is not, I will venture to say, one grenadier in the compagnie bloom that will not sleep to-night in his hammock more contentedly than the archbishop of Dublin, in a down bed. I presume our arrival has put several respectable characters in no small fuss.

*December 25.*—Last night I had the strongest expectations that to-day we should debark, but at two this morning I was awakened by the wind. I rose immediately, and wrapping myself in my great coat, walked for an hour in the gallery, devoured by the most gloomy reflections. The wind continues right a-head, so that it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing place, and God knows when it will change. The same wind is exactly favourable to bring the English upon us, and these cruel delays give the enemy time to assemble his entire force in this neighbourhood; and perhaps (it is, unfortunately, more than perhaps), by his superiority in numbers, in cavalry, in artillery, in money, in provisions, in short, in every thing we want, to crush us, supposing we are even able to effectuate a landing at last; at the same time that the fleet will be caught as in a trap. Had we been able to land the first day and march directly to Cork, we should have infallibly carried it by a *coup de main*; and then we should have a footing in the country, but as it is—if we are taken, my fate will not be a mild one; the best I can expect is to be shot as an *émigré rentré*, unless I have the good fortune to be killed in the action; for most assuredly if the enemy will have us, he must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for the sake of striking terror into others, in which case I shall be hanged as a traitor and embowelled, etc. As to the embowelling, “*je m’en fiche*,” if ever they hang me, they are welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant prospects! Nothing on earth could sustain me now, but the consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause. For my family, I have, by a desperate effort, surmounted my natural feelings so far, that I do not think of them at this moment. This day, at twelve, the wind blows a gale, still from the east; and our situation is now as critical as possible, for it is morally certain that this day or to-morrow, in the morning, the English fleet will be in the harbour’s mouth, and then adieu to every thing. In this desperate state of affairs, I proposed to Cherin to sally out with all our forces, to mount to the Shannon, and disembarking the troops, make a forced march to Limerick, which is probably unguarded; the garrison being, I am pretty certain, on its march

to oppose us here; to pass the river at Limerick, and by forced marches, push to the north. I detailed all this on a paper which I will keep, and showed it to Captain Bedout and all the generals on board; Cherin, Simon, and Chasseloup. They all agreed as to the advantages of the plan; but after settling it, we find it impossible to communicate with the general and admiral, who are in the *Immortalité*, nearly two leagues a-head, and the wind is now so high and foul, and the sea so rough, that no boat can live, so all communication is impracticable, and to-morrow morning it will most probably be too late; and on this circumstance perhaps the fate of the expedition and the liberty of Ireland depend.

*December 26.*—Last night, at half after six o'clock, in a heavy gale of wind still from the east, we were surprised by the admiral's frigate running under our quarter, and hailing the *Indomptable*, with orders to cut our cable and put to sea instantly, the frigate then pursued her course, leaving us all in the utmost astonishment. Our first idea was that it might be an English frigate lurking in the bottom of the bay, which took advantage of the storm and darkness of the night to make her escape, and wished to separate our squadron by this stratagem; for it seems utterly incredible that an admiral should cut and run in this manner, without any previous signal of any kind to warn the fleet; and that the first notice we should have of his intention, should be his hailing us in this extraordinary manner, with such unexpected and peremptory orders. After a short consultation with his officers, (considering the storm, the darkness of the night, that we have two anchors out, and only one spare one in the hold), Captain Bedout resolved to wait, at all events, till to-morrow morning, in order to ascertain whether it was really the admiral who hailed us. The morning is now come, the gale continues, and the fog is so thick that we cannot see a ship's length a-head; so here we lie in the utmost uncertainty and anxiety. In all probability we are now left without admiral or general; if so, Cherin will command the troops, and Bedout the fleet, but, at all events, there is an end of the expedition. Certainly we have been persecuted by a strange fatality from the very night of our departure to this hour. We have lost two commanders-in-chief; of four admirals not one remains; we have lost one ship of the line that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing; we have been now six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing; we have been dispersed four times in four days; and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen. There only wants our

falling in with the English to complete our destruction; and to judge of the future by the past, there is every probability that that will not be wanting. All our hopes are now reduced to get back in safety to Brest, and I believe we will set sail for that port the instant the weather will permit. I confess, myself, I now look on the expedition as impracticable. The enemy has had seven days to prepare for us, and three, or perhaps four days more before we could arrive at Cork; and we are now too much reduced, in all respects, to make the attempt with any prospect of success—so all is over! It is hard, after having forced my way thus far, to be obliged to turn back; but it is my fate, and I must submit. Notwithstanding all our blunders, it is the dreadful stormy weather and easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously and without intermission, since we made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada; and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather; the elements fight against us, and courage is of no avail. Well, let me think no more about it; it is lost, and let it go! I am now a Frenchman and must regulate my future plans accordingly. I hope the directory will not dismiss me the service for this unhappy failure; in which, certainly, I have nothing personally to reproach myself with; and in that case, I shall be rich enough to live as a peasant. If God Almighty sends me my dearest love and darling babies in safety, I will buy or rent a little spot, and have done with the world for ever. I shall neither be great, nor famous, nor powerful, but I may be happy. God knows whether I shall ever reach France myself, and in that case, what will become of my family? It is horrible to me to think of. Oh! my life and soul, my darling babies, shall I ever see you again? This infernal wind continues without intermission, and now that all is lost, I am as eager to get back to France as I was to come to Ireland.

*December 27.*—Yesterday several vessels, including the Indomptable, dragged their anchors several times, and it was with great difficulty they rode out the gale. At two o'clock, the Revolution, a seventy-four, made signal that she could hold no longer, and in consequence of the commodore's permission, who now commands our little squadron, cut her only cable and put to sea. In the night, the Patriote and Pluton, of seventy-four each, were forced to put to sea with the Nicomede flute, so that this morning we are reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate. Any attempt here is now desperate; but I think still, if we were debarked at the mouth of the Shannon, we might yet recover all. At ten o'clock the commodore made signal to get under way,



which was delayed by one of the ships, which required an hour to get ready. This hour we availed ourselves of to hold a council of war, at which were present, Generals Cherin, and Harty, and Humbert, who came from their ships for that purpose; Adjutant-Generals Simon, Chasseloup, and myself; Lieutenant-Colonel Waudré, commanding the artillery, and Favory, captain of engineers, together with Commodore Bedout, who was invited to assist; General Harty, as senior officer, being president. It was agreed that our force being now reduced to 4,168 men, our artillery to two four pounders, our ammunition to 1,500,000 cartridges and 500 rounds for the artillery, with 500 pounds of powder—this part of the country being utterly wild and savage, furnishing neither provisions nor horses, and especially as the enemy, having seven days' notice, together with three more which it would require to reach Cork, supposing we even met with no obstacle, had time more than sufficient to assemble his forces in numbers sufficient to crush our little army; considering, moreover, that this province is the only one of the four which has testified no disposition to revolt; that it is the most remote from the party which is ready for insurrection; and, finally, Captain Bedous having communicated his instructions, which are, to mount as high as the Shannon, and cruize there five days; it was unanimously agreed to quit Bantry Bay directly, and proceed for the mouth of the Shannon, in hopes to rejoin some of our scattered companions; and when we are there we will determine, according to the means in our hands, what part we shall take. I am the more content with this determination, as it is substantially the same with the paper which I read to General Cherin, and the rest, the day before yesterday. The wind, at last, has come round to the southward, and the signal is now flying to get under way. At half after four, there being every appearance of a stormy night, three vessels cut their cables and put to sea. The *Indomptable*, having with great difficulty weighed one anchor, we were forced, at length, to cut the cable of the other, and make the best of our way out of the bay, being followed by the whole of our little squadron, now reduced to ten sail, of which seven are of the line, one frigate, and two corvettes or luggers.

*December 28.*—Last night it blew a perfect hurricane. At one this morning a dreadful sea took the ship in the quarter, stove in the quarter gallery, and one of the dead-lights in the great cabin, which was instantly filled with water to the depth of three feet. The cots of the officers were almost all torn down, and themselves and their trunks floated about the cabin. For my part, I had just fallen asleep when awakened by the shock, of which I at first

did not comprehend the meaning; but hearing the water distinctly rolling in the cabin beneath me, and two or three of the officers mounting in their shirts as wet as if they had risen from the bottom of the sea, I concluded instantly that the ship had struck and was filling with water, and that she would sink directly. As the movements of the mind are as quick as lightning in such perilous moments, it is impossible to describe the infinity of ideas which shot across my mind in an instant. As I knew all notion of saving my life was in vain, in such a stormy sea, I took my part instantly, and lay down in my hammock, expecting every instant to go to the bottom; but I was soon relieved by the appearance of one of the officers, Baudin, who explained to us the accident. I can safely say that I had perfect command of myself during the few terrible minutes which I passed in this situation; and I was not, I believe, more afraid than any of those about me. I resigned myself to my fate, which I verily thought was inevitable, and I could have died like a man. Immediately after this blow, the wind abated, and at day-light, having run nine knots an hour under one jib only, during the hurricane, we found ourselves at the rendezvous, having parted company with three ships of the line and the frigate, which makes our *sixth* separation. The frigate Coquille joined us in the course of the day, which we spent standing off and on the shore, without being joined by our companions.

*December 29.*—At four this morning the commodore made the signal to steer for France; so there is an end of our expedition for the present; perhaps for ever. I spent all yesterday in my hammock, partly through sea-sickness, and much more through vexation. At ten we made prize of an unfortunate brig, bound from Lisbon to Cork, laden with salt, which we sunk.

*December 30, 31.*—On our way to Brest. It will be well supposed I am in no great humour to make memorandums. This is the last day of the year 1796, which has been a very remarkable one in my history.

*January 1, 1797.*—At eight this morning made the island of Ushant, and at twelve opened the Goulet. We arrive seven sail: the Indomptable, of 80; the Watigny, Cassard, and Eole, 74; the Coquille, 36; the Atalante, 20; and the Vautour lugger of 14. We left Brest forty-three sail, of which seventeen were of the line. I am utterly astonished that we did not see a single English ship of war, going nor coming back. They must have taken their measures very ill, not to intercept us; but perhaps they have picked up some of our missing ships. Well, this evening will explain all, and we shall see now what is become of one of our four admirals, and of our two generals-in-chief.

## EXTRACTS

FROM THE

## JOURNAL OF 1797.\*

[*Note of the Editor.*—Amidst all the agitation of my father's mind, during the ill-fated and tantalizing expedition of Bantry Bay, he was aware that his wife and three infant children, whom he had left at Princeton, in New Jersey, on his departure from America, were, amidst the storms of that wintry season, on their way to rejoin him. The feelings of the most affectionate of husbands and of fathers, in such a situation, can be better conceived than expressed. In fact, embarked in an American vessel for Hamburg, we almost crossed him in the British Channel, in the last days of December; and, after a tedious and rough passage of two months, my mother, with her infant family, landed at the mouth of the frozen Elbe, and proceeded to Hamburg in an open post waggon. In that commercial city, devoted to the British interest, the first news she received was, that of the failure of the expedition, embellished with a thousand exaggerations. Her anxiety may well be conceived; obliged to conceal it, as well as her name, her only consolation was, that she did not hear that of Tone mentioned. Already in weak and shattered health, she was seized with a nervous fever, and remained in the most cruel perplexity, amongst strangers, whose very language she did not understand. She wrote instantly to Paris, addressing her letter to Mr Madgett, and the answer to this letter, which came in due time, was the first news she received of his safety.]

*January 1 to 31, 1797.*—It is exactly one month to-day since I wrote a line by way of memorandum. It will be well supposed I had no great inclination, nor, in fact, have I had much to say. On our arrival at Brest, after a day or two, there was a little intrigue set on foot against General Grouchy, with a view to lessen the merit of his services; in consequence of which he determined to send me to Paris with his despatches for the directory and minister of war. Simon was joined with me in commission, and Fairin was also despatched by Cherin, who is at the head of this cabal. Grouchy desired me to state fairly what I thought of his conduct during our stay at Bantry Bay, to the government; and I was not a little pleased with this proof of his good opinion. We set off on the fifth of January, at night, and arrived, without accident, at Paris on the 12th. We went immediately to the minister of war, and delivered our letters; we saw him but for an instant; thence we went to the directory, where we were introduced, and had an audience for above half an hour, at which all the directors assisted.

\* Such parts of the Journal only are selected as relate to the proceedings and views of the author in respect to Ireland.—*Ed. of Autobiography.*

They were of opinion on that day, from the latest accounts, that Hoche had effectuated a landing with that part of the army which had been separated off Bantry Bay, and in consequence we expected orders immediately to return to Brest. Several days elapsed in this manner, waiting continually for news of the general, until at length, on the 15th he arrived, with the Revolution 74, at La Rochelle; so that put at once an end to my expectations of anything further being attempted, at least for the present. The morning after his arrival, I saw the general for five minutes. He received me very favourably, and, four or five days after, was named to the command of the army of Sambre et Meuse, which was decisive with regard to our expedition. I began now to think of my own situation and of that of my family, of whom it is at length surely time to speak. On my arrival at Paris, I found a letter from my wife at Madgett's, dated at Hamburgh, and informing me of her safe arrival there about the 20th of December, with my sister and the children, my brother having decided to settle in America. The transports of joy I felt at the news of her arrival were most dreadfully corrected by the account she gave me of her health, which threw me into the most terrible alarms. I wrote to her instantly to remain at Hamburgh until further orders, and by no means to think of exposing herself, in her present weak state, and our dear little babies, to a journey from Hamburgh, in this dreadful season; a great part of the road being through a wild country, where there is no better accommodation for travelling than open waggons. On the 30th, I wrote to General Hoche on the subject of my present situation, praying him to apply to the government to permit me to retire from the service, preserving my pay and appointments, and, at the same time, offering, at any future period when I might be useful, to resume my situation. The same evening I had a note from the general, desiring to see me early the next morning, and accordingly this day, 31st January, I went to the hotel of the minister of war, where he is lodged, at eight o'clock. On my calling on his aid-de-camp, Poitou, who makes his correspondence; Poitou showed me my letter, with a note in the margin, written by the general: "*Faire une copie pour être adressée au directoire, avec la demande de sa conservation, motivée sur l'utilité dont il peut être; lui faire une réponse flatteuse, et lui témoigner ma satisfaction de sa conduite.*" Nothing, certainly, can be more agreeable to me. Poitou also showed me, in confidence, the copy of the general's letter to the directory in my favour, which is worded in the most flattering and strongest manner. So I am in hopes I shall succeed in my application.

*February 8.*—This day I was hailed by General Hoche, who

was driving through the Rue Montmartre, and informed me that my affair was settled; so now I am fixed in the French service, if nothing better offers in my own country. I returned the general my acknowledgments, and so we parted. Altogether, things do not look so gloomy just now as they did a fortnight ago. If the Spaniards and the directory act with spirit and decision, all may yet do well, and Ireland be independent. As to myself, I can at least exist on my appointments; and if I had my family here, I could be as happy as the richest man in Europe. I see in the English papers that, in a late debate in the Irish Parliament, the Lord Chancellor (my old friend Fitzgibbon, who is now Earl of Clare), did me the favour to abuse me twice by name, as the father of the United Irishmen. I thought *he* had forgotten *me*, but if we had got safe into Ireland, with the blessing of God, I would have refreshed his memory. In the same debate he called General Hoche "a monster," so, at least, I had the pleasure to be abused in good company. I wrote a witty note, in an unknown language, which I please myself to call French, to the general thereupon, consoling him for the disgrace, etc. I think I am growing sprightly once more, but God knows the heart!

*February 18.*—General Hoche set off for the army on the 13th. Before his departure, he asked Mr Shee whether I would like to come to the army of Sambre et Meuse? To which he answered as before, that he was sure I would be ready to go wherever the general thought I could be useful, on which the general desired him to propose it to me. This was in consequence of a conversation I had with Mr Shee, in which I mentioned to him that I thought we might be able, in consequence of my sister's marriage, to open a communication with Ireland through Hamburgh; at which General Hoche caught directly. It was fixed, in consequence, that I should make this campaign with the army of Sambre et Meuse, in order to be near his person; and he made application accordingly to the directory, for my brevet as adjutant-general, and an order to join forthwith. I learned, in the minister's bureau, that I am designed as the officer "charged with the general's foreign correspondence." That has a lofty sound! In the meantime I see in the English papers, that government is arresting all the world in Ireland. Arthur O'Connor, who it seems is canvassing for the county Antrim, is taken up; but, I believe, only for a libel. It seems he was walking with Lord Edward Fitzgerald when he was arrested. It is not for nothing that these two young gentlemen were walking together. I would give a great deal for an hour's conversation with O'Connor. I

see he has thrown himself, body and soul, into the revolution of his country. Well, if we succeed, he will obtain, and deserves, one of the first stations in the government. He is a noble fellow, that is the truth of it. I am now waiting for my brevet and order to join, and eke, for my *gratification d'entrée en campagne*, which amounts to 800 livres, together with two months' pay, which will make, *en numeraire*, 330 livres more; and my trunk has not yet arrived from Brest, and will not be here this month, and before that time I may be at Cologne, where our head quarters are fixed; and in my trunk are two gold watches and chains, and my flute, and my papers, and all that makes life dear to me; and so I am in perplexity and doubtful dilemma. I must see and spin out the time, if possible, till my trunk arrives, or I shall be in a state of anxiety thereupon, which will be truly alarming.

*February 19, 20, 21, 22.*—I see by the Courier of the 14th instant, that Robert and William Simms are arrested for publishing Arthur O'Connor's letter, as it should seem, for the account is rather confused. I collect from another paragraph in the same paper, that they were released on the 9th; but O'Connor remains in custody. He has proposed himself as candidate for the county Antrim, and I have no doubt will be returned; and it is for a letter to the electors of that county that he has been arrested. Government will move heaven and earth to keep him out. There is now scarcely one of my friends in Ireland but is in prison, and most of them in peril of their lives; for the system of terror is carried as far there as ever it was in France in the time of Robespierre. I think I will call on Carnot to-day, and propose to him to write to Dr Reynolds to have some person on whom we can depend sent over from Ireland, in order to confer with the government here. It may be easily done, and my letter will go in perfect safety by Monroe. Allons!

*February 24.*—This day I called on Monroe, and gave him a letter of eight pages for Dr Reynolds, in which I gave a detailed account of our late expedition, and assure him of the determination of the French government to persevere in our business. I likewise offer him a rapid sketch of the present posture of the great powers of Europe, in order to satisfy him of the permanency of the Republic, together with a brief view of our comparative resources as to England. Finally, I desire him, observing the most profound secrecy and rigid caution, to write to Ireland; and by preference, if possible, to R.S., to send a proper person to Hamburgh, addressed to the French resident there, in order to come on to Paris and confer with the directory. I calculate, if nothing extraordinary happens to delay him, that that person may be here by the middle

of July next; finally, I desire him to assure my friends that we have stronger hopes than ever of success; and to entreat them, in the meantime, to remain quiet, and not, by a premature explosion, give the English government a pretext to let loose their dragoons upon them. Such is the substance of my letter, which I have every reason to hope will go safe.

*February 25.*—Walked to Nanterre to see my friend Shee, with whom I will spend two days.

*March 3.*—I have been lately introduced to the famous Thomas Paine, and like him very well. He is vain beyond belief, but he has reason to be vain, and for my part I forgive him. He has done wonders for the cause of liberty, both in America and Europe, and I believe him to be conscientiously an honest man. He converses extremely well; and I find him wittier in discourse than in his writings; where his humour is clumsy enough. He read me some passages from a reply to the Bi-hop of Landaff, which he is preparing for the press, in which he belabours the prelate without mercy. He seems to plume himself more on his theology than his politics, in which I do not agree with him. I mentioned to him that I had known Burke in England, and spoke of the shattered state of his mind, in consequence of the death of his only son Richard. Paine immediately said that it was the Rights of Man which broke his heart; and that the death of his son gave him occasion to develop the chagrin which had preyed upon him ever since the appearance of that work. I am sure the Rights of Man have tormented Burke exceedingly, but I have seen myself the workings of a father's grief on his spirit, and I could not be deceived. *Paine has no children!* Oh! my little babies, if I was to lose my Will., or my little Fantom! Poor little souls, I doat upon them, and on their darling mother, whom I love ten thousand times more than my own existence. They are never out of my thoughts. But, to return to Paine: he drinks like a fish; a misfortune which I have known to befall other celebrated patriots. I am told that the true time to see him to advantage is about ten at night, with a bottle of brandy and water before him, which I can very well conceive. I have not yet had that advantage, but must contrive, if I can, to sup with him at least one night before I set off for the army.

*March 11, 12.*—Applied to-day and got an order for my arrears since the 1st Navore. In the margin of the order I observed the following note: "*Nota. L'activité et la grande utilité de cet officier, ont été attestées par le bureau des officiers généraux.*" This is very handsome. [*Here follows an account of General Tone's journey to the head-quarters of General Hoche at Cologne.*]

*April 7* —Cologne. —Went with the Adjutant-General Gastines, with whom I travelled to the quarter-general. The general busy, and could not see us, but sent to invite us to dinner. Dinner pleasant.

*April 9.*—Called on Mr Shee early, and mentioned to him my present situation. After turning it into all possible lights, we agreed that I should write a letter to the general, suggesting the necessity of opening a communication with Ireland, and offering, in case he had not otherwise disposed of me, to go in person to Hamburgh for that purpose. Wrote the letter accordingly, which Mr Shee translated, and I signed.

*April 12.*—Saw the general to-day, for an instant, before dinner. He told me he had read my letter, approved of the plan; and had, in consequence, desired Poitou to make out a permission for me to go to Hamburgh. I did not like the word "permission," and therefore took an opportunity to speak to him again after dinner, when I told him that I did not desire to go to Hamburgh unless he himself thought it advisable, and requested that in that case, he would give me an order, specifically, for that purpose; as otherwise it might appear that I had applied for a *conge* at the very opening of the campaign, which was not the case. He entered into my view of the business directly, and promised me to have the order made accordingly; so I am in hopes that affair will be settled to my mind. I took this occasion to ask him if he had any particular directions to give me, or any particular person to whom he wished I should address myself. He told me not. That all I had to do was to assure my friends that both the French government, and himself individually, were bent as much as ever on the emancipation of Ireland, that preparations were making for a second attempt, which would be concluded as speedily as the urgency of affairs would admit; that it was a business which the Republic would never give up; and that if three expeditions failed, they would try a fourth; and ever, until they succeeded. He desired me also to recommend that this determination should be made known through the medium of the patriotic prints in Ireland, in order to satisfy the people that we had not lost sight of them. I then took my leave, and we wished each other mutually a good voyage. I am very well satisfied with the turn which this affair is like to take; and especially, I am infinitely indebted to General Hoche for his kindness to me personally.

*April 17.*—This day Fairin, aid-de-camp to General Cherin, brought me the order for my departure, enclosed in a very friendly letter from the general-in-chief. I do not see anything concerning my *frais de route*, so, I presume, that part of the business is refused. It is well it is no worse.



DURING THE PERIOD THAT GENERAL TONE WAS ATTACHED  
TO THE BATAVIAN ARMY.

*Note of the Editor.*—Before my father reached Amsterdam, the war was concluded, and Hocié stopped in his career of victory by the news of the truce with Austria concluded by Buonaparte. My father's meeting with his family was short and delightful. He travelled with us about a fortnight through Holland and Belgium, left us at Brussels, and on the 26th of May was already returned to head-quarters at Cologne, whilst we proceeded on to Paris. The important events which ensued are contained in the following Journal, which he resumed with a new spirit on his arrival.]

*May 26, 1797.*—Cologne.—I see to-day in the *Journal Générale*, an article copied from an English paper, dated about a fortnight ago, which mentions that a discovery had been made in Ireland of a communication between the discontented party there, and the French; that one of the party had turned traitor, and impeached the rest; and that, on his indication, near fifty persons, in and near Belfast, had been arrested, one of them a dissenting clergyman; that their papers had been all seized; and that, on the motion of Mr Pelham, the English secretary, they were to be submitted to the inspection of a secret committee of the House of Commons. All this looks very serious.

*June 4.*—Friedberg.—In the *Moniteur* of the 27th is a long article, copied from the English papers of the 18th May, and containing the substance of the report made by the secret committee above mentioned; most of the facts contained in it I was already acquainted with; the organisation is, however, much more complete than when I left Ireland. The most material fact is, that above 100,000 United Irishmen exist in the north of Ireland, and that they have a large quantity of arms, and at least eight pieces of cannon and one mortar concealed. I presume that martial law is proclaimed long before this; as I see, in the *Frankfort Gazette*, an article from England of the 23d May, viz., five days after that in the *Moniteur*, which mentions two or three skirmishes between the army and some detached portions of the people, who are denominated the rebels, in which the army had, of course, the advantage. I do not at all believe that the people are prepared for a serious and general insurrection; and, in short (why should I conceal the fact?) I do not believe they have the spirit. It is not fear of the army, but fear of the law, and long habits of slavery, that keep them down; it is not fear of the general, but fear of the judge. In the meantime, it seems Marquis Cornwallis is named to the command in Ireland, and that Lord O'Neil, Mr Conolly, and the Duke of Leinster, have resigned their regiments. The example of the last has been followed by all the officers of the *Kildare militia*; this last circumstance is, in some degree, consolatory.

*June 12.*—Quartier-general at Friedberg. This evening the

general called me into the garden and told me he had some good news for me. He then asked, "Did I know one Lewines?" I answered I did, perfectly well, and had a high opinion of his talents and patriotism. "Well," said he, "he is at Neuwied, waiting to see you; you must set off to-morrow morning; when you join him, you must go together to Treves, and wait for further orders." The next morning I set off, and on the 14th, in the evening, reached—

*June 14.*—Neuwied, where I found Lewines waiting for me. I cannot express the unspeakable satisfaction I felt at seeing him. I gave him a full account of all my labours, and of every thing that happened since I have been in France; and he informed me, in return, of everything of consequence relating to Ireland, and especially to my friends now in jeopardy there. I cannot pretend to detail his conversation, which occupied us fully during our stay at Neuwied, and our journey to—

*June 17.*—Treves, where we arrived on the 17th. What is most material is, that he is sent here by the executive committee of the united people of Ireland, to solicit, on their part, the assistance in troops, arms, and money, necessary to enable them to take the field, and assert their liberty; the organisation of the people is complete, and nothing is wanting but the *point d'appui*. His instructions are to apply to France, Holland, and Spain. At Hamburgh, where he passed only two months, he met a senior Nava, an officer of rank in the Spanish Navy, sent thither by the Prince of Peace, on some mission of consequence; he opened himself to Nava, who wrote off, in consequence, to his court, and received an answer, general, it is true, but in the highest degree favourable; a circumstance which augurs well, is, that in forty days from the date of Nava's letter, he received the answer, which is less time than he ever knew a courier to arrive in, and shows the earnestness of the Spanish minister. Lewines's instructions are to demand of Spain £500,000 sterling, and 30,000 stand of arms. At Treves, on the 19th, Dalton, the general's aid-de-camp, came express with orders for us to return to—

*June 21.*—Coblentz, where we arrived on the 21st, and met General Hoche. He told us not to be discouraged by the arrival of a British negotiator, for that the directory were determined to make no peace but on conditions which would put it out of the power of England longer to arrogate to herself the commerce of the world, and dictate her laws to all the maritime powers. He added, that preparations were making also in Holland for an expedition, the particulars of which he would communicate to us in two or three days; and, in the meantime, he desired us to attend him to—

June 24.—Cologne.—At 9 o'clock at night the general sent us a letter from General Daendels, commander-in-chief of the army of the Batavian republic, acquainting him that everything was in the greatest forwardness, and would be ready in a very few days; that the army and the navy were in the best possible spirit; that the committee for foreign affairs (the directory per interim of the Batavian Republic) desired most earnestly to see him without loss of time, in order to make the definite arrangements; and especially they prayed him to bring with him the deputy of the people of Ireland, which Daendels repeated two or three times in his letter. In consequence of this, I waited on the general, whom I found in his bed in the Cour Imperiale, and received his orders to set off with Lewines without any loss of time, and endeavour to attend him at—

June 27.—The Hague, where we arrived accordingly, having travelled day and night. In the evening we went to the comédie, where we met the general in a sort of public incognito; that is to say, he had combed the powder out of his hair, and was in a plain regimental frock. After the play, we followed him to his lodging at the Lion d'Or, where he gave us a full detail of what was preparing in Holland. He began by telling us that the Dutch Governor, General Daendels, and Admiral Dewinter, were sincerely actuated by a desire to effectuate something striking to rescue their country from that state of oblivion and *décadence* into which it had fallen; that, by the most indefatigable exertions on their part, they had got together, at the Texel, sixteen sail of the line, and eight or ten frigates, all ready for sea, and in the highest condition; that they intended to embark 15,000 men, the whole of their national troops, 3000 stand of arms, 80 pieces of artillery, and money for their pay and subsistence for three months; that he had the best opinion of the sincerity of all parties, and of the courage and conduct of the general and admiral, but that here was the difficulty: the French government had demanded that at least 5,000 French troops, the élite of the army, should be embarked, instead of a like number of Dutch; in which case, if the demand was acceded to, he would himself take the command of the united army, and set off for the Texel directly; but that the Dutch government made great difficulties, alleging a variety of reasons, of which some were good; that they said the French troops would never submit to the discipline of the Dutch navy; and that, in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it on their own, without making unjust distinctions, and giving a reasonable ground for jealousy and discontent to their army; "but the fact is," said Hoche, "that the committee, Daendels, and Dewinter, are anxious

that the Batavian republic should have the whole glory of the expedition if it succeeds; they feel that their country has been forgotten in Europe, and they are risking everything, even to their last stake: for, if this fails, they are ruined—in order to restore the national character. The demand of the French government is now before the committee; if it is acceded to, I will go myself, and, at all events, I will present you both to the committee, and we will probably then settle the matter definitely.” Both Lewines and I now found ourselves in a considerable difficulty. On the one side, it was an object of the greatest importance to have Hoche and his 5000 grenadiers; on the other, it was most unreasonable to propose anything which could hurt the feelings of the Dutch people, at a moment when they were making unexampled exertions in our favour, and risking, as Hoche himself said, their last ship and last shilling to emancipate us. I cursed and swore like a dragoon; it went to my very heart’s blood and midriff to give up the general and our brave lads, 5000 of whom I would prefer to any 10,000 in Europe; on the other hand, I could not but see that the Dutch were perfectly reasonable in the desire to have the whole reputation of an affair prepared and arranged entirely at their expense, and at such an expense. I confess Hoche’s renouncing the situation which he might command is an effort of very great virtue. It is true he is doing exactly what an honest man and a good citizen ought to do; he is preferring the interests of his country to his own private views; that, however, does not prevent my regarding his conduct, in this instance, with great admiration, and I shall never forget it.

*June 28.*—This morning, at ten, Lewines and I went with General Hoche to the committee for foreign affairs, which we found sitting. There were eight or nine members, of whom I do not know all the names, together with General Daendels. Those whose names I learned were citizens Hahn (who seemed to have great influence among them), Bekker, Van Leyden, and Grasvelde. General Hoche began by stating extremely well the history of our affairs, since he had interested himself in them; he pressed in the strongest manner that we could wish the advantages to be reaped from the emancipation of Ireland, the almost certainty of success, if the attempt were once made, and the necessity of attempting it, if at all, immediately. It was citizen Hahn who replied to him. He said he was heartily glad to find the measure sanctioned by so high an opinion as that of General Hoche; that originally the object of the Dutch government was to have invaded England, in order to have operated a diversion in favour of the French army, which it is hoped would have been in Ireland; that circumstances being

totally changed in that regard, they had yielded to the wishes of the French government, and resolved to go into Ireland; that, for this purpose, they had made the greatest exertions, and had now at the Texel an armament of 16 sail of the line, 10 frigates, 15,000 troops in the best condition, 80 pieces of artillery, and pay for the whole for three months; but that a difficulty had been raised within a few days, in consequence of a requisition of the minister of marine, Truguet, who wished to have 5000 French troops, instead of so many Dutch, to be disembarked in consequence. That this was a measure of extreme risk, inasmuch as the discipline of the Dutch navy was very severe, and such as the French troops would probably not submit to; that, in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it with regard to their own troops, the consequence of which would be a relaxation of all discipline. This was precisely what General Hoche told us last night. He immediately replied, that, such being the case, he would take on himself to withdraw the demand of the minister of marine, and satisfy the directory as to the justice of their observations; and that he hoped, all difficulty on that head being removed, they would press the embarkation without a moment's delay. It was easy to see the most lively satisfaction on all their faces at this declaration of General Hoche, which certainly does him the greatest honour. General Daendels, especially, was beyond measure delighted. They told us then that they hoped all would be ready in a fortnight. A member of the committee, I believe it was Van Leyden, then asked us, supposing everything succeeded to our wish, what was the definite object of the Irish people. To which we replied categorically, that it was to throw off the yoke of England, break for ever the connexion now existing with that country, and constitute ourselves a free and independent people. They all expressed their satisfaction at this reply; and Van Leyden observed that he had travelled through Ireland, and to judge from the luxury of the rich, and extreme misery of the poor, no country in Europe had so crying a necessity for a revolution. To which Lewines and I replied, as is most religiously the truth, that one great motive of our conduct in this business was the conviction of the wretched state of our peasantry, and the determination, if possible, to amend it. The political object of our visit being now nearly ascertained, Hahn, in the name of the committee, observed that he hoped either Lewines or I would be of the expedition, as our presence with the general would be indispensable. To which Hoche replied, "that I was ready to go," and he made the offer, on my part, in a manner peculiarly agreeable to my feelings. It was then fixed that I should set off for the army of Sambre et Meuse for my trunk, and

especially for my papers, and that Lewines should remain at the Hague, at the orders of the committee, until my return, which might be seven or eight days. The meeting then broke up.

*July 1.*—Arrived at Cologne, where I found the general. He told me that, as he had expected, the minister of marine was piqued, and had given orders in consequence, to prepare everything at Brest with the greatest expedition; that he had, if necessary, £300,000 at the disposal of the minister; that he had just received orders from the directory to proceed instantly to Paris, by way of Dunkirk; that from Paris he would set off for Brest, where every thing would be ready in a fortnight, and in a month he hoped to be in Ireland. He then ordered me £50 sterling, with orders to return immediately to the Hague, with a letter for General Daendels. I told him, that if he expected to be ready so soon, it was my wish not to quit him. He replied, he had considered it, and thought it best I should accompany Daendels, on which I acquiesced. I then took occasion to speak on a subject which had weighed very much upon my mind; I mean the degree of influence which the French might be disposed to arrogate to themselves in Ireland, and which I had great reason to fear would be greater than we might choose to allow them. In the gazette of that day there was a proclamation of Buonaparte's, addressed to the government of Genoa, which I thought most grossly improper and indecent, as touching on the indispensable rights of the people. I read the most obnoxious passages to Hoche; and observed, that if Buonaparte commanded in Ireland, and were to publish there so indiscreet a proclamation, it would have a most ruinous effect; that in Italy such dictation might pass, but never in Ireland, where we understood our rights too well to submit to it. Hoche answered me, "I understand you, but you may be at ease in that respect; Buonaparte has been my scholar, but he shall never be my master." He then launched out into a very severe critique on Buonaparte's conduct, which certainly has latterly been terribly indiscreet, to say no worse of it; and observed that, as to his victories, it was easy to gain victories with such troops as he commanded; especially when the general made no difficulty to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers, and that these victories had cost the republic 200,000 men. A great deal of what Hoche said was very true, but I could see at the bottom of it a very great jealousy of Buonaparte.

*July 8.*—Arrived early in the morning at the Texel, and went immediately on board the admiral's ship, the *Vryheid*, of 74 guns; a superb vessel. Found General Daendels aboard, who presented me to Admiral Dewinter, who commands the expedition.

*July 13.*—I have had a good deal of discourse to-day with

General Daendels, and I am more and more pleased with him. His plan is, to place such of our people as may present themselves at first in the cadres of the regiments which we bring out, until our battalions are 1,000 each; that then we may form a corps, and he will give us proper officers to discipline and organize it; that he will keep the main army of 18 or 20,000 men in activity, and leave the security of our communications, the guarding of passes, rivers, etc., to the national troops, until they are in a certain degree disciplined. A great deal of this is good, but we must be brought more forward in the picture than that, for every reason in the world. I replied, that the outline of his plan was just; but that cases might occur where it would be necessary to depart from it occasionally. For instance, if the militia were to join us, they ought not, nor would they consent to be incorporated in the Dutch battalions. Daendels said, "certainly not; that he knew what the *esprit de corps* was too well to think of it; that the militia battalions would, in that case, become themselves cadres of regiments;" so that affair will be settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

*July 14.*—General Daendels showed me to-day his instructions from the Dutch government. They are fair and honest, and I have no doubt he will act up to them. The spirit of them is always to maintain the character of a faithful ally; not to interfere in the domestic concerns of the people; to aid them by every means in his power to establish their liberty and independence; and to expect no condition in return, but that we should throw off the English yoke; and that, when all was settled on that score, we should arrange our future commerce with the Dutch republic on the basis of reciprocal advantage and accommodation.

*July 24, 25, 26.*—To-day I saw in the Dutch papers that great changes have taken place in the French ministry. Talleyrand Perigord, cidevant Bishop of Autun, whom I saw in Philadelphia, is appointed to the foreign affairs, in place of Charles de la Croix; Pleville Pelet to the marine, in place of Truguet; Lenoir Laroche to the police, in place of Cochon; Français de Neufchateau to the interior, in place of Benezech; and Hoche to the war department, in place of Petiet. Of all these new men I only knew Hoche. Sat down immediately and wrote him a letter of congratulation, in which I took occasion to mention the negotiation now going on at Lisle, with the English plenipotentiary, Lord Malmesbury; and prayed him, in case that peace was inevitable, to exert his interest to get an article inserted, to restore to their country or liberty all the Irish patriots who are in exile or in prison; and assuring him, at the same time, that I should never profit of such an article, as I never would return to Ireland whilst she remained in slavery.

*July 27, 28.*—Yesterday we had a sort of fair wind, but which came so late, and was so feeble, that we could not weigh anchor; at eight in the evening it came round to the west, as bad as ever; and to-day it is not much better. I am weary of my life. The French are fitting out a squadron at Brest, which, it now appears, is to be only of twelve sail of the line. Lord Bridport's fleet is twenty-two sail; ergo, he may detach, with perfect security, seven sail, to reinforce Duncan, who will then have at least nineteen sail against our fifteen; ergo, he will beat us, etc. Damn it to all eternity for me. I am in a transport of rage, which I cannot describe. Everything now depends upon the wind, and we are totally helpless.

*July 29.*—I like Dewinter's behaviour very much; there is nothing like fanfaronade in it; and I fancy Duncan will have warm work of it to-morrow morning. The wind to-night is excellent, and blows fresh; if it holds, as I trust in God it may, to-morrow, at eight o'clock, we shall be under way, being the hour of the tide.

*August 5.*—This morning arrived aboard the *Vryheid*, Lowry, of County Down, member of the executive committee, and John Tennant, of Belfast. I am in no degree delighted with the intelligence which they bring. The persecution in Ireland is at its height; and the people there, seeing no prospect of succour, which has been so long promised to them, are beginning to lose confidence in themselves, and their chiefs, whom they almost suspect of deceiving them. They ground their suspicions on the great crisis of the mutiny being suffered to pass by, without the French government making the smallest attempt to profit of it; and I can hardly blame them. If either the Dutch or the French can effectuate a landing, I do not believe the present submission of the people will prevent their doing what is right; and if no landing can be effectuated, no part remains for the people to adopt but submission or flight.

*August 12.*—To-night Admiral Dewinter took me into secret, and told me that he had prepared a memorial to his government, stating that the present plan was no longer advisable; and, in consequence, he proposed that it should be industriously published that the expedition was given up; that the troops should be disembarked, except from 2500 to 3000 men, of the élite of the army, who, with twenty or thirty pieces of artillery, and all the arms and ammunition, should remain on board the frigates, and one or two of the fastest sailing transports; that, as the vigilance of the enemy would probably be relaxed in consequence, this flotilla should profit of the first favourable moment to put to sea and push for their original destination, where they should land the men, arms, and artillery, and he would charge himself with the execution of this



plan; that, by this means, even if they failed, the republic would be at no very great loss, and if they succeeded, must gain exceedingly; that she would preserve her grand fleet, which was now her last stake; and during the winter, would be able to augment it, so as to open the next campaign, in case peace was not made during the winter, with twenty sail of the line in the North Sea; whereas, on the present system, to the execution of which were opposed the superiority of the enemy, extra consumption of provisions, and especially the lateness of the season, a successful engagement at sea would not ensure the success of the measure; and an unsuccessful one, by ruining the fleet, would render it impossible for the republic to recover, for a long time at least, the blow. These are, most certainly, very strong reasons; and, unfortunately, the wind gives them, every hour, fresh weight. I answered that I did not see at present any solid objection to propose to his system; and that all I had to say was, that, if the Batavian Republic sent but a corporal's guard to Ireland, I was ready to make one. So here is our expedition in a hopeful way. It is most terrible. Twice, within nine months, has England been saved by the wind.

*August 13.*—The general returned last night, and this morning he mentioned to me the admiral's plan, in which he said he did not well see his way; and was proceeding to give me his reasons, when we were interrupted by General Dumonceau, our second in command, and a heap of officers, who broke up our conversation. When he renews it, I will support Dewinter's plan as far as I am able. The wind is as foul as ever.

*August 15.*—As it will require from three weeks to a month to arrange matters for the expedition on the present plan, Lowry and Tennant have determined to go on to the Hague, and if they have time, to Paris, in order to see M'Neven and Lewines, and to join with them in endeavouring to procure assistance from France; and especially, if possible, to obtain a small armament to co-operate with that from the Texel; and which, by spreading the alarm, and distracting the attention of the enemy, must produce the most beneficial effects. It is likewise their wish that I should accompany them; and if I had the time and money to spare, I should like it well enough, and I think it might do good. In consequence, it was determined this morning that I should return immediately aboard the *Vryheid*. Dewinter has not yet received the answer of the Dutch Government to his plan.

*August 19, 20.*—Yesterday morning the general and Grasveldt set off for the Hague in one carriage, and Lowry, Tennant, and I, in another. Breakfasted with the general. He told me, in the first place, that the government had rejected the plan proposed by

the admiral, viz. : to transport 2500 men, and the arms, stores, and ammunition; and had determined to persist in their original design; that, however, in consideration of the lateness of the season, he had prepared a memorial, which he showed me, for a new arrangement, which is shortly this: To sail out and fight Admiral Duncan. If the issue of the battle be favourable, to pass over immediately 15,000 men, or as many more as we can send, in everything that will swim, to Scotland; to seize, in the first instance, on Edinburgh, and march right to Glasgow, taking every possible means to alarm the enemy with the idea that we meant to penetrate by the North of England, which is to be done by detaching flying parties, making requisitions, etc., on that side; to maintain ourselves, meantime, behind the canal which joins the Firth of Forth to the Clyde, having our right at Dumbarton and our left at Falkirk, as well as I can remember, for I have not, at present, either the map or the memorial before me; to collect all the vessels in the Clyde, and pass over the army to the North of Ireland.

*August 24.*—Hard work at the newspapers. All we have found remarkable is, that Roger O'Connor surrendered himself, and was discharged about the middle of July; Arthur O'Connor, the 3d of July, his sureties being Fitzgerald and Emmet; and it should seem, though it is not very clearly expressed, that nearly, if not the whole of the other state prisoners have been also enlarged. God Almighty send! If we arrive, they will be of use; if we do not, at least they are not languishing in prison.

*August 26.*—The general has submitted his plan to General Dejean, who approves of it entirely in a military point of view, provided the frigates can get round to meet us; but of this, barring some unforeseen accident, I think there can be little doubt; inasmuch as the admiral himself, who seems at present cool enough in all that concerns the expedition, has already, in his project of the 10th instant, not only given his opinion in favour of the possibility of effectuating, with frigates, the passage north about, but even offered to command the expedition. The general's plan is now before the government, with General Dejean's approbation, and he tells me he has strong hopes it will be adopted.

*September 1.*—A new system, rendered indispensable by the course of events, has been mentioned to me to-day by the general, which will probably oblige me to make a course to the head-quarters of the army of Sambre et Meuse, and from thence to Paris. Admiral Duncan's fleet has been reinforced to twenty-one sail of the line; so that, even if the wind come round in our favour, it would be madness in us to venture an action with such a terrible inferiority of force; in addition to

which, we have now, in consequence of the delays occasioned by the wind, not above ten days' provisions remaining for the troops on board. The plan proposed is, in fact, but an improvement on the last one, viz., to land the troops, and quarter them in the neighbourhood, so as to be able to collect them in forty-eight hours; to appear to have renounced the idea of the expedition, but in the meantime to revictual the fleet with all diligence and secrecy, which may occupy probably a month; to endeavour even to reinforce it by one or two vessels, who might, in that time, be got ready for sea. All this will bring us to the time of the equinox, when it will be impossible for the enemy, who will, besides, it is probable, have relaxed in his vigilance, in consequence of these manœuvres, to keep the sea. When all is ready, the troops are to be re-embarked with the greatest expedition, and a push to be made instantly for Scotland, as already detailed. Such is the present idea, which we shall probably lick into more shape. The general talks of sending me to the Hague to confer with the Dutch government and General Dejean, from thence to Wetzlar, to communicate with Hoche, and from thence to Paris, to open the affair to the minister of marine.

*September 2, 3.*—This day the general gave me my instructions to set off to join General Hoche at Wetzlar, and gave him a copy of the memorial containing the plan already mentioned. In addition, he gave me the verbal instructions to the following purport, that, in addition to the written plan, it might be expedient to follow up the first debarkation by a second of 15,000 of the French troops, now in the bay of Holland; with which reinforcement, the army, being brought up to 30,000 men, could maintain itself in Scotland in spite of any force that could be brought against them; that they might even penetrate into England, and by that means force the enemy to a peace; that 25,000 might be employed on this service, and the remaining 5000 detached into Ireland, from whence it was morally certain that a great portion of the troops would be withdrawn to defend England itself. That, if General Hoche would, in that case, take the command of the united armies, he (Daendels) desired nothing better than to serve under him; if not, he was ready to serve under any other French general, being a senior officer; in which case each army was, as to all matters of discipline, administration, etc., to remain under their respective chiefs.

*September 13.*—This day I saw General Hoche, who is just returned from Frankfort; he has been very ill with a violent cold, and has still a cough, which makes me seriously uneasy about him; he does not seem to apprehend anything himself; but I

should not be surprised, for my part, if, in three months, he were in a rapid consumption. He is dreadfully altered, and has a dry, hollow cough, that it is distressing to the last degree to hear. I should be most sincerely and truly sorry if any thing were to happen him; but I very much fear he will scarcely throw off his present illness. I immediately explained to him the cause of my arrival, gave him Daendel's plan, and the map of Scotland, and such further elucidation as I was able, in conversation. He shook his head at the idea of a second embarkation at the mouth of the Clyde; and observed, that, if we got safe into Scotland, the British would immediately detach a squadron of frigates into the Irish channel, which would arrive to a moral certainty before the Dutch frigates which were, according to the plan proposed, to go north about, and that they would thus cut us off all communication with Ireland.

*September 21.*—The death of General Hoche having broken my connexion with the army of Sambre et Meuse, where I have no longer any business, I applied this day (20th) for an order to set off for Paris, which I obtained instantly from General Lefebvre, who commands in chief, *per interim*. Set off at four o'clock and travelled all night; arrived at twelve on the 21st, at Coblenz, and at night at Bonn.

## EXTRACTS

FROM THE

## JOURNAL OF 1797—1798,

DURING THE PERIOD THAT GENERAL TONE WAS ATTACHED TO  
THE ARMEE D'ANGLETERRE.

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*October 1, 1797*, or thereabouts, I arrived in Paris, where I had the satisfaction to find my wife and little babies in health and spirits; went to Lewines, who is in high favour here with every body; he is all but acknowledged as minister from Ireland, and I am heartily glad of it: for I have an excellent opinion of his integrity and talents.

*October 15.*—The peace is at last concluded with the emperor, and England only remains. With the conditions of the peace, strictly speaking, I have nothing to do, my great object and wish being confined to the prostration of English tyranny. Yet it is a great satisfaction to me to see that they are as favourable as I think any reasonable man can desire. The Cisalpine Republic is acknowledged, and I fancy we have got the Rhine for our limit. Venice goes to the emperor, which is bad, if it could be helped; but we cannot get every thing. General Berthier was the bearer of this great news. Firing of cannon, bonfires, illuminations—Paris was that day in great glory.

The day after the proclamation of the peace, I saw an *arrêté* of the directory, ordaining the formation of an army, to be called *L'Armée d'Angleterre*; and appointing Buonaparte to command it. Bravo! This looks as if they were in earnest. General Desaix, of the army of the Rhine, who distinguished himself so much by his defence of Kehl against Prince Charles in the last campaign, is ordered to superintend the organisation of the army until the arrival of Buonaparte. All this is famous news.

It is singular enough that I should have forgotten to mention in its place the famous battle fought on the 11th of October, between the English fleet, under Admiral Duncan, and the Dutch, commanded by Dewinter. It shows the necessity of making

memorandums on the moment. There never was a more complete victory than that gained by the English. The fleets were equal in number, but they had the advantage in number of guns and weight of metal. Dewinter fought like a lion, and defended himself to the last extremity; but was at length forced to strike, as were nine of his fleet out of sixteen, whereof it consisted. With him were taken the Admirals Reyntzies, who is since dead, and Meurer. Bloys lost his right arm, and Story is the only one who came off clear; the two last were not taken. I cannot conceive why the Dutch government sent out their fleet at that season, without motive or object, as far as I can learn. My opinion is, that it is direct treason, and that the fleet was sold to Pitt; and so think Barras, Pleville le Pelley, and even Meyer, the Dutch ambassador, whom I have seen once or twice. It was well I was not on board the *Vryheid*. If I had, it would have been a pretty piece of business. I fancy I am not to be caught at sea by the English: for this is the second escape I have had; and by land I mock myself of them.

*November 9.*—This day General Hédouville brought me to General Perthier, and presented me to him, recommending me in the warmest manner. We had very little conversation, but he promised to speak of me to General Buonaparte, whom he sets off to join in three or four days. Two days after, I called, and left for him a memorial of about five lines, addressed to Buonaparte, offering my services, etc. It is droll enough I should be writing to Buonaparte.

*December 21.*—General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Buonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chantereine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender, and well made, but stoops considerably; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no marks of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than of a general. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about the mouth; he speaks low and hollow. So much for his manner and figure. We had not much discourse with him, and what little there was, was between him and Lewines, to whom, as our ambassador, I gave the *pas*. We told him that Tennant was about to depart for Ireland, and was ready to charge himself with his orders if he had any to give. He desired us to bring him the same evening, and so we

took our leave. In the evening we returned with Tennant, and Lewines had a good deal of conversation with him, that is to say, Lewines *incensed* him a good deal on Irish affairs, of which he appears a good deal uninformed: for example, he seems convinced that our population is not more than two millions, which is nonsense. Buonaparte listened, but said very little. When all this was finished, he desired that Tennant might put off his departure for a few days, and then turning to me, asked whether I was not an adjutant-general. To which I answered, that I had the honour to be attached to General Hoche in that capacity. He then asked me where I had learned to speak French. To which I replied, that I had learned the little that I knew since my arrival in France, about twenty months ago. He then desired us to return the next evening but one, at the same hour, and so we parted.

*December 23.*—Called this evening on Buonaparte, by appointment, with Tennant and Lewines, and saw him for about five minutes. Lewines gave him a copy of the memorials I delivered to the government in February, 1796 (nearly two years ago), and which, fortunately, have been well verified in every material fact by every thing that has taken place in Ireland since. He also gave him Taylor's map, and showed him half a dozen of Hoche's letters, which Buonaparte read over. He then desired us to return in two or three days, with such documents relating to Ireland as we were possessed of; and, in the meantime, that Tennant should postpone his departure. We then left him. His manner is cold, and he speaks very little; it is not, however, so dry as that of Hoche, but seems rather to proceed from languor than any thing else. He is perfectly civil, however, to us; but, from any thing we have yet seen or heard from him, it is impossible to augur any thing good or bad. We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much about my first interview with Charles de la Croix, but then I was a greenhorn: I am now a little used to see great men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet, after all, it is a droll thing that I should become acquainted with Buonaparte. This time twelve months I arrived in Brest, from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third time, they say, is the charm. My next chance, I hope, will be with the *Armée d'Angleterre—Allons! Vive la Republique!* I make no memorandums now at all, which is grievous; but I have nothing to write.

*January 13.*—Saw Buonaparte this evening with Lewines, who

delivered him a whole sheaf of papers relative to Ireland, including my two memorials of 1795, great part of which stands good yet. After Lewines had had a good deal of discourse with him, I mentioned the affair of M'Kenna, who desires to be employed as secretary. Buonaparte observed that he believed the world thought he had fifty secretaries, whereas he had but one; of course there was an end of that business; however, he bid me see what the man was fit for, and let him know. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the refugee United Irishmen, now in Paris, had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in Ireland. He answered that they would all be undoubtedly employed, and desired me to give him in, for that purpose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, telling him that General Desaix had informed me that I was carried on the tableau of the Armée d'Angleterre; he said "I was." I then observed that I did not pretend to be of the smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the water; that I did not give myself to him at all for a military man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that would justify me in charging myself with any function. "*Mais vous êtes brave,*" said he, interrupting me. I replied that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear; "*Eh bien,*" said he, "*cela suffit.*" We then took our leave.

*February 1.*—The number of Irish refugees is considerably increased. Independent of Lewines, Tennant, and Lowry, of whom I have spoken, there are Teeling, of Lisburn; Orr, of Derry; M'Mahon, of County Down; Macan and Burgess, of County Lowth; Napper Tandy, and my brother. There is also one Maguire, who was sent by Reynolds from Philadelphia, in consequence of my letter to him by Monroe; and one Ashley, an Englishman, formerly secretary to the corresponding society, and one of those who was tried by Thomas Hardy, in London, for high treason. We all do very well, except Napper Tandy, who is not behaving correctly. He began some months ago by caballing against me with a priest of the name of Quigley, who is since gone off, no one knows whither; the circumstances of this petty intrigue are not worth my recording. It is sufficient to say that Tandy took on him to summon a meeting of the Irish refugees, at which Lewines and I were to be arraigned, on I know not what charges, by himself and Quigley. Lewines refused to attend, but I went; and when I appeared, there was no one found to bring forward a charge against me, though I called three times to know, "whether any person had anything to offer." In consequence of this manœuvre, I have had no communication



since with Tandy, who has also lost ground, by this mean behaviour, with all the rest of his countrymen; he is, I fancy, pestering the government here with applications and memorials, and gives himself out for an old officer, and a man of great property in Ireland, as I judge from what General Murat said to me in speaking of him the other night at Buonaparte's. He asked me did I know one Tandy, "*un ancien militaire, n'est ce pas ?*" I said I did know him, but could not say that he was exactly "*un ancien militaire*, as he had never served but in the volunteer corps of Ireland, a body which resembled pretty much the Garde nationale of France at the beginning of the revolution." "*Mais c'est un très riche propriétaire.*" I told him I believed he was always in easy circumstances; and there the discourse ended. By this I see how he is throwing himself off here. He had of late a coadjutor in the famous Thomas Muir, who arrived at Paris, and has inserted two or three very foolish articles, relating to the United Irishmen, in the Paris papers; in consequence of which, at a meeting of the United Irishmen, now in Paris, with the exception of Tandy, it was settled that Lowry, Orr, Lewines, and myself, should wait upon Muir, and after thanking him for his good intentions, entreat him not to introduce our business into any publications which he might hereafter think proper to make. Accordingly, we waited on him a few days since; but of all the vain, obstinate blockheads that ever I met, I never saw his equal. I could scarcely conceive such a degree of self-sufficiency to exist. He told us roundly that he knew as much of our country as we did, and would venture to say he had as much the confidence of the United Irishmen as we had; that he had no doubt we were very respectable individuals, but could only know us as such, having shown him no powers or written authority to prove that we had any mission. That he seldom acted without due reflection, and when he had once taken his party, it was impossible to change him; and that, as to what he had written relative to the United Irishmen, he had the sanction of, he would say, the most respectable individual of that body, who had, and deserved to have, their entire confidence and approbation, and whose authority he must and did consider as justifying every syllable he had advanced. This most respectable individual of the body we presume to be Tandy; for we did not ask his name. So that, after a discussion of nearly three hours, we were obliged to come away *re infectâ*, except that we gave Mr Muir notice that he had neither license nor authority to speak in the name of the people of Ireland; and that if we saw any similar productions to those of which we complained, we should be obliged to take measures that would conduce neither to his ease nor respectability:

for that we could not suffer the public to be longer abused. On these terms we parted very drily on both sides. The fact is, Muir and Tandy are puffing one another here for their private advantage; they are supporting themselves by endorsing each other's credit, and issuing, if I may so say, accommodation bills of reputation. This conversation has given the *coup de grace* to Tandy, with his countrymen here, and he is now in a manner completely in Coventry. He deserves it. These details are hardly worth writing, but as there may be question of the business hereafter, I thought I might as well put them down.

*March 4.*—On the 19th of February last, as I see in the Courier of the 26th, Lord Moira made a motion of great expectation in the Irish House of Lords, tending to condemn the vigorous measures which have been pursued by the British government in that country, and to substitute a milder system. I was exceedingly disappointed at his speech, which was feeble indeed, containing little else than declamation, and scarcely a single fact, at a time when thousands of crimes of the most atrocious nature have been perpetrated for months over the whole face of the country. In times like ours, half friends are no friends. A man in his situation, who can tell the truth with safety, or even with danger, and does not, is a feeble character, and his support is not worth receiving. He must speak out *all* boldly, or be silent. Independent of this, which I cannot but consider as a timid and unmanly suppression of facts, which at this great occasion especially, should be sounded through Europe if possible, by every man having a drop of genuine Irish blood in his veins, there is introduced a strained compliment to the virtues of the king, and a most extravagant and fulsome eulogium on the magnanimity of His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, which completely disgusted me. A pretty time, indeed, to come out with a panegyric on the royal virtues of the princely heir, when his ministers and his army are laying the country waste with fire and sword. "I hate such half-faced fellowship." His lordship, at the conclusion of this milk and water harangue, comes to his conciliatory plan, which is to check the army in their barbarities, and to grant Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. It is really amusing to see the various shifts, and struggles and turns, and twists and wry faces, the noble lord makes, before he can bring himself to swallow this last bitter pill. This kind of conduct will never do well at any time, but it is downright folly in times like the present. His lordship has mortally offended one party, and not at all satisfied the other, as will always be the case in similar circumstances. I am sorry for all this, because I esteem him personally; politically I

most give him up, the more so, as *he ought to have known better*. But if Lord Moira speaks in this half-and-half style, the chancellor on the other side appears not to have been so reserved; he openly calls the United Irishmen *rebels*, and says they should be treated as such; he mentions me by name, as having been adjutant-general in Hoche's expedition, and again in the armament in the Texel; and says I am at this very moment an accredited envoy at Paris, for that accursed society; who had also, as he is pleased to say, their envoys at Lisle, by whose insidious and infernal machinations it was that Lord Malmesbury's negotiation was knocked on the head. He also makes divers commentaries on a well-known letter written by me to my friend Russell, in 1791, and which, one way or the other, he has brought regularly before the house at least once a session ever since, and which figures in the secret report made by Secretary Pelham, in the last one. From all these facts, and divers others which he enumerates, he infers that the design of the United Irishmen is to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and that, consequently, all measures to destroy that infamous conspiracy, are fair and lawful; of which opinion the House of Lords was also, Lord Moira's motion being rejected by a large majority. I can hardly, I think, be suspected of partiality to the chancellor; but I declare I have a greater respect for his conduct on this occasion than for that of Lord Moira. He is at least an open and avowed enemy; he takes his party, such as it is, like a man who expects no quarter, and is therefore determined to give none. Had Lord Moira brought as much sincerity to the attack on that most atrocious of all governments, as the chancellor did to its defence, though I am far from thinking he would have been able to influence the decision of the House of Lords, he would at least have been able to scandalize it to all Europe. Instead of that he has trimmed, and by trimming has lost himself; for to repeat it once more, in terrible times as ours now are, a man must speak out the whole truth or be silent. There is no mean, especially when, as in the case of Lord Moira, he may do it with perfect safety to his person. But to return to my friend Fitzgibbon. Though his speech be sincere, I cannot think it very wise under all the circumstances of the case. If the people of Ireland had any doubts as to the determination of the French Government to support them, he has taken care to remove them all by dwelling on the reception their envoys have met with here.

*March 20.*—It is with the most sincere concern and anxiety that I see in the late English papers that Arthur O'Connor has been arrested at Margate, endeavouring to procure a passage for France; the circumstances mentioned indicate a degree of rashness and in-

discretion on his part which is astonishing. It seems he set off from London in company with four others, viz. : Quigley the priest, who was some time since in Paris, and of whom I have no great reason to be an admirer; Binns, of the corresponding society; Alley, also of the corresponding society, and his servant of the name of Leary. Quigley called himself at first Captain Jones, and afterwards Colonel Morris; the others passed for his servants. Their first attempt was at a place called Whitstable, where the vigilance of the custom-house officers embarrassed them. They then hired a cart, which they loaded with their trunks, of which it seems they were sufficiently provided, and crossed the country on foot for twenty-five miles to Margate. It does not appear they made much mystery of their destination; but be that as it may, at Margate they were arrested by the Bow-street runners, Fugin and Rivet, who had followed them *à la piste* from London. From Margate they were brought back with their luggage to London, where they were examined two or three successive days before the Privy Council, and finally committed to the Tower. Since their committal, several other persons have been arrested, particularly a Colonel Despard, a Mr Bonham, a Mr Evans. It is inconceivable that five men should attempt such an enterprize, and with such a quantity of luggage; it is equally incredible that they should bring papers with them, of which the newspapers say several have been found; and especially one in the great coat pocket of Quigley, purporting to be an address from the Executive Directory of England to that of France, and desiring the latter to give credit to Quigley, as being "the worthy citizen whom they had lately seen." These last expressions stagger me, or I should not believe it possible any man living would leave a paper of such consequence in such a careless, extraordinary place. Other newspapers, however, say that no papers have been found, but the expressions above quoted shake me a good deal. It is also said that O'Connor has said that his friends may be easy about him, as he has nothing to fear. God send it may be so, but I am afraid he will find it otherwise.

*March 25.*—Received my letters of service from the war office as adjutant-general in the Armée d'Angleterre. This has a lofty sound, to be sure, but God knows the heart! Applied to the minister at war for leave to remain a few days in Paris, to settle my family, which he granted.

*March 26.*—I see in the English papers of March 17th, from the Irish papers of the 13th, news of the most disastrous and afflicting kind, as well for me individually as for the country at large. The English government has arrested the whole committee of United Irishmen for the province of Leinster, including almost

every man I know and esteem in the city of Dublin. Amongst them are Emmet, M'Neven, Dr Sweetman, Bond, Jackson, and his son; warrants are likewise issued for the arrestation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, M'Cormick, and Sampson; who have not, however, yet been found. It is by far the most terrible blow which the cause of liberty in Ireland has yet sustained. I know not whether in the whole party it would be possible to replace the energy, talents, and integrity, of which we are deprived by this most unfortunate of events. I have not received such a shock from all that has passed since I left Ireland. It is terrible to think of in every point of view. Government will move heaven and earth to destroy them. What a triumph at this moment for Fitzgibbon. These arrestations, following so close on that of O'Connor, give rise to very strong suspicions of treachery in my mind. I cannot bear to write or think longer on this dreadful event. Well, if our unfortunate country is doomed to sustain the unspeakable loss of so many brave and virtuous citizens, woe be to their tyrants if ever we reach our destination. I feel my mind growing every hour more and more savage. Measures appear to me now justified by necessity, which, six months ago, I would have regarded with horror. There is now no medium. Government has drawn the sword, and will not recede, but to superior force—*if ever that force arrives*. But it does not signify threatening. Judge of my feelings as an individual, when Emmet and Russell are in prison, and in imminent peril of a violent and ignominious death. What revenge can satisfy me for the loss of the two men I most esteem on earth? Well, once more, it does not signify threatening. If they are sacrificed, and I ever arrive, as I hope to do, in Ireland, it will not go well with their enemies. This blow has completely deranged me—I can scarce write connectedly.

*April 26.*—I see in the Paris papers to-day extracts from English ones, of a late date, by which it appears, as I suspected, that the news of an insurrection in Ireland was, as yet, premature; nevertheless, things in that country seem to be drawing fast to a close. There is a proclamation of Lord Camden, which is tantamount to a declaration of war; and the system of police, if police it can be called, is far more atrocious than it ever was in France in the time of the *terreur*. I see, also, in the papers, that Arthur O'Connor is transferred to Maidstone, where his trial, and that of the others, will come on immediately. I attend the result with the most anxious expectation. Whatever may be O'Connor's fate, he will at least sustain the dignity of his situation, and, in the worst event, he will bear it like a man.

*April 27.*—I am sadly off for intelligence here, having nothing but the imperfect extracts in the Paris papers. What miserable slaves are the gentry of Ireland! The only accusation brought against the United Irishmen by their enemies is, that they wish to break the connexion with England; or, in other words, to establish the independence of their country; an object in which, surely, the men of property are most interested. Yet the very sound of independence seems to have terrified them out of all sense, spirit, or honesty. If they had one drop of Irish blood in their veins, one grain of true courage or genuine patriotism in their hearts, they should have been the first to support this great object; the people would have supported them; the English government would never have dared to attempt the measures they have since triumphantly pursued, and continue to pursue; our revolution would have been accomplished without a shock, or, perhaps, one drop of blood spilled; which now can succeed, if it does succeed, only by all the calamities of a most furious and sanguinary contest: for the war in Ireland, whenever it does take place, will not be an ordinary one. The armies will regard each other, not as soldiers, but as deadly enemies. Who, then, are to blame for this? The United Irishmen, who set the question afloat, or the English government and their partizans; the Irish gentry who resist it. If independence be as good for a country, as liberty for an individual, the question will be soon decided. Why does England so pertinaciously resist our independence? Is it for love of us—is it because *she* thinks *we* are better as we are? That single argument, if it stood alone, should determine every honest Irishman. But, it will be said, the United Irishmen extend their views farther; they go now to a distribution of property, and an Agrarian law. I know not whether they do or no. I am sure, in June, 1795, when I was forced to leave the country, they entertained no such ideas. If they have since taken root among them, the Irish gentry may accuse themselves.

*May 19.*—I do not know what to think of our expedition. It is certain that the whole left wing of the army of England is, at this moment, in full march back to the Rhine; Buonaparte is, God knows where, and the clouds seem thickening more and more in Germany, where I have no doubt Pitt is moving heaven and hell to embroil matters, and divert the storm which was almost ready to fall on his head. In the meantime, Treillard, principal negotiator at Rastadt, is elected into the vacant place in the directory, in the room of François de Neufchateau, and Sieys goes to Berlin as ambassador extraordinary, taking Rastadt in his way.

Perhaps we may be able to arrange matters; I look for great things from his talents and activity.

*June 12.*—Havre.—Yesterday I read in the French papers an account of the acquittal of Arthur O'Connor at Maidstone, and of his being taken instantly into custody again. Undoubtedly Pitt means to send him to Ireland, in hopes of finding there a more complaisant jury. Quigley, the priest, is found guilty; it seems he has behaved admirably well, which I confess was more than I expected; his death redeems him. Alley, Binns, and Leary, the servant, are also acquitted and discharged. O'Conner appears to have behaved with great intrepidity. On being taken into custody, he addressed the judges, desiring to be sent to the same dungeon with his brother; who, like him, was acquitted of high treason; and, like him, was arrested in the very court. The judge, Buller, answered him coldly, that their commission expired when the sentence was pronounced, and that they could do nothing farther in the business. He was instantly committed. My satisfaction at this triumph of O'Conner is almost totally destroyed by a second article in the same paper, which mentions that Lord Edward Fitzgerald has been arrested in Thomas-street, Dublin, after a most desperate resistance; in which himself, the magistrate, one Swan, and captain Ryan, who commanded the guard, were severely wounded. I cannot describe the effect which this intelligence had on me; it brought on, almost immediately, a spasm in my stomach, which confined me all day. I knew Fitzgerald but very little, but I honour and venerate his character, which he has uniformly sustained, and, in this last instance, illustrated. What miserable wretches by his side are the gentry of Ireland! I would rather be Fitzgerald, as he is now, wounded in his dungeon, than Pitt at the head of the British Empire. What a noble fellow! Of the first family in Ireland, with an easy fortune, a beautiful wife, and family of lovely children, the certainty of a splendid appointment under government if he would condescend to support their measures; he has devoted himself wholly to the emancipation of his country, and sacrificed everything to it, even to his blood. Poor fellow. He is not the first Fitzgerald who has sacrificed himself to the cause of his country. There is a wonderful similarity of principle and fortune between him and his ancestor Lord Thomas, in the reign of Henry VII., who lost his head on Tower-hill, for a gallant, but fruitless attempt, to recover the independence of Ireland. God send the catastrophe of his noble descendant be not the same. I dread everything for him, and my only consolation is in speculations of revenge. If the blood of this

brave young man be shed by the hands of his enemies, it is no ordinary vengeance which will content the people whenever the day of retribution arrives. I cannot express the rage I feel at my own helplessness at this moment; but what can I do? Let me if possible think no more; it sets me half mad.

*June 13.*—I have been running over in my mind the list of my friends, and of the men whom, without being so intimately connected with them, I most esteem. Scarcely do I find one who is not, or has not been, in exile or prison, and in jeopardy of his life. To begin with Russell and Emmet, the two dearest of my friends, at this moment in prison on a capital charge. M'Neven and J. Sweetman, my old fellow-labourers in the Catholic cause; Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur and Roger O'Connor, whom, though I know less personally, I do not less esteem; Sampson, Bond, Jackson and his son, still in prison; Robert and William Simms, the men in the world to whose friendship I am most obliged, but just discharged, Neilson, Hazlitt, M'Cracken, the same; M'Cormick, absconded; Rowan and Dr Reynolds in America; Lewines, Tennant, Lowry, Hamilton, Teeling, Tandy, etc., and others, with whom I have little or no acquaintance, but whom I must presume to be victims of their patriotism, not to speak of my own family in France, Germany, and elsewhere. Stokes disgraced on suspicion of virtue. It is a gloomy catalogue for a man to cast his eyes over. Of all my political connexions I see but John Keogh, who has escaped, and how he has had that inconceivable good fortune, is to me a miracle.

*June 17, 18.*—The news I have received this morning, partly by the papers, and partly by letters from my wife and brother, are of the last importance. As I suspected, the brave and unfortunate Fitzgerald was meditating an attack on the capital, which was to have taken place a few days after that on which he was arrested. He is since dead in prison; his career is finished gloriously for himself, and whatever be the event, his memory will live for ever in the heart of every honest Irishman. He was a gallant fellow. For us, who remain as yet, and may perhaps soon follow him, the only way to lament his death is to endeavour to revenge it. Among his papers, it seems, was found the plan of the insurrection, the proclamation intended to be published, and several others, by which those of the leaders of the people who have thus far escaped, have been implicated, and several of them seized. Among others, I see Tom Braughall; Lawless, son of Lord Cloncurry; Curran, son of the barrister; Chambers and P. Byrne, printers; with several others, whom I cannot recollect. All this, including the death of the brave Fitzgerald, has, it appears, but accelerated matters; the insurrection has formally commenced in several coun-



ties of Leinster, especially Kildare and Wexford; the details in the French papers are very imperfect, but I see there have been several actions. At Monasterey,—Naas, Clain, and Prosperous, the three last immediately in my ancient neighbourhood, there have been skirmishes generally, as is at first to be expected, to the advantage of the army; at Prosperous the Cork Militia were surprised and defeated. The villains—to bear arms against their country. Killcullen is burnt; at Carlow, four hundred Irish, it is said, were killed; at Castledermot, fifty; in return, in county Wexford, where appears to be their principal force, they have defeated a party of six hundred English, killed three hundred, and the commander, Colonel Walpole, and taken five pieces of cannon. This victory, small as it is, will give the people courage, and show them that a red coat is no more invincible than a grey one.

*June 19.*—This evening, at five, set off for Rouen, having taken leave of General Bethencourt last night, who loaded me with civilities.

*June 20.*—To-day is my birth-day. I am thirty-five years of age; more than half the career of my life is finished, and how little have I yet been able to do. Well, it has not been, at least, for want of inclination, and, I may add, for want of efforts. I had hopes, two years ago, that, at the period I write this, my debt to my country would have been discharged, and the fate of Ireland settled for good or evil. To-day it is more uncertain than ever. I think, however, I may safely say, I have neglected no step to which my duty called me; and, in that conduct, I will persist to the last. Called this morning on General Grouchy—I find him full of ardour for our business; he has read all the details, and talks of going to Paris in two or three days, to press the directory upon that subject. His idea is to try an embarkation aboard the corvettes and privateers of Nantes; on which, he thinks, at least 3000 men, with 20,000 muskets, can be stowed; and he speaks as if he meant to apply for the command of this little armament. What would I not give that he should succeed in the application. I once endeavoured to be of service to General Grouchy, when I saw him unjustly misrepresented, after our return from Bantry Bay, and he does not seem to have forgotten it: for nothing could be more friendly and affectionate than his reception of me to-day. Quigley has been executed, and died like a hero! If ever I reach Ireland, and that we establish our liberty, I will be the first to propose a monument to his memory; his conduct at the hour of his death clears everything:—"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." If the Irish can hold out till winter, I have every reason to hope that the French will assist them effectually.

All I dread is, that they may be overpowered before that time,  
What a state my mind is in at this moment !

*June 30.*—Having determined to set off for Paris, in consequence of the late news from Ireland, I got leave of absence for a fortnight, from General Kilmaine. My adjoint, Citizen Favory, called on me the next morning after my arrival, to inform me that the minister of war had despatched an order for me to come to Paris in all haste. I waited upon him in consequence. He told me it was the minister of marine who had demanded me, and gave me, at the same time, a letter of introduction for him.

NARRATIVE  
 OF  
 THE THIRD AND LAST EXPEDITION  
 FOR THE LIBERATION OF IRELAND;  
 AND OF  
 THE CAPTURE, TRIAL, AND DEATH OF  
 THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.  
 BY THE EDITOR, HIS SON.

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IN order to give a clear and full narrative of the third and last expedition for the deliverance of Ireland, it will be necessary to ascend somewhat higher. When Carnot, the only able and honest man in the councils of the directory, was proscribed, and when General Hoche died, the friends of a revolution in that island lost every chance of assistance from France. Those two great statesmen and warriors, earnest in the cause, of which they perceived the full importance to the interests of their country, and to the extension of republican principles, had planned the expeditions of Bantry Bay, and of the Texel, on the largest and most effective scale which the naval resources of France and Holland could afford. The former failed partly by the misconduct of the navy, and partly by the indecision of Grouchy, of that honest but wavering man who twice held the fate of Europe in his hands, at Bantry Bay and at Waterloo, and twice let it slip through them, from want of resolution. The second failed only through the fault of the elements.

On the death of Hoche, the French government recalled, to succeed him, the most illustrious of their warriors; he who afterwards wielded the destinies of Europe, and who then, under the name of General Buonaparte, was already acknowledged the first commander of the age: and yet it was an age fertile in great chiefs. But he who, before the age of thirty, had already achieved the immortal campaigns of Italy; subdued that beautiful country; founded one republic (the Cisalpine), and extinguished another

(Venice); humbled the power of Austria, and compelled her, by his private authority, to liberate La Fayette from the dungeons of Olmutz,\* and acknowledged the French republic by the treaty of Campo Formio, was more than a mere general. It is, however, with extreme reluctance that I feel myself called upon, by the nature of my subject, to point out any errors in the conduct of the sovereign, chief, and benefactor, under whom I bore my first arms and received my first wounds; of him who decorated me with the insignia of the leigon of honour, and whom I served with constant fidelity and devotion to the last moment of his reign. But the imperious voice of truth compels me to attribute to the influence and prejudices of General Buonaparte, at that period, the prime cause of the failure of the third expedition for the liberation of Ireland.

The loss of Hoche was irreparable to the Irish cause. Although he died in the prime of his youth—and his deeds, eclipsed by those of his still greater rival, are now nearly forgotten—at that period they were competitors in glory and formed two opposite parties in the army. The generals and officers of the two schools continued for a long time to view each other with dislike. Both these great men were ambitious; both eager for their personal fame, and for that of France; and bent on raising her to an unequalled rank amongst nations. But Hoche was an ardent and sincere republican; he could sacrifice his own hopes and prospects to the cause of liberty, as he nobly proved, when he resigned to Daendels the command of the Texel expedition. Buonaparte always associated in his mind the power of France and his own aggrandizement; nor could he be satisfied with her being raised to the pinnacle of power and prosperity, unless he was the guide of her march and the ruler of her destinies. Admirably formed by nature for a great administrator and organizer, he meditated already in his mind those vast creations which he afterwards accomplished, and which required an unlimited authority for their execution; he loved the prompt obedience and regulated order of absolute power; and felt a secret dislike to the tumultuous and wavering conflicts of a republican government, whose energy is so frequently counteracted by the disunion of its parties, and the necessity of persuading instead of commanding. In short, he never was a republican. This feeling he could scarcely disguise, even then, when it was most necessary to conceal it: for no man who ever rose to such

\* The directory were so far from approving of this noble act, that they would not even allow La Fayette to return to France. It was not till Napoleon became first consul, and was thereby enabled to grant this permission, that it was obtained. It was one of the first acts of his administration.

power, perhaps, ever made so little use of dissimulation. Stern, reserved, and uncommunicative, he repelled with haughty disdain the advances of the Jacobins; and the Emperor Napoleon, the future sovereign and conqueror, might already be discerned in the plain and austere general of the republic.\*

But circumstances, at this precise period, rendered that conduct the best which he could pursue. The enthusiasm of democracy was extinct in France; the people were weary of the successive revolutions which had placed so many weak and worthless characters at the head of affairs, and longed for the firm hand and the bit and bridle of a ruler. The mean and rapacious members of the directory, who, in expelling their colleague Carnot, had driven all credit and respectability from their councils, sought support, and thought to make this young and popular chief their instrument. He was courted by every party. He felt, however, the public pulse, and judged that a premature attempt would be hopeless. It was then that, giving up, for the moment, his designs in Europe, he began to meditate a brilliant project for his personal glory and aggrandizement in the East: a plan to regenerate those regions, and be the founder of a new empire by means of the victorious arms of France. This plan was only defeated by the battle of the Nile, and the resistance of St. Jean d'Acre.

To the enterprise against Ireland, the favourite object of Hoche, and to prosecute which he was ostensibly recalled, he felt a secret but strong repugnance. Though the liberation of that country might prostrate for ever the power of England, and raise the republic to the pinnacle of fortune (a circumstance for which he did not yet wish, as it would render his services needless), it offered no prospects of aggrandizement to him; it strengthened that republican cause which he disliked; and the principles of the Irish leaders, when he investigated the business, appeared to him too closely allied to those of the Jacobins. Neither did he ever sufficiently appreciate the means and importance of that country; his knowledge of it, as may be seen in my father's memoirs, was slight and inaccurate. The directors, who began to fear him, and wished to get rid of him, entered willingly into his views, when he proposed to use this expedition only as a cover, and direct their real efforts to the invasion of Egypt. It is asserted that he said, on the occasion, "What more do you desire from the Irish? You see that their movements already operate a powerful diversion." Like every selfish view, I think this was a narrow one. The two most miserable

\* He was the first man who dared to drive from his doors the "dames de la halle," or fish-women of Paris, when they came to congratulate him on his victories. One must be familiar with the history of the Revolution to appreciate this fact.

and oppressed countries of Europe always looked up to Napoleon for their liberation. He never gratified their hopes; yet, by raising Ireland, he might have crushed for ever the power of England; and, by assisting Poland, placed a curb on Russia. He missed both objects, and finally fell under the efforts of Russia and of England. And it may be observed, as a singular retribution, that an Irishman commanded the army which gave the last blow to his destinies.

When my father was presented to him, and attached to his army as adjutant-general, he received him with cold civility, but entered into no communications. His plans were already formed. Ostensibly a great force was organised on the western coasts of France, under the name of the army of England; but the flower of the troops were successively withdrawn and marched to the Mediterranean; the eyes of Europe were fixed on these operations, but, from their eccentricity, their object could not be discovered. My father, despatched, as may be seen in his journals, to head-quarters at Rouen, and employed in unimportant movements on the coast, in the bombardment of Havre, etc., heard with successive pangs of disappointment that Buonaparte had left Paris for the south; that he had arrived at Toulon; that he had embarked and sailed with a powerful expedition in the beginning of June. But his destination remained as mysterious as ever. General Kilmaine was left in command of the disorganised relics of the army of England, from whence all the best troops were withdrawn. That officer, an Irishman by birth, and one of the bravest generals of the army of Italy, whose cavalry he commanded in the preceding campaigns, was, from the shattered state of his health and constitution, unfit to conduct any active enterprise.

When Buonaparte departed from the coast of France, all fortune and conduct seemed to disappear with him from the councils of the republic. The directors were neither cruel nor bloody, like the government which had preceded them. But the Jacobins, though they might well be feared and hated, could not be despised. The rapacity of the directors disgusted all the friends and allies of France; their prodigality wasted its resources—their weakness encouraged its internal enemies—their improvidence and incapacity disorganised its armies and fortresses, and left them defenceless against the reviving efforts of adversaries who were humbled, but not subdued. Suwarrow and Prince Charles soon turned the fate of arms; Austria re-entered the lists; and, in the short space of about two years, the very existence of that republic, which Hoche and Napoleon had left triumphing and powerful, was in jeopardy; her conquests were gone, her treasury was empty, her armies were

naked, disorganised, and flying on all sides. Such was the state of France when the conqueror of Egypt returned to save and restore it.

In the meantime, the Irish Cabinet succeeded in its infernal purpose of driving the people to premature insurrection. The leaders of the United Irishmen had organised a plan for a general rising. But traitors were found in their councils; they were all arrested; the gallant Lord Edward Fitzgerald killed, and the capital secured. Nevertheless, the exasperated peasantry in Kildare, Carlow, and some districts in the north, rose in arms against the intolerable excesses of the soldiery quartered upon them. But these partial insurrections of naked crowds, without arms or leaders, without union or concert, which my father had so often deprecated, could lead to no result. They were successively crushed by the overpowering forces directed against them, and the reign of terror was established without check or limitation. The state of France, in the worst days of Robespierre, was never more prostrate, nor did its government pursue its bloody measures with a more unsparring hand. The whole population were abandoned to the absolute discretion of an infuriated, licentious, and undisciplined soldiery; the meanest agents of authority exercised a power without control; individuals were half-hanged, whipped, and picketed, to extort confession without trial, in the very capital, in the courts of the castle, and under the roof of the viceroy; the country blazed with nightly conflagration, and resounded with the shrieks of torture; neither age nor sex were spared, and the bayonets of the military drove men, women, and children, naked and houseless, to starve in the bogs and fastnesses; those who trusted to the faith of capitulations were surrounded and slaughtered by dragoons in the very act of laying down their arms; and no citizen, however innocent or inoffensive, could deem himself secure from informers.

The noble resistance of the small county of Wexford deserves to be particularly noticed. It was such as to alarm for a moment the Irish government about the success of their measures. That little district, comprising about 150,000 souls, surrounded by the sea and mountains, and secluded from the rest of the island, had imbibed but a small share of the prevailing revolutionary spirit, for its population had not much communication with their neighbours, and were remarkably quiet and happy. It is stated by Mr Edward Hay, that before the insurrection, it did not contain above two hundred United Irishmen. It may, perhaps, have been deemed, from this very circumstance, that if an insurrection could be provoked within its limits, the people less organized and prepared than in the districts of the north, would be subdued more easily, and afford, with less risk, a striking example to the

rest of the island. The soldiery were let loose, and committed for some time every excess on the innocent peasantry. A noble lord, who commanded a regiment of militia, was distinguished by the invention of the pitch cap; another officer, worthy to serve under him, by the appellation of "The Walking Gallows." But why recall facts which are engraved on the hearts and in the memory of every Irishman? At length, goaded to madness, the Wexfordians, to the number of 20 or 30,000, rose in arms, with pikes, staves, and scythes, and, in two or three actions, seized on the chief towns, and drove the soldiery out of the county. Their moderation towards their persecutors, in the moment of victory, was as remarkable as their courage in the field. Their forbearance, and even their delicate and chivalrous generosity towards the ladies and families of the aristocracy who fell into their hands, was most amiable and admirable.\* The noble lord above mentioned was taken, and even he was rescued by their leaders from the infliction of the pitch cap, which he so well deserved. In recompense, he engaged, on the close of the insurrection, to obtain a capitulation for them, if they would let him loose, and afterwards sat on the court martial which condemned them to be hanged. It required all the means and all the efforts of the Irish government to subdue this small district. At one time, they trembled in the walls of Dublin, lest the Wexfordians should penetrate there. Several battles were fought, with varied success; and it was not till the royal forces surrounded them on all sides, that they broke through their toils, and threw themselves into the mountains of Wicklow, where their leaders successively capitulated. Provoked and irritated as these innocent people were, it is remarkable that only two instances of cruelty, the massacre of their prisoners at Scullabogue, and on the Bridge of Wexford, occurred on their side during the insurrection. And these were both perpetrated by runaways from their main army, whilst the remainder were fighting.

The indignation of the unfortunate Irish was just and extreme against that French Government which had so repeatedly promised them aid, and now appeared to desert them in their utmost need. When Lord Cornwallis, who was sent shortly after to put an end to the system of terror, which desolated the country, succeeded to the vice-royalty, 2000 volunteers from this very county of Wexford offered their services to fight the French, and formed the flower of the British army which invaded Egypt under General Abercrombie. Their petition, a model of native simplicity, energy, and indigna-

\* The comment of some patrician ladies on this forbearance was, "That the croppies wanted gallantry."



tion, is recorded in the appendix of Hay's History of the Wexford Insurrection.

But weak and improvident as the directors were, they must be acquitted of the charge of betraying their allies. The fact was, that their treasury and arsenals were empty, the flower of their army and navy were gone to Egypt, the remainder were totally disorganised; in short, when the insurrection broke out in Ireland, they were entirely unprepared to assist it. Their indolence and incapacity had suffered everything to fall to decay, and their peculations and profusion had wasted their remaining means. The feelings of my father on the occasion may be more easily conceived than expressed. On the 20th of May, Buonaparte had embarked from Toulon. On the 23rd, the insurrection broke out. As the news of each arrest, and of each action, successively reached France, he urged the generals and government to assist the gallant and desperate struggle of his countrymen; and pressed on them the necessity of availing themselves of the favourable opportunity which flew so rapidly by. They began their preparations without delay; but money, arms, ammunition, and ships, all were wanting. By the close of June, the insurrection was nearly crushed, and it was not till the beginning of July that my father was called up to Paris to consult with the ministers of the war and navy departments on the organisation of a new expedition. At this period his Journal closes; and the public papers, my mother's recollections, and a few private letters, are my sole documents for the remaining events.

The plan of the new expedition was to despatch small detachments from several ports, in the hope of keeping up the insurrection, and distracting the attention of the enemy, until some favourable opportunity should occur for landing the main body, under General Kilmaine. General Humbert, with about 1000 men, was quartered for this purpose at Rochelle; General Hardy, with 3000, at Brest; and Kilmaine, with 9000, remained in reserve. This plan was judicious enough, if it had been taken up in time. But long before the first of these expeditions was ready to sail, the insurrection was completely subdued in every quarter; the people were crushed, disarmed, disheartened, and disgusted with their allies; and the Irish Government had collected all its means, and was fully prepared for the encounter. Refugees from that unfortunate country, of every character and description, arrived in crowds, with their blood boiling from their recent actions and sufferings. When they saw the slowness of the French preparations, they exclaimed, that they wanted nothing but arms, and that, if the government would only land them again on the coast, the people themselves, without any aid, would suffice to reconquer their

liberty. This party, more gallant than wise, were chiefly led by an old sufferer in the cause, James Napper Tandy. Their zeal was often indiscreet and unenlightened, and they did more mischief than good. Napper Tandy boasted that 30,000 would rise in arms on his appearance; and the directory was puzzled by these declarations, which contradicted my father's constant assertion, that 10,000 or 15,000 French troops would be absolutely necessary in the beginning of the contest.

The final ruin of the expedition was hurried by the precipitancy and indiscretion of a brave, but imprudent and ignorant officer. This anecdote, which is not generally known, is a striking instance of the disorder, indiscipline, and disorganization, which began to prevail in the French army. Humbert, a gallant soldier of fortune, but whose heart was better than his head, impatient of the delays of his government, and fired by the recitals of the Irish refugees, determined to begin the enterprise on his own responsibility, and thus oblige the directory to second or to desert him. Towards the middle of August, calling on the merchants and magistrates of Rochelle, he forced them to advance a small sum of money, and all that he wanted, on military requisition; and embarking on board a few frigates and transports, with 1000 men, 1000 spare muskets, 1000 guineas, and a few pieces of artillery, he compelled the captains to set sail for the most desperate attempt which is, perhaps, recorded in history. Three Irishmen accompanied him; my uncle, Matthew Tone, Bartholmew Teeling of Lisburn, and Sullivan, nephew to Madgett, whose name is often mentioned in these memoirs. On the 22d of August they made the coast of Connaught, and landing in the bay of Killala, immediately stormed and occupied that little town.

Strange and desperate as was this enterprise, had it been prosecuted with the same spirit and vivacity with which it was begun, it might have succeeded; and Humbert, an obscure and uneducated soldier, have effected a revolution, and crowned his name with immortal glory. The insurrection was scarcely appeased, and its embers might soon have been blown into a flame; but, landing in a distant, wild, and isolated corner of the island, instead of pressing rapidly at once, as he was strongly advised, to the mountains of Ulster, the centre of the United Irish organization, and calling the people to arms, he amused himself, during a fortnight, in drilling the peasantry of the neighbourhood who flocked to his standard, and enjoying the hospitality of the bishop of Killala. That prelate rendered a most signal service to the Irish government by thus detaining the French general. At the battle of Castlebar, he defeated a numerous corps,

which had been directed, in all haste, against him, under General Lake. On this occasion, I have heard, but cannot vouch for the authenticity of the anecdote, that, as soon as his Irish auxiliaries had fired their muskets, they flung them away as useless, and rushed to the charge with their pikes. For a few days a general panic prevailed; but the viceroy, Cornwallis, marched in person; all the forces of the kingdom were put in motion, and Humbert was speedily surrounded, and confined behind the Shannon, by twenty times his numbers. At length he perceived the trap into which he had fallen; and attempted, what he should have done at first, to force his way over that river, and throw himself into the mountains of the North. But encircled, on the 8th of September, at Ballinamuck, by an entire army, his small band, after a gallant resistance, were compelled to lay down their arms. The French were received to composition, and shortly exchanged; but the Irish were slaughtered without mercy; and the cruelties afterwards exercised on the unresisting peasantry, will render the name of General Lake remembered for ages in those remote districts of Connaught. Of the Irish, who had accompanied Humbert, Sullivan escaped, under the disguise of a Frenchman, and Matthew Tone and Teeling were brought in irons to Dublin; tried, and *executed*.

The news of Humbert's attempt, as may well be imagined, threw the directory into the greatest perplexity. They instantly determined, however, to hurry all their preparations, and send off at least the division of General Hardy, to second his efforts, as soon as possible. The report of his first advantages, which shortly reached them, augmented their ardour and accelerated their movements. But such was the state of the French navy and arsenals, that it was not until the 20th of September that this small expedition, consisting of one sail of the line and eight frigates, under Commodore Bompard, and 3000 men, under General Hardy, was ready for sailing. The news of Humbert's defeat had not yet reached France.

Paris was then crowded with Irish emigrants, eager for action. In the papers of the day, and in later productions, I have seen it mentioned that no fewer than twenty-four United Irish leaders embarked in General Hardy's expedition; and Lewines, an agent of the United Irish in Paris, is specified by name. This account is erroneous. The mass of the United Irishman embarked in a small and fast sailing boat, with Napper Tandy at their head. They reached, on the 11th September, the Isle of Raghlin, on the north-west coast of Ireland, where they heard of Humbert's disaster; they merely spread some proclamations, and escaped to

Norway. Three Irishmen only accompanied my father in Hardy's flotilla: he alone was embarked in the admiral's vessel, the *Hoche*; the others were on board the frigates. These were Mr T. Corbett and M'Guire, two brave officers, who have since died in the French service, and a third gentleman, connected by marriage with his friend Russell, who is yet living, and whose name it would, therefore, be improper in me to mention.

In Curran's Life, by his son, I find an anecdote mentioned which must have been derived from the authority of this gentleman. It is stated, that on the night previous to the sailing of the expedition, a question rose amongst the United Irishmen engaged in it, whether, in case of their falling into the enemy's hands, they should suffer themselves to be put to death, according to the sentence of the law, or anticipate their fate by their own hands? That Mr Tone maintained, with his usual eloquence and animation, that, in no point of view in which he had ever considered suicide, he could hold it to be justifiable; that one of the company suggested\* that, from political considerations, it would be better not to relieve, by any act of self-murder, the Irish government from the discredit in which numerous executions would involve it: an idea which Mr Tone highly approved. This anecdote is substantially correct; but the gentleman did not understand my father.

At the period of this expedition, he was hopeless of its success, and in the deepest despondency at the prospect of Irish affairs. Such was the wretched indiscretion of the government, that before his departure, he read himself in the *Bien Informé*, a Paris newspaper, a detailed account of the whole armament, where his own name was mentioned in full letters, with the circumstance of his being embarked on board the *Hoche*. There was, therefore, no hope of secrecy. He had all along deprecated the idea of those attempts on a small scale. But he had also declared, repeatedly, that if the government sent only a corporal's guard, he felt it his duty to go along with them; he saw no chance of Kilmaine's large expedition being ready in any space of time, and therefore determined to accompany Hardy. His resolution was, however, deliberately and inflexibly taken, in case he fell into the hands of the enemy, never to suffer the indignity of a public execution. He did not consider this as suicide—an act which, in usual cases, he regarded as a weakness or frenzy, but mercy as choosing the mode of his death. And, indeed, his constitutional and nervous sensitiveness, at the slightest idea of personal indignity, would have sufficed to determine him never to bear the touch of an executioner. It was at dinner,

in our own house, and in my mother's presence, a little before leaving Paris, that the gentleman above mentioned proposed that the Irish should leave to the government all the shame and odium of their execution. The idea struck him as ludicrous, and he applauded it highly: "My dear friend," he said, "say nothing more, you never spoke better in your life." And after the gentleman's departure he laughed very heartily at his idea of shaming the Irish government by allowing himself to be hanged; adding, that he did not at all understand people mooting the point, whether they should or should not choose their own death, or consulting on such an occasion. That he would never advise others, but that, "please God, they should never have his poor bones to pick." This conversation may have been repeated at Brest, but such were certainly my father's feelings on the subject.

At length, about the 20th of September, 1798, that fatal expedition set sail from the Bay de Camaret. It consisted of the *Hoche*, 74; *Loire*, *Resolue*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, and *Semillante* frigates; and *Biche*, schooner, and *aviso*. To avoid the British fleets, *Bompart*, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the westward; and then to the north-east, in order to bear down on the northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days' cruise, he arrived off the entry of *Loch Swilly*, with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, the *Resolue*, and the *Biche*. He was instantly signalled; and on the break of day next morning, 11th of October, before he could enter the bay, or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of *Sir John Borlase Warren*, consisting of six sail of the line, one *razeed* of sixty guns, and two frigates, bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man-of-war. *Bompart* gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country and liberty by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment, a boat came from the *Biche* for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed; "we will be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled, whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" He refused their offers, and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The *Biche* accomplished her escape, and I see it mentioned in late publications, that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect; not one of them would have done so;

and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board of the *Hoche*.

The British admiral despatched two men-of-war, the *razee*, and a frigate, after the *Loire* and *Resolue*; and the *Hoche* was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most obstinate and desperate engagements which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours she sustained the fire of a whole fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cock pit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke, and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismantled batteries to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck. The *Resolue* and *Loire* were soon reached by the English fleet; the former was in a sinking condition; she made, however, an honourable defence; the *Loire* sustained three attacks, drove off the English frigates, and had almost effected her escape; at length, engaged by the *Anson*, *razee* of sixty guns, she struck after an action of three hours, entirely dismasted. Of the other frigates, pursued in all directions, the *Bellone*, *Immortalité*, *Coquille*, and *Embuscade* were taken; and the *Romaine* and *Semillante*, through a thousand dangers, reached separate ports in France.

During the action, my father commanded one of the batteries, and according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognized for some time; for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction, nor was it till some days later, that the *Hoche* was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumours of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action, and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valour of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman, well known in the county of Derry as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighbourhood, Sir George Hill, who had been his fellow-student in Trinity College, and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. It is known that in Spain, grandees and noblemen of the first rank pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the Holy Inquisition; it remained for Ireland to

offer a similar example. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district; my father sat undistinguished amongst them when Sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police officers. Looking narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and stepping up to him, said, "Mr Tone, I am *very happy* to see you." Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, "Sir George, I am happy to see you; how are Lady Hill and your family?" Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him. It was filled with military, and one General Lavan, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland, to enter the French service, he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform, and cried, "These fetters shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation which I have served." Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed he exclaimed, "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains, than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England." The friends of Lord Cavan have asserted that this extreme, and I will add, *unmanly* and *ungenerous* severity, was provoked by his outrageous behaviour when he found that he was not to have the privileges of a prisoner of war. This supposition is not only contradicted by the whole tenor of his character, and his subsequent deportment, but no other instances of it have ever been specified than those noble replies to the taunts of General Lavan. Of the latter, I know nothing but these anecdotes, recorded in the papers of the day. If, as his name seems to indicate, he was a French emigrant, the coincidence was curious, and his conduct the less excusable.

Another version of this story, which I have seen, for the first time, in the London New Monthly Magazine, states that Mr Tone was recognised by, or according to another account, had the imprudence to make himself known to an old acquaintance at Lord Cavan's table, who speedily informed his lordship of the guest who sat at his board. The first circumstantial account is the one which reached us in France; but, in my opinion, the difference between the two stories is very trifling. It regards only the fashion in which Sir George Hill gave in his information.

From Letterkenny he was hurried to Dublin without delay.

In the same magazine, I find that, contrary to usual custom, he was conveyed during the whole route, fettered and on horseback, under an escort of dragoons. Of this further indignity I had never heard before. During this journey, the unruffled serenity of his countenance, amidst the rude soldiery, and under the awe-struck gaze of his countrymen, excited universal admiration. Recognizing in a group of females which thronged the windows, a young lady of his acquaintance: "There," said he, "is my old friend Miss Beresford; how well she looks." On his arrival, he was immured in the provost's prison, in the barracks of Dublin, under the charge of the notorious Major Sandys, a man whose insolence, rapacity, and cruelty, will long be remembered in that city, where, a worthy instrument of the faction which then ruled it, he enjoyed under their patronage a despotic authority within its precincts.

Though the reign of terror was drawing to a close, and Lord Cornwallis had restored some appearance of legal order and regular administration in the kingdom, a prisoner of such importance to the Irish Protestant ascendancy party, as the founder and leader of the United Irish Society, and the most formidable of their adversaries, was not to be trusted to the delays and common forms of law. Though the Court of King's Bench was then sitting, preparations were instantly made for trying him summarily before a court martial. But before I give an account of this trial, and of the nature of his defence, it will be necessary to remove some erroneous impressions on these subjects, which I have seen stated, both in Curran's Life, by his son, and in the very fair and liberal comments of the London New Monthly Magazine. A prevailing notion in both these works is, that from my father's early dislike to legal studies, and inaccurate acquaintance with the English laws, he considered his French commission as a protection, and pleaded it in his defence. It is impossible to read his speech on the trial and preserve this idea. Though he used to laugh at his little proficiency in legal lore, he knew perfectly well that the course he had deliberately taken subjected him to the utmost severity of the British laws. Nor was he ignorant, that by the custom of the land, and the very tenor of those laws, his trial, as it was conducted, was informal. He never was legally condemned: for, though a subject of the crown (not of Britain, but of Ireland), he was not a military man in that kingdom; he had taken no military oath, and of course the court martial which tried him had no power to pronounce on his case, which belonged to the regular criminal tribunals. But his heart was sunk in despair at the total failure of his hopes, and he did



not wish to survive them. To die with honour was his only wish, and his only request to be shot like a soldier. For this purpose, he preferred himself to be tried by a court martial, and proffered his French commission, not to defend his life, but as a proof of his rank, as he stated himself on the trial.

If further proof were required that my father was perfectly aware of his fate, according to the English law, his own journals, written during the Bantry Bay expedition, afford an incontestible one.

But my father also knew that political considerations will often supersede the letter of the laws. The only chance on which he had formerly relied was, that the French Government would interfere, and claim him with all its power and credit; to that, and to threats of severe retaliation, he knew that the British Cabinet would yield, as they did about a year afterwards in the case of Napper Tandy. A curious fact, and which is not generally known, perhaps, even to that gallant soldier himself, is, that Sir Sidney Smith was detained by Carnot in the Temple, for that very purpose, like a prisoner of state rather than a prisoner of war.

The time of my father's trial was deferred a few days by the officers appointed to sit on the court martial receiving marching orders. At length, on Saturday, 10th November, 1798, a new court was assembled, consisting of General Loftus, who performed the functions of president; Colonels Vandeleur, Daly, and Wolfe; Major Armstrong, and a Captain Curran; Mr Paterson performed the functions of judge advocate.

At an early hour, the neighbourhood of the barracks was crowded with eager and anxious spectators. As soon as the doors were thrown open they rushed in and immediately filled every corner of the hall.

Tone appeared in the uniform of a chef-de-brigade (colonel). The firmness and cool serenity of his whole deportment gave to the awe-struck assembly the measure of his soul. Nor could his bitterest enemies, whatever they deemed of his political principles, and of the necessity of striking a great example, deny him the praise of determination and magnanimity.

The members of the court having taken the usual oath, the judge advocate proceeded to inform the prisoner that the court martial, before which he stood, was appointed by the lord lieutenant of the kingdom, to try whether he had or had not acted traitorously and hostilely against his Majesty, to whom, as a natural born subject, he owed all allegiance, from the very fact of his birth in that kingdom, and according to the usual form, he called upon him to plead guilty or not guilty.

*Tone.*—"I mean not to give the court any useless trouble, and wish to spare them the idle task of examining witnesses. I admit all the facts alleged, and only request leave to read an address which I have prepared for the occasion."

*Col. Daly.*—"I must warn the prisoner, that, in acknowledging those *facts*, he admits to his prejudice that he has acted *traitorously* against his Majesty. Is such his intention?"

*Tone.*—"Stripping this charge of the technicality of its terms, it means, I presume, by the word 'traitorously,' that I have been found in arms against the soldiers of the king in my native country. I admit this accusation in its most extended sense, and request again to explain to the court the reasons and motives of my conduct."

The court then observed, that they would hear his address, provided he confined himself within the bounds of moderation. He rose, and began in these words:—

"Mr President, and Gentlemen of the Court Martial: I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connexion between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation; and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the power which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries.

"That Ireland was not able of herself to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found. In honourable poverty, I rejected offers, which to a man in my circumstances, might be considered advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally, to rescue three millions of my countrymen from ——"

The President here interrupted the prisoner, observing that this language was neither relevant to the charge, nor such as ought to be delivered in a public court. One member said, it seemed calculated only to inflame the minds of a certain description of people, (the United Irishmen), many of whom might probably be present; and that, therefore, the court ought not to suffer it. The judge advocate said, he thought, that if Mr Tone meant this paper to be laid before his Excellency, in way of *extenuation*, it must have a quite contrary effect, if any of the foregoing part was suffered to remain.

*Tone.*—"I shall urge this topic no further, since it seems disagreeable to the court; but shall proceed to read the few words which remain."

*Gen. Loftus.*—"If the remainder of your address, Mr Tone, is of the same complexion with what you have already read, will you not hesitate for a moment in proceeding, since you have learned the opinion of the court?"

*Tone.*—"I believe there is nothing in what remains for me to say which can give any offence. I mean to express my feelings and gratitude towards the Catholic body, in whose cause I was engaged."

*Gen. Loftus.*—"That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have anything to offer in defence or extenuation of that charge, the court will hear you; but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject."

*Tone.*—"I shall, then, confine myself to some points relative to my connexion with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the executive directory, the approbation of my generals, and, I venture to add, the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances, I feel a secret and internal consolation, which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this court to inflict, can ever deprive me of, or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged, with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have encountered the chances of war amongst strangers; for that purpose I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom, it is no great effort at this day, to add 'the sacrifice of my life.'

"But I hear it said, this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg, however, it may be remembered, that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me, these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed, by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat,

whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them; I detest them from my heart; and to those who know my character and sentiments, I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. With them, I need no justification.

“In a cause like this, success is every thing. Success, in the eyes of the vulgar, fixes its merits. Washington succeeded and Kosciusko failed.

“After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons, like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others; for me, I am indifferent to it; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

“As to the connexion between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me, words, writings, and actions, I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection, and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty; I shall take care not to be wanting to mine.”

This speech was pronounced in a tone so magnanimous, so full of a noble and calm serenity, as seemed deeply and visibly to affect all its hearers, the members of the court not excepted. A pause ensued of some continuance, and silence reigned in the hall, till interrupted by Tone himself, who inquired whether it was not usual to assign an interval between the sentence and execution? The judge advocate answered, that the voices of the court would be collected without delay, and the result transmitted forthwith to the lord lieutenant. If the prisoner, therefore, had any farther observations to make, now was the moment.

Tone.—“I wish to offer a few words relative to one single point—to the mode of punishment. In France, our *émigrés*, who stand nearly in the same situation, in which I suppose I now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask, that the court should adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence rather in consideration of the uniform which I wear, the uniform of a chef-de-brigade in the French army, than from any personal regard to myself. In order to evince my claim to this favour, I beg that the court may take the trouble to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French army. It will appear from these papers that I have not received them as a mask to cover

me, but that I have been long and bona fide an officer in the French service."

*Judge Advocate.*—"You must feel that the papers you allude to will serve as undeniable proofs against you."

*Tone.*—"Oh!—*I know it well*—I have already admitted the facts, and I now admit the papers as full proofs of conviction."

The papers were then examined; they consisted of a brevet of the chef-de-brigade from the directory, signed by the minister of war, of a letter of service, granting to him the rank of adjutant-general, and of a passport.

*Gen. Loftus.*—"In those papers you are designated as serving in the army of England."

*Tone.*—"I did serve in that army, when it was commanded by Buonaparte, by Desaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am, an Irishman. But I have also served elsewhere." Requested if he had anything further to observe: he said that nothing more occurred to him, except that the sooner his Excellency's approbation of their sentence was obtained, the better. He would consider it as a favour if it could be obtained in an hour.

General Loftus then observed, that the court would, undoubtedly, submit to the Lord Lieutenant the address which he had read to them, and also the subject of his last demand. In transmitting the address, he, however, took care to efface all that part of it which he would not allow to be read; and which contained the dying speech and last words of the first apostle of Irish union and martyr of Irish liberty to his countrymen. Lord Cornwallis refused the last demand of my father, and he was sentenced to die the death of a traitor, in forty-eight hours, on the 12th of November. This cruelty he had foreseen; for England, from the days of Lewellyn of Wales, and Wallace of Scotland, to those of Tone and Napoleon, has never shown mercy or generosity to a fallen enemy. He then, in perfect coolness and self-possession, determined to execute his purpose, and anticipate their sentence.

The next day was passed in a kind of stupor. A cloud of portentous awe seemed to hang over the city of Dublin. The apparatus of military and despotic authority was every where displayed; no man dared to trust his next neighbour, nor one of the pale citizens to betray, by look or word, his feelings or sympathy. The terror which prevailed in Paris, under the rule of the Jacobins, or in Rome, during the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Triumviri, and under the reigns of Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, and Domitian, was never deeper, or more universal, than

that of Ireland at this fatal and shameful period. It was, in short, the feeling which made the people soon after passively acquiesce in the Union, and in the extinction of their name as a nation. Of the numerous friends of my father, and of those who had shared in his political principles and career, some had perished on the scaffold, others rotted in dungeons, and the remainder dreaded, by the slightest mark of recognition, to be involved in his fate. One noble exception deserves to be recorded.

John Philpot Curran, the celebrated orator and patriot, had attached himself, in his political career, to the Whig party; but his theoretical principles went much farther. And when the march of the administration to despotism was pronounced—when the persecution began—I *know* that in the years 1794 and 1795, and particularly at the Drogheda assizes in the former year, and on occasion of the trial of Bird and Hamill, where they were both employed as counsel, he opened his mind to my father; and that on the main point—on the necessity of breaking the connexion with England—they *agreed*. Curran prudently and properly confined himself to those legal exertions at the bar, where his talents were so eminently useful, and where he left an imperishable monument to his own and to his country's fame. It was well that there remained one place, and one man, through which the truth might sometimes be heard. He avoided committing himself in the councils of the United Irishmen; but, had the project of liberating Ireland succeeded, he would have been amongst the foremost to hail and join her independence. On this occasion, joining his efforts to those of Mr Peter Burrowes, he nobly exerted himself to save his friend.

The sentence of my father was evidently illegal. Curran knew, however, very well, that by bringing the case before the proper tribunal, the result would ultimately be the same—that he could not be acquitted. But then the delays of the law might be brought in play, and the all-important point of gaining time would be obtained. The French government could not, in honour, but interfere, and the case, from a mere legal, would become a political one. In politics my father had many adversaries, but few personal enemies; in private and public life he was generally beloved and respected; his moderation, too, was known and appreciated by those who feared a revolution, and trusted to him, as a mediator, if such an event was to take place. In short, it did not appear a matter of impossibility to have finally saved him by some agreement with the government. Determined to form a bar for his defence, and bring the case before the Court of King's Bench, then sitting, and presided over by Lord Kil-

warden, a man of the purest and most benevolent virtue, and who always tempered justice with mercy, Curran endeavoured the whole day of the 11th to raise a subscription for this purpose. But *terror* had closed every door; and I have it from his own lips, that even among the Catholic leaders, many of them wealthy, no one dared to subscribe. Curran then determined to proceed *alone*. On this circumstance no comment can be expected from the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Those men had behaved nobly towards him, in former times, almost as perilous. The universal dread must be their excuse.

On the next day, 12th November, (the day fixed for his execution), the scene in the Court of King's Bench was awful and impressive to the highest degree. As soon as it opened, Curran advanced, leading the aged father of Tone, who produced his affidavit, that his son had been brought before a bench of officers, calling itself a court martial, and sentenced to death. "I do not pretend," said Curran, "that Mr Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honourable men. But it is stated in this affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr Tone had no commission under his Majesty; and, therefore, no court martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him, whilst the Court of King's Bench sate in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In time when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, whilst I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a habeas corpus, to be directed to the provost-marshal of the barracks of Dublin, and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone."

*Chief-Justice.*—"Have a writ instantly prepared."

*Curran.*—"My client may die whilst the writ is preparing."

*Chief-Justice.*—"Mr Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint the provost-marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

The court awaited, in a state of the utmost agitation and suspense, the return of the sheriff. He speedily appeared, and said, "My lord, I have been to the barracks in pursuance of your order. The provost-marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major

Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis." Mr Curran announced, at the same time, that Mr Tone, the father, was just returned after serving the habeas corpus, and that General Craig would not obey it. The chief-justice exclaimed, "Mr Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody—take the provost-marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to General Craig."

The general impression was now, that the prisoner would be led out to execution in defiance of the court. This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden; a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws; and who besides, I may add, felt every personal feeling of pity and respect for the prisoner, whom he had formerly contributed to shield from the vengeance of government on an occasion almost as perilous. His agitation, according to the expression of an eye-witness, was magnificent.

The sheriff returned at length with the fatal news. He had been refused admittance in the barracks; but was informed that Mr Tone, who had wounded himself dangerously the night before, was not in a condition to be removed. A French emigrant surgeon, who had closed the wound, was called in, and declared there was no saying, for four days, whether it was mortal. His head was to be kept in one position, and a sentinel was set over him to prevent his speaking. Removal would kill him at once. The chief-justice instantly ordered a rule for suspending the execution.

I must collect my strength to give the remaining details of the close of my father's life. The secrets of a state prison, and of such prisons as were those of Dublin at that period, are seldom penetrated; and the facts which have reached us are few and meagre. As soon as he learned the refusal of his last request, his determination was taken with the same resolution and coolness which he exhibited during the whole transaction. In order to spare the feelings of his parents and friends, he refused to see any one, and requested only the use of writing materials. During the 10th and 11th of November, he addressed the directory, the minister of marine, General Kilmaine, and Mr Shee, in France, and several of his friends in Ireland, to recommend his family to their care. I here insert a translation of his letter to the directory, the only one of which we obtained a copy:—



## "FROM THE PROVOST'S PRISON, DUBLIN.

"20th Brumaire, 7th Year of the Republic,  
(10th November, 1798).

*"The Adjutant-General Theobald Wolfe Tone (called Smith),  
to the Executive Directory of the French Republic.*

"CITIZEN DIRECTORS,—The English government having determined not to respect my rights as a French citizen and officer, and summoned me before a court martial, I have been sentenced to death. In those circumstances I request you to accept my thanks for the confidence with which you have honoured me, and which, in a moment like this, I venture to say I well deserved. I have served the republic faithfully, and my death, as well as that of my brother, a victim like myself, and condemned in the same manner about a month ago, will sufficiently prove it. I hope the circumstances in which I stand will warrant me, citizen directors, in supplicating you to consider the fate of a virtuous wife and of three infant children, who had no other support, and, in losing me will be reduced to the extreme of misery. I venture, on such an occasion, to recall to your remembrance, that I was expelled from my own country in consequence of my attempts to serve the republic; that, on the invitation of the French government, I came to France; that ever since I had the honour to enter the French service, I have faithfully, and with the approbation of all my chiefs, performed my duty; finally, that I have sacrificed for the republic all that man holds dearest—my wife, my children, my liberty, my life. In these circumstances, I confidently call on your justice and humanity in favour of my family, assured that you will not abandon them. It is the greatest consolation which remains to me in dying.

"Health and respect,

"T. W. TONE (called Smith),  
"Adjutant-General."

He then, with a firm hand and heart, penned the two following letters to my mother :—

## "PROVOST'S PRISON—DUBLIN BARRACKS.

"Le 20 Brumaire, An 7, (10th Nov.), 1798.

"DEAREST LOVE,—The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it; complaint, of any kind, would be beneath your courage and mine; be assured I will die as I have lived, and that you will have no cause to blush for me,

"I have written on your behalf to the French government, to the minister of marine, to General Kilmaine, and to Mr Shee; with the latter I wish you especially to advise. In Ireland, I have written to your brother Harry, and to those of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am sure, will not abandon you.

"Adieu, dearest love: I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary; and, above all things, remember that you are now the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof you can give of your affection for me, will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all.

"Yours ever,

T. W. TONE.

"P.S.—I think you have a friend in Wilson who will not desert you."\*

#### SECOND LETTER.

"DEAREST LOVE,—I write just one line to acquaint you that I have received assurances from your brother Edward of his determination to render every assistance and protection in his power; for which I have written to thank him most sincerely. Your sister has likewise sent me assurances of the same nature, and expressed a desire to see me, which I have refused; having determined to speak to no one of my friends, not even my father, from motives of humanity to them and myself. It is a very great consolation to me, that your family are determined to support you; as to the manner of that assistance, I leave it to their affection for you, and your own excellent good sense, to settle what manner will be most respectable for all parties.

"Adieu, dearest love. Keep your courage as I have kept mine; my mind is as tranquil this moment as at any period of my life. Cherish my memory; and, especially, preserve your health and spirits for the sake of our dearest children.

"Your ever affectionate,

"T. W. TONE.

"11th November, 1798."

\* Nobly did this pure and virtuous man, and he alone of all those whom my father had depended upon, fulfil the expectation of his friend. He was to my mother a brother, a protector, and an adviser, during the whole period of our distress; and when, at the close of eighteen years, we were ruined a second time by the fall of Napoleon, he came over from his own country to offer her his hand and his fortune, and share our fate in America.

It is said, that on the evening of that very day, he could see and hear the soldiers erecting the gallows for him before his windows. That very night, according to the report given by his jailors, having secreted a penknife, he inflicted a deep wound across his neck. It was soon discovered by the sentry, and a surgeon called in at four o'clock in the morning, who stopped the blood and closed it. He reported, that as the prisoner had missed the carotid artery, he might yet survive, but was in the extremest danger. It is said that he murmured only in reply, "I am sorry I have been so bad an anatomist." Let me draw a veil over the remainder of this scene.

Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes were those of the grim jailor and rough attendants of the prison; the only sounds which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul, and the possession of his faculties to the last. And the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined, like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end. There is no situation under which those feelings will not support the soul of a patriot.

On the morning of the 19th November, he was seized with the spasms of approaching death. It is said that the surgeon who attended, whispered that, if he attempted to move or speak he must expire instantly; that he overheard him, and making a slight movement, replied, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir; it is the most welcome news you give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back, with these expressions on his lips, he expired without further effort.

On closing this painful and dreadful narrative, I must allude to some hints which I have heard from a most respectable and well informed quarter, that, in consequence of the attempts to withdraw him from the jurisdiction of the military tribunals, my father's end may have been precipitated by the hands of his jailors; and that, to conceal their crime, they spread the report of his voluntary death. It is certainly not my duty to exculpate them. That his end was voluntary, his determination, previous to his leaving France, which was known to us, and the tenor of his last letters, incline me to believe. Neither is it likely that Major Sandys and his experienced satellites, would perform a murder in so bung-

ling a way as to allow their victim to survive the attempt during eight days. If this was the case, his death can never be considered as a suicide; it was merely the resolution of a noble mind to disappoint, by his own act, the brutal ferocity of his enemies, and avoid the indignity of their touch.

But on the other side, it cannot be denied that the character of these men would warrant the worst conclusion. The details of my father's death and last words only reached the public ear through their reports; no one was allowed to approach him after his wound; no medical attendant to come near him, except the prison surgeon, a foreigner and French emigrant.\* Why was no coroner's inquest held on his body, as was held on Jackson's, in the very court where he died? The resistance which was opposed by the military to the warrant of the chief-justice, was indecorous and violent in the extreme, nor was it till compelled by the firmness of Lord Kilwarden to give way, that they acknowledged the wound of their prisoner, though, according to their own report, it had been inflicted during the preceding night. Was it possible, that fearing the interference of the civil courts, they hastened his end; or what would be more atrocious still, admitting the fact that he had wounded himself, did they intend to conceal it, and to glut their mean and ferocious revenge, and insult their dying enemy, who had thought to escape their indignities, by dragging him out in that state, and executing him with their own hands? That their preparations continued till interrupted by the interference of superior authority; that the wound of their prisoner was anxiously concealed as long as possible; and that no one, even afterwards, was allowed to approach and speak to him during his long agony, are certain facts.

Between those dreadful suspicions, the reader must judge for himself. As for what passed within the provost's prison, it must remain for ever amongst the guilty and bloody mysteries of that pandemonium. If charges of so black and bloody a nature can be adduced with any appearance of probability against the agents of the Irish government, the violence, cruelty, and lawless proceedings in which they were indulged with perfect impunity by their employers, not only warrant them, but give them too tremendous a probability. As for my part, I have merely stated, as I have done through the whole of this work, in the fairest and fullest manner, the facts which have reached us, without any comment or opinion of my own.

\* It would be a very curious coincidence, if General Lavau, who behaved so brutally to my father on arresting him, was also a French emigrant. These men would hold him in double abhorrence, as a soldier of the French Republic and a democrat.

## APPENDIX.

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### CONTAINING THE FATE OF GENERAL TONE'S FAMILY AFTER HIS DEATH.

BY HIS SON.\*

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At the time of this last expedition, a strict embargo reigned on the coasts of England, and no news could reach to France but through the distant and indirect channel of Hamburgh. It was not till the close of November that the report of the action of the 11th of October, of the capture, trial, defence, and condemnation of Tone, and of the wound which he was reported to have inflicted upon himself, reached all at once to Paris. It was also stated at first that this wound was slight, that the law courts had claimed him, that all proceedings were therefore stopped, and that there were strong hopes of his recovery. My mother, then in the most delicate and precarious state of health, a stranger in the land (of which she scarcely spoke the language), and without a friend or adviser (for she had ever lived in the most retired privacy) rallied, however, a courage and spirits worthy of the name she bore. Surmounting all timidity, and weakness of body as well as of mind, she threw herself instantly into a carriage, and drove to the minister of foreign affairs (Talleyrand Perigord). She knew that he spoke English, and had been acquainted with my father both in America and in France. He received her with the most lively interest. Cases of this nature did not belong to his department, but he promised all the support of his credit with the government, and gave her an introduction to the directory. She immediately called on La Reveilliere Lepaux, then president of the directory, and met with a reception equally favourable and respectful. He gave the most solemn assurances that my father should be instantly claimed; and mentioned in the demand by the name of Tone, by that of Smith, and individually as a French

\* Some lengthy official letters and extraneous matter are omitted.—*Ed. Aut.*

officer, lest his assumed name should occasion any diplomatic delay; he added that the English officers then in the French prisons, should be confined as hostages to answer for his safety; and that, if none were equal to him in rank, the difference should be made up in numbers. It was unfortunate that Sir Sidney Smith had then escaped from the Temple. As soon as these papers were drawn, La Reveilliere Lepaux addressed her with them to the minister of marine, Bruix, who assured her that preliminary steps had already been taken, and that these despatches should be forwarded in the course of the same day. From thence she called on Schimmelpennick, the Dutch ambassador, who gave her similar assurances that my father should be claimed in the name of the Batavian republic, in whose service he bore the same rank as in the French. She wrote for the same purpose to his friend Admiral Dewinter, and to General Kilmaine, commander-in-chief of the army in which he served; they both gave the same promises in return.

To the French ministers, my mother expressed, at the same time, her determination to join and nurse her husband in his prison, taking my young sister along with her, and leaving my brother and myself to the care of our aunt. For she did not expect that even these efforts would obtain his release, but probably a commutation of his fate to a confinement which she wished to share. It may well be believed that these reclamations excited the most lively and universal interest. All the credentials and all the means which she could wish, were furnished to her, and she was already on her way to embark for Ireland, when the news of his death arrived, and put a stop to all further proceedings. It would be needless to dilate upon, and impossible to express, her feelings on the occasion.

That Curran's anticipations were not ill founded, and that the interference of the French and Batavian governments would have been effectual to delay my father's fate, and finally save his life, I am convinced. A case similar, in many instances, happened nearly at the same time. Napper Tandy, a man as obnoxious to the Irish government as any of the popular leaders, had escaped to Norway, and from thence to Hamburgh. He was there arrested by the cowardly and treacherous connivance of the senate of that city, along with three other Irishmen, MM. William Corbett, Blackwell, and Morris; they were given up to the English resident, and sent to Dublin for trial. But the reign of military tribunals was passed. Tandy was tried by a court of law, and defended by Curran; delays were thrown in the way of his condemnation, and in the meantime, Napoleon, who was now

returned from Egypt, claimed him as a French general, designated an English prisoner of equal rank as a hostage for his safety, and laid a severe fine on the city of Hamburg, to chastise its breach of the laws of neutrality. Napoleon was not to be trifled with, and Tandy was soon exchanged, and spent the remainder of his old days at Bourdeaux, with the rank and appointments of a general of brigade. Corbett and Blackwell had previously escaped from Kilmainham gaol, under peculiar and romantic circumstances. Miss Edgeworth has availed herself of some of them in her popular novel of *Ormond*. The former, a gallant officer, I have known in the French army, where he rose to the rank of adjutant-general and chief of the staff of the sixth Corps d'Armée.

I will now close this painful narrative with a short abstract of the fortunes and fates of my father's family after his death, and of those Irishmen who accompanied him in his last expedition. Of these, Mr T. Corbett, brother of the preceding gentleman, happened to be on board one of the frigates which escaped. The two others passed undistinguished amongst the French prisoners, who on these occasions always concealed, to the best of their power, the Irishmen who were taken with them; and they were exchanged, in due season, with their companions. MM. T. Corbett and M'Guire died in the French army.

Of my father's brothers and sister, Matthew, a captain of grenadiers, had perished before him, in Humbert's expedition. Arthur, a beautiful and gallant boy, entered the Dutch navy, as a midshipman, under the patronage of Admiral Dewinter, my father's friend. He was a universal favourite, though very wild, and distinguished himself in several actions by a rare intrepidity. Taken by the English, about the same time as his brother, he was recognised by an Irish officer weeping over the account of his brother's death. This kind-hearted countryman favoured his escape, and at the age of eighteen he was promoted to a lieutenancy. He sailed soon after for the East Indies; and since that period has never been heard of. William's fortunes were still more varied and singular. His early struggles and efforts in the East Indies have already been noticed. He finally rose to a second in command of a free corps, composed of Europeans and adventurers of all nations, raised for the Mahratta service by colonel (now general) Boyd of Boston, a most enterprising American officer. On Boyd's departure, he succeeded to the command; and when he heard of his brother's death, wrote a most noble and affectionate letter to my mother, enclosing an order for £200, and engaging, for the future, to be a father and protector to the family.

He was shortly after killed in storming a small fort in one of the Indian wars. Mary followed her husband to St Domingo, and died of the yellow fever, during the siege of Cape Français, attending a sick friend who had been deserted by her own family and servants. None of them, including my father, reached to thirty-six years of age.

As for Tone's own family, his wife and children, the interest which had been excited in France by his trial was all transferred to them after his fate. As some very idle stories have been circulated on this subject; and as our station, mode of life, and connections in France, have been much misrepresented in some late publications; I feel that I cannot conclude this narrative better than by a short abstract of the following events.

In the first moments after the death of my father, I have already mentioned that the interest excited by his fate, and by the state of his family, was universal. The directory instantly passed a decree by which an immediate aid of 1,200 francs, from the funds of the navy, and three months' pay from the war department, were assigned to his widow, and she was requested to produce her titles to a regular pension. At the same time, Bruix and Talleyrand (to the latter of whom, whatever character be assigned to him in history, we certainly owe gratitude for the lively and disinterested part which he always took in our fate, on the few but important occasions on which we addressed him) proposed, the first, to take charge of my brother, and the other of me. Kilmaine, who had no children, proposed to adopt us both. But grateful as my mother felt for those offers, she declined them, determined never to part from her children; and to fulfil, to the last, the solemn engagement under which she considered herself bound, to superintend their education; she did not wish them to be bred as favourites and dependants in great families; and trusted rather to the gratitude of the nation to give them a public, simple, and manly education, as an homage to their father's services. These gentlemen entered into her views; and, on their demand, the directory decreed that the sons of Theobald Wolfe Tone, adopted by the French republic, should be educated at the national expense, in the Prytaneum.

The pensions which the executive had, constitutionally, a power to grant to the widows and families of officers killed on the field of battle, were limited by law according to the rank of these officers, and to the length of time during which they had served. According to this law, the pension to which my mother was entitled, amounted only to 300 francs, or little more than £12 sterling a-year. This she refused either to demand or accept. But



in special cases the legislature had reserved to itself the right of granting pensions to any amount. Ours was a very special case; but it was necessary to address the council of five hundred on the subject. Official delays intervened; it was difficult to collect at once all the legal proofs required; the business was therefore dropped for the present; and, indeed, in the varying and ever shifting movements of that most unstable of governments, no single object, however interesting at first, could fix the public attention for a period of any duration. In a few months three of the directors were expelled by their colleagues, and replaced by others; the affairs of Ireland, Tone and his family, and the fatal indiscretion of Humbert, who now returned from captivity, were all forgotten in the disasters of Italy and Germany, and the victories of Suwarrow and Prince Charles of Austria.

In the meantime, withdrawing from the interest which she had excited, my mother retired almost in the precincts of the university, to be near her children, and superintend their education. This was the most quiet and distant quarter of Paris, and farthest from the bustle of the great and fashionable world. On the style in which we lived, I will only observe, that we saw no company, English nor French; and that my mother, attending exclusively to the rearing of her daughter, and to the superintendence of her two boys, who dwelt in the college beneath her eyes, was under the protection of that body as much as if she had been a member of it. Such was the esteem, confidence, and, I would almost say, veneration with which she inspired its director and professors, that, contrary to the severe regulations of French discipline, they trusted us entirely to her care. Indeed, we were all so young and so helpless, that we were general favourites; and the whole of our little family seemed adopted by the establishment.

It was nearly a year from my father's fate; our permanent provision was yet unsettled, and our slender means could not last many months longer; when my mother, reading some old papers in her little solitude, fell on a beautiful speech pronounced some months before in the council of five hundred, by Lucien Buona-parte. He proposed to simplify the forms of paying the pensions of the widows and children of military and naval officers; he represented in the most noble and feeling terms the hardship of high spirited females and mothers of families, whose claims were clear and undoubted, obliged, in the affliction and desolation of their hearts, to solicit and go through numberless delays in the public offices. He also proposed to augment these pensions, which were too small. The sons of warriors killed on the field of

battle ceased to receive them when they reached their fourteenth year; he proposed to extend this period to the age when they might, in their turn, enter the service.

Several months had been necessary to collect the proofs, certificates, and documents required by law, for making an application to the legislature; or, indeed, before my mother was able to attend to it. Nor did she know one member of the council of five hundred, to present them to when they were ready. In reading this speech of Lucien, she felt that he was the person she ought to address. My father had been known to his brother when he commanded the army of England; and he was one of the representatives. She immediately wrote a note to him, to know when she might have the honour of waiting upon him on particular business? He answered, that his public duties left only the hours of ten in the morning or seven in the evening, unemployed; but that, at either of these, he would be happy to receive her. In consequence, next morning, taking with her her children, her papers, and the report of his speech, she called upon him, and presented to him that speech as her letter or introduction. He was highly touched and flattered. She gave him all her papers and showed him her children. He was much moved, and said he knew the story well, and had been deeply affected by it, which sentiment he only shared in common with every one who had heard of it; that it was the duty of the French legislature to provide for the family of Tone honourably; and thanked her for the distinction conferred upon him, by choosing him to report on the case. My mother mentioned the difficulties she lay under, an unconnected stranger, scarcely understanding the language. He stopped her by requesting her to take no more trouble; that he would charge himself with it entirely, and get the permission of the executive, which would be necessary; and if he wanted any further particulars from her, would write to her for them. Nothing could be more delicate or generous than his whole manner.

Next morning, Madame Lucien Buonaparte, his first wife, called upon my mother, and introduced herself. She was an amiable woman, of irreproachable character, but very weak health, and even then dying of consumption. An acquaintance commenced, which terminated only at her death a few months afterwards.

The report of Lucien Buonaparte was still delayed for some time. He had some papers to collect to prove my father's services. Carnot was in banishment; Hoche was dead; poor Kilmaine, who ever since my father's death had expressed a warm interest in our fate, was dying. In the ravings of fever he would insist on putting horses to his carriage, and driving with us to the

directory and council of five hundred, to reproach them with their delays in providing for the widow and children of Tone. Hardy was gone to the West Indies; and General Simon, my father's old companion in both expeditions, and who had been chief of the staff in the last, gave all the necessary attestations. The permission of the directory was obtained; but Lucien, in order to produce a greater effect, still delayed till the period of his own Presidency, which was to take place in the month of Brumaire (that presidency famous for a revolution which soon altered the face of France and of all Europe). Perhaps he also waited for the arrival of his brother; for there can be very little doubt that he was one of those leaders of the republic who, with different hopes and views, seeing the desperate situation into which it was falling, secretly invited Napoleon from the shores of Egypt to return and save it.

At length the news suddenly arrived, and ran through France like an electric shock, that the conqueror of Italy and Egypt had landed on its coast. He arrived at Paris towards the close of Vendemaire. The effect was immediate. All eyes were turned upon him, and new hopes and rising spirits threw the whole country into a kind of fermentation of expectancy. Matters could not remain as they were? What should he do? What part would he take? It would be going out of our subject to enter into the various intrigues which arose, and of which, indeed, secluded as we lived, we knew nothing at the time. On the 9th of Brumaire, only nine days before the revolution which put an end to the directory and placed his brother at the head of affairs, Lucien, then president of the council of five hundred, pronounced at length a beautiful speech, which may be called the funeral oration of my father. At the close of which a committee was immediately appointed, consisting of Joseph Buonaparte, Jean de Bry (lately escaped from the congress of Rastadt, where his comrades were assassinated), and several other members of the two legislative councils, to report on the subject of a pension and permanent provision for the widow and family of General Tone.

The revolution of the 18th Brumaire followed a few days afterwards. As an instance of the complete seclusion and privacy in which we lived, I will only mention that, on that very morning, my mother, entirely ignorant of the great events which were going on, called on Madame Lucien Buonaparte, who was confined, and in a very weak and declining state of health. She expressed her surprise at having seen the garden of the Tuilleries surrounded by soldiers, who let no one pass, so that she was obliged to walk round it. "Good god!" exclaimed Madame Lucien, who appeared extremely agitated, "are you ignorant of

what is going on?" She explained herself, however, no further. Our friend, General Kilmaine, who, unable to move from his bed, lent his horses and suite on that day to his old friend and commander, Buonaparte, gave us no more information; and we were only informed of the change which had taken place by the newspapers and public rejoicings.

This revolution, which in the first moments seemed to promise so favourably to our prospects, proved otherwise. Napoleon and Lucien shortly cooled, quarrelled, and at length parted in angry disunion. Lucien was a stern patriot; he sincerely thought that his brother came to restore the republic; and when he saw the turn which the new government began to take, would never be reconciled to him till after his fall and retreat to Elba. He nobly supported him, however, in his last enterprise, as well as Carnot, because those two inflexible republicans then deemed that the cause of France and Napoleon was one. Kilmaine died a few days after the revolution; he was our staunch friend, and one of the most confidential officers of Buonaparte; had he survived, he would probably have been raised to the highest posts and credit in his government instead of Clarke. Clarke, I must say, showed himself, on this occasion, cold and ungrateful. He and my father were long pledged to support each other's families in case either of them fell. At the period of Carnot's expulsion from the directory, he had been for some time under great suspicion and disgrace, and apprehensive of being arrested every day. My father showed him every mark of kindness, though Clarke begged him, with tears in his eyes, to discontinue visits which might commit himself, and could be of no use to him. "I shall never desert a friend because he is in misfortune," was his reply. When Napoleon returned, and that Clarke (destined to still higher honour, and to become minister of war, peer of France, duke of Feltre, and count of Hunebourg) was made his private secretary; when a single word of his might have settled the affair of my mother's pension, and that she sent her papers to him in a letter, and called three times upon him (without being received) by the desire of his uncle Shee, my father's old and faithful friend, he gave no answer, and took not the slightest notice of them.

Shortly after, Madame Lucien Buonaparte died; our connexion with that family was then broken up of course, and Lucien himself soon after left France, and never returned to it till 1815.

In this dissolution of one government, and creation of another, the committee appointed to report on our pension was broken up of course. Lucien, who was for a short time minister of the interior, advised my mother, to present his former report to the

consuls, which she did, with a letter exposing her whole situation. She received no answer. Indeed, for several years, and as long as the consular government lasted, it paid no attention whatever to these just and sacred claims. I am afraid that the recommendation of Lucien, and of the former directory, the case of a friend of Hoche, and of a victim to republican principles, were not altogether agreeable to Napoleon. Lucien then gave to my mother an order for 1,500 francs. Shortly afterwards my mother received a beautiful and consoling letter from my uncle William, accompanied by a draught of £233 sterling, or about 5,600 francs.

A prospect entertained of reuniting the broken fragments of our unfortunate little family, under the paternal protection of my gallant uncle, was never accomplished. The next news we received was that of his death, of which we could never learn any precise particulars of time and place. The report we heard was, that he received a shot in the temple, whilst leading and encouraging his soldiers to mount the breach and storm a small fort in one of the Indian wars.

Our privacy and solitude after that period were, if possible, more complete than ever. The college walls and the immediate neighbourhood were all the world to our little family. Colonel Shee, my father's old friend, then counsellor of state, and uncle to Clarke, urged my mother again and again, to apply to the consuls for her pension. To apply on such a subject, and to apply in vain, pained her pride and delicacy very much. Nevertheless several ineffectual attempts were made by my father's friends, personally, to Napoleon, but with no better success than formerly.

The five years which elapsed from the first consulship of Buonaparte to the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, were all spent in the same uniform retirement. It was chiefly during that period that we owed to the invaluable friendship of Mr Wilson, of Dullater, those services which no time can obliterate from our memories. He was to my mother a brother, and adviser, and a friend; he managed her slender funds; and when sickness and death hovered over our little family, he was our sole support. On his departure from France our correspondence continued, and he left to his bankers, in that country, unlimited orders to supply us whenever we should require it.

From this plain and matter-of-fact narrative, it is evident that, far from being brought up by Napoleon, as I have seen it stated in some late publications, for the purpose of "shining one day in some of his gorgeous legations;" he paid for years no kind of notice to our just and undeniable claims on the French government. He did, at length, render us a noble but tardy justice. The first symptom of this change was when, after the rupture of

the treaty of Amiens, my mother, without any solicitation or expectation on her side, suddenly received from the emperor the grant of a pension of 1,200 livres to herself, and 400 to each of her three children to their twentieth year. My sister had already sunk in the grave, and my brother followed her in the year 1806, so that this pension was reduced to 1,600 livres a-year.

I have some reason to believe that this tardy act of justice was partly owing to the arrival of the Irish state prisoners who had languished so long in Fort George, and who came over during the peace of Amiens. Our ancient and dear friends Russell, Emmett, and M'Neven were of the number. But Tom Russell, my father's bosom companion, and the young and heroic Robert Emmet, perished soon after in their gallant but desperate attempt to surprise the Castle of Dublin. When the war broke out, those leaders of the United Irish party were treated by the French government with favour and attention. The Irish legion was organized to place and employ the refugees. Mr Emmett observed at that time, "How could they trust to that government when they saw the widow of Tone unprovided for?" The pension was almost instantly granted.

In the course of the same year we received from Ireland £787 sterling, or upwards of 18,000 francs, the amount of a subscription raised by some of my father's friends for the widow and family of Tone. This sum was lent out at interest till I was of age, so that we could not command it for entering the military school. We were informed at the same time, and by the most respectable authorities, of some circumstances connected with its collection which pained our feelings exceedingly. It was said that many of those wealthy friends of my father's, who had shared in all his views, and owed much of their political influence to his efforts, refused to contribute. The gentleman so often mentioned in his memoirs by the name of Gog, was specified by name. It was also said that the Earl of Moira, when spoken to, answered, "That not one shilling of his money should ever be applied to alleviate the merited sufferings of rebels." If this be true, as I have too much reason to fear it is, I cannot envy his lordship's feelings.

The remaining events of our simple story no longer belong to my father's history. They will be best understood from the narrative of my mother, written in answer to those articles which have lately appeared in several publications, concerning us. The circumstances under which I entered the military academy and the French army, those of her interview with Napoleon, which has been much talked of and misrepresented, will be found in that narrative accurately and exactly detailed. I will only observe that if she had taken this determination sooner, and addressed

him at once personally, I am sure his justice would not have been so tardy. Napoleon was often hasty and prejudiced in his judgments; but when truth was presented to him, his feelings were always great and magnanimous.

[The narrative of Mrs Tone above alluded to, is chiefly written in order to do away with the effects of much idle gossip and misrepresentation of her situation and conduct at Paris, in some of the English journals. In substance, it narrates the death of her daughter and youngest son by consumption; and the patronage of the elder, the editor of his father's memoirs, by the French authorities. Having with great difficulty, owing to his delicate health, been enabled to get him regularly educated, with a view to the French service, Mrs Tone sought an interview of Napoleon, which is thus characteristically described.]

"In the course of a few months, when my son was out of the awkward squad, and beginning to be known and distinguished in the school, I thought it was time for me to act. Accordingly, one fine morning, seeing from my windows preparations for the hunt, I determined to make the attempt. I suppose St Germain's, with its terrace and forest is pretty well known now. At the first entrance to the forest, on the terrace, and adjoining the parterre, the emperor always got fresh horses to the carriage on his arriving from Paris, and drove on to the lodge, about a league off, where he breakfasted and took horse; that was the general rendezvous, and where many went to give petitions. I thought I should be obliged to go there too, but I did not like it on account of the crowd and the distance, and went only to the first entrance; horses and a few guards were on the spot. I asked the officer if I might be permitted to present the book and paper I held in my hand to his majesty. He told me the lodge was the best place, as his majesty never stopped where we were; that the horses were changed as quick as possible, and he drove on. I said it was impossible for me to go so far; that the book was written by my son, a scholar in the castle, and I thought would be pleasing to his majesty: so he told me to stay in the circle, and that I might try. If I could not succeed, he advised me to wait till the next hunt, and then take a coach and go early to the lodge.

"Very soon the carriage, with the emperor and empress, drove into the circle; the horses were changed as quick as thought, but I stepped up and presented the book and memorial. He took them, and handing the book to his *ecuyer*, opened the paper. I have said it commenced by recalling Tone to his memory. When he began, he said 'Tone!' with an expressive accent. 'I remember well.' (*Je m'en souviens bien*). He read it all through, and two or three times stopped, looked at me, and bowed in reading it. When he had finished, he said to me, 'Now, speak to me of yourself.' (*Maintenant parlez moi de vous*). I hesitated, for I was not prepared for that question, and took small interest in the subject. He proceeded, 'Have you a pension?' I said I had. 'Is it sufficient? do you want any extraordinary succour?' By this time I had recovered myself, and said, 'That his majesty's goodness left me no personal want; that all my cares, all my interest in life were centred in my child, whom I now gave up to his majesty's service.' He answered, 'Be tranquil then on his account.' I perceived a little half smile, when I said 'My child,' I should have said my son; I knew it, but forgot. He had stopped so long that a crowd had gathered, and were crushing on. They drove in the guard, and there came a horse very close to me; I was frightened, and retiring, but he called me to stay where I was. '*Restez restez là!*' Whether it was for my safety, or that he wanted to say more, I cannot tell; but more it was impossible to say for the noise. I was close to the carriage door, and the guards on horseback quite close behind me, and indeed I was trembling. He saluted the people, and directed that two Napoleons a-piece should be given to the old women, and women with little children, who were holding out their hands. He then drove on, and in going, nodded to me two or three times with affectionate familiarity, saying, 'Your child shall be well naturalized.' I

crossed instantly where the carriage had stood; the closing guards covered my retreat, and I got, by a by-path of the forest, home in quiet, by another gate.

"The emperor frequently visited the school of infantry at St Cyr, reviewed the cadets, and gave them cold collations in the park. But he had never visited the school of cavalry since its establishment, of which we were very jealous, and did all in our power to attract him. Whenever he hunted, the cadets were in grand parade on the parterre, '*Vive l'Empereur*,' with all their young energies; he held his hat raised as he passed them, but that was all we could gain. Wise people whispered that he never would go, whilst they were so evidently expecting him; that he liked to keep them always on the alert; it was good for discipline. The general took another plan, and once allowed no sign of life about the castle when the emperor passed—it was like a deserted place; but it did not take neither—he passed as if there was no castle there. It was *désespérant*. When, lo! the next day but one after I had spoken to him, he suddenly galloped into the court of the castle, and the cry of the sentinel, '*L'Empereur*,' was the first notice they had of it. All were in undress, all at work, and this was what he wanted. He examined into everything. In the military schools the cadets got ammunition bread, and lived like well fed soldiers; but there was a great outcry in the circles of Paris against the bread of the school of St. Germain. Ladies complained that their sons were poisoned by it; the emperor thought it was all nicety, and said no man was fit to be an officer who could not eat ammunition bread. However, being there, he asked for a loaf, which was brought, and he saw it was villanous trash, composed of peas, beans, rye, potatoes, and everything that would make flour or meal, instead of good brown wheaten flour. He tore the loaf in two in a rage, and dashed it against the wall; and there it stuck like a piece of mortar, to the great annoyance of those whose duty it was to have attended to this. He ordered the baker to be called, and made him look at it sticking. The man was in great terror at first at the emperor's anger; but taking heart, he begged his majesty not to take his contract from him, and he would give good bread in future; at which the emperor broke into a royal and imperial passion, and threatened to send him to the galleys; but suddenly turning round, said, 'Yes! he would allow him to keep the contract on condition that, as long as it lasted, he should furnish the school with good white household bread, such as was sold in the bakers' shops in Paris; and the baker thankfully promised to furnish good white bread in future at the same price.

"By this time the cadets had got on their full uniforms and were drawn out on parade. The emperor inspected and reviewed them. He stopped before my son, and asked the general if he was not a young Irishman, looked at him a little while, and passed on. The general told me afterwards that he had made inquiries about him, and that he had spoken of Monsieur Tone as he deserved; he did not tell me how that was.

"Talleyrand Perigord, Prince of Benevent, had a country lodge at St Germain's, where he often spent a week. He happened to be there at this period, and I thought it right to wait upon him. He had known Tone well; I had not seen him since the entrance of my boys in the Prytaneum, but I remembered his conduct at that time. He received me with great politeness and interest, inquired into my fortunes for so many years past, and listened to them in full detail, with much kindness. He observed, the first and chief object was to take care of my son's health, till his growth was finished and his constitution formed; he could not be in a better place for this purpose, with good air and exercise, a very active life, and I so near to watch over him. 'But this,' he added, 'must not be at your cost; it is a national debt; I will speak of it to the Duke of Feltre, and to the emperor; I make it my own business.' This conversation was very consoling and satisfactory to me, and I expressed my grateful thanks to the prince. Its consequences were not long delayed; for, soon after, I received a letter from the Duke of Feltre, telling me that he had represented our situation to the emperor, who was pleased to order that my son should be a government scholar, and that the money I had advanced should be restored to me; also, that my son could no longer hold a pension on the state; and it was his majesty's pleasure that the whole pension originally granted (2,400 francs) should be reunited on



my head as long as I lived. The government scholars had also the advantage of being furnished with horse and equipment on leaving the school.

"Time passed quietly and innocently on, and my son attained his twenty-first year. His birthday was on the 29th of April. On that day the general told him, on parade, that the French government owed it to him to bring up his youth, but that it forced no one to become a Frenchman—that he was quite free. That, if it was his own choice to become a Frenchman, and serve the emperor, he must make the demand freely, and in his own person, to his majesty's council of state. That, in all his despatches to the minister of war for the last fortnight, he had asked permission to give him leave of absence for that purpose, and wrote specially for it three days since, but had never received any answer on the subject, which was inconceivable to him. He felt, however, that to-day he had no right to detain him, and if it was his own pleasure to go, he was free to do so. If he gave in his demand to the council of state, that instant he was a French soldier (*militaire Français*), and it would be his duty to return immediately to his school. He hoped to see him on the parade next day if possible. My son answered, that there was no earthly title he would be so proud to hold as that of *militaire Français*; that he knew the duties it imposed, and would be at his post. We set off immediately for Paris, but the lawyer told him he could not make his demand till the day after he was of age, so we spent the evening at the opera, incog.; and at ten next morning, 30th April, 1812, he lodged his demand at the council of state, and got a receipt for it. We instantly set off for St. Germain's, and with good driving arrived on the parterre a little after twelve, whilst the school was still on parade. He was received with acclamation by his comrades, and with cordial and paternal welcome by the officers. His mother witnessed at a distance. On the 4th of May, we received the act of naturalization in form.

"My son remained about nine months longer in the school. The awful campaign of Russia took place that winter, and every one thought that the next year must bring peace. I paid, from time to time, a visit to the Prince of Benevent, to keep remembrance alive. We agreed that my son should enter the regiment of his nephew, Count Edmond de Perigord, colonel of the 8th Chasseurs, and what ever applications might be necessary to make to the minister of war, he offered to take on himself. 'I shall charge myself with it, he said, 'he won't refuse me.'

"At the close of January, 1813, my son was appointed sub-lieutenant in the regiment, and ordered to his dépôt, or head quarters, at Gray, in Franche Comté, to instruct recruits. At length the day of departure arrived, and I accompanied him as far as Brie Comte Robert. We passed the night there, and the next morning we walked from the town together, out of human ken, and there I blessed my boy and parted with him.

"I never was long without hearing from my boy. He wrote whenever he halted, and as soon as he got to Erfurt, after the battle of Leipsic, he was enabled to write to me by an officer coming on with despatches, fortunately for me, for his name was in the list of the killed. I also owe it to the Duke of Feltre to acknowledge, and feel pleasure in doing it, that he wrote to me immediately, with his own hand, to tell me my son was safe at Erfurt with his cousin General Dalton."

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[Lieutenant Tone served three campaigns; his active services commencing on the 20th April, 1813, and terminating on the 21st July, 1815. On the final ascendancy of the Bourbons he resigned his commission with many more officers, the day before the white flag was hoisted at Bayonne, where he was then quartered. His ultimate destination, and the latest account of himself and mother, are best conveyed in his own words; which extract will very properly conclude this selection.]

"In the beginning of September I arrived in Paris, and rejoined my dearest mother with the firm resolution never to part from her again, and to consecrate the remainder of my days to soothe and comfort her, after so many trials. We spent a whole year in that city, before our final departure for France, but lived all that time in the greatest retirement; indeed, prudence, as well as the state of our feelings, rendered this conduct necessary: for though I was never personally compromised, though I had done no more than every

officer of the army, yet Clarke, the Duke of Feltre, of whom I had no favour to expect, was then minister of war, and signalized his zeal by the most ultra violence; Lord Castlereagh was in Paris; we heard of arrests every day, and officious friends repeatedly gave us notice that my turn would come next, and that I was going to be taken up. I did not mind these reports for myself, but felt severely for the anxiety which they gave to my poor mother. It will readily be believed that a residence in France was now odious to me, and all that I wished for was to retire to some quiet corner where I might give myself up to study, literature, and comforting the latter days of my only parent. We wrote to our faithful friend, Mr Wilson, and in his answer he pressed us that we should try, at least for some time, whether a residence in England would not suit us; and that, from the liberality of its institutions, our safety at least would be secured. It was with extreme reluctance that I entered into this idea. I was brought up, as may well be imagined, in the greatest dislike of that country which had enslaved my own, whose power had formerly destroyed my father and all my family, and latterly overturned the hero to whose fortunes I had attached myself, and ruined all my own prospects. Nevertheless I consented to try, and make at least a visit to it. My mother addressed Sir Charles Stuart, the British ambassador, for a passport. To the obliging disposition and politeness of this gentleman, I render a willing testimony. He said that he could not venture it on his own authority, but would consult his government, and had no doubt leave would be readily granted. The account given in the 51st number of the London New Monthly Magazine, of the subsequent transactions with Lord Castlereagh, is perfectly correct, except that instead of happening after my mother's marriage, they happened ten months before. The following letter, addressed to my mother, and which closed them, I have preserved as a curiosity:—

“Paris, 5th November, 1815.

“MADAM,—I regret that, until the last post, I received no answer from his majesty's government respecting the representation transmitted to England, in favour of your son. The question appears to have been referred to Ireland, and it is unfortunate that the disturbances of that country should have prevented that favourable decision on the part of the government which I had reason to hope for at the time you did me the honour to call. I am, madam, with great respect, your obedient and humble servant,

“CHARLES STUART.”

“On the extreme wisdom, liberality, and caution of this resolution, against one who had left that country an infant twenty-one years before, and did not know a soul in it, and who did not even request to go there, but to visit England, I leave every reader to judge. I took it as a very high compliment to my importance and abilities; for I had never dreamed of being so dangerous a personage, or setting either the Liffey or Thames on fire. It may well be believed, however, that I renounced instantly all idea of visiting England at that time.

“We came at length to the conclusion, that the only country where I could live in honourable independence was in the United States of America. The final settlement of our affairs compelled us, however, to remain several months longer in Paris. In the month of July, 1816, our invaluable friend, Mr Wilson, learning our final resolution, came over to France, and offered his hand and fortune to my mother, expressing his determination to go with us to America. With what full approbation I seconded his demand, it is needless to repeat. On the 19th of August following they were married in the chapel of the British ambassador; and, in the month of September, I parted from them both with a heavy heart, and embarked at Havre de Grace for New York.

“My mother proceeded to Scotland with Mr Wilson, and both joined me in New York before the year had gone round. In this free and hospitable country, the asylum of the world, and where the victims of political and religious persecution meet from every quarter, under the protection of liberty and equal laws, we were at length reunited—never more, I hope, to be parted in this life. I have since lost my venerable friend and benefactor, but my mother still survives, and I have yet the satisfaction of ministering to her comfort and happiness. Enjoying an honourable rank in the American army, and the proud title of a free American citizen, united to the object of my early and constant affections, the only daughter of my father's friend and countryman, Counsellor William Sampson, of New York, (whose fate it is well known led him, like us, to this country, a victim in the cause of liberty and of his native land), I feel at length like the sailor, who, after a stormy passage, returns to his home and finds himself clasped by all the ties, and surrounded by all the charities, that are dearest and most valuable to the human heart.”

THE END.

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